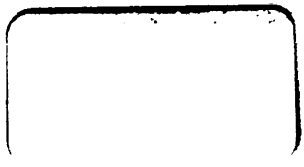

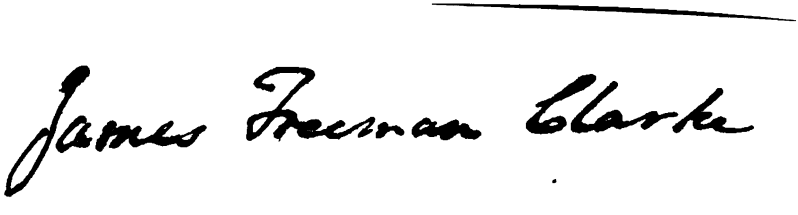
James Freeman Clarke

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CONTENTS.

No. I.

Goethe 1
Two Hymns 42
Night and Day 45
The Blind Seer 47
Wheat Seed and Bolted Flour 48
Song 52
Need of a Diver 53
Clouds 55
The Future is better than the Past 57
August Shower 58
The Pharisees 59
Protean Wishes 77
Painting and Sculpture 78
Sic Vita 81
Bettina 82
Prophecy — Transcendentalism — Progress 83
Sonnet to ——— 121
Letter 122
Lines. — Sonnet 129

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Essays and Poems. By Jones Very 130
On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle 131
A Year's Life. By James Russell Lowell . . 133

Hayward's Faust, and Goethe's Correspondence with a Child 134
The Hour and the Man. By HARRIET MARTINEAU . 134
Tennyson's Poems. — Stirling's Poems. — Festus . 135
The Plain Speaker 135
To Contributors 136

No. II.

Cupid's Conflict 137
Lives of the Great Composers 148
Light and Shade 203
Friendship 204
Painting and Sculpture 205
Fate 205
Woodnotes. No. II 207
A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society 214
Poems on Life 228
Windmill 230
S.M.F Festus 231
R.W.E Walter Savage Landor 262
Inworld 271

No. III.

First Principles 273
Yuca Filamentosa 286
Inworld 288
Outworld 290
Primitive Christianity 292
Bettine Brentano and her Friend Günderode . . 313
Sonnets 357
Sonnet to Irene on her Birthday 358
E.H.C. The Hour of Reckoning 358
Sonnet to Mary on her Birthday 359
De Profundis Clamavi 359

Music. To Martha 360
Plan of the West Roxbury Community 361
The Park 373
Forbearance 373
Grace 373
The Senses and the Soul 374
Epilogue to the Tragedy of Essex 380

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Transcendentalism 382

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Plan of Salvation 385
Motherwell's Poems. Boston: Published by William D. Ticknor 393
Egmont, a Tragedy in five Acts. Translated from the German of Goethe. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1841 394
Monaldi, a Tale. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1841 395
Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso. By R. H. Wilde. New-York: Alexander V. Blake. 1842 . 399
Boston Academy of Music 407
Theory of Teaching. By a Teacher. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1841 408
The Ideal Man 408

No. IV.

Days from a Diary 409
Marie Van Oosterwich 437
Silence and Speech 483
Thoughts on Theology 485
Herzliebste 528

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, B. D. 529
On the Foundation of Morals: Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, &c. 530
Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. By JOHN LAURENCE Von MOSHEIM, D. D. . . . 531
German Anti-Supernaturalism. Six Lectures on Strauss's "Life of Jesus." By PHILIP HARWOOD . . . 535

REPUBLICATIONS.

The History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. New-York: 1841 . . 540
The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. New-York: 1841 . . 542

THE DIAL.

VOL. II. JULY, 1841. No. I.

GOETHE.

Nemo contra deum nisi deus ipse.

Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammen raffen;
In der Beschrankung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und der Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.

THE first of these mottoes is that prefixed by Goethe to the last books of "Dichtung und Wahrheit." These books record the hour of turning tide in his life, the time when he was called on for a choice at the "Parting of the Ways." From these months, which gave the sum of his youth, the crisis of his manhood, date the birth of Egmont, and of Faust too, though the latter was not published so early. They saw the rise and decline of his love for Lili, apparently the truest love he ever knew. That he was not himself dissatisfied with the results to which the decisions of this era led him, we may infer from his choice of a motto, and from the calm beauty with which he has invested the record.

The Parting of the Ways! The way he took led to court-favor, wealth, celebrity, and an independence of celebrity. It led to large performance, and a wonderful economical management of intellect. It led Faust the Seeker from the heights of his own mind to the trodden ways of the world. There, indeed, he did not lose sight of the mountains, but he never breathed their keen air again.

After this period we find in him rather a wide and deep Wisdom, than the inspirations of Genius. His faith, that all *must* issue well, wants the sweetness of piety, and the God he manifests to us is one of law or necessity, rather than of intelligent love. As this God makes because he must, so Goethe, his instrument, observes and recreates because he must, observing with minutest fidelity the outward exposition of nature, never blinded by a sham, or detained by a fear, he yet makes us feel that he wants insight to her sacred secret. The calmest of writers does not give us repose, because it is too difficult to find his centre. Those flame-like natures, which he undervalues, give us more peace and hope through their restless aspirations, than he with his hearth-enclosed fires of steady fulfilment. For, true as it is, that God is everywhere, we must not only see him, but see him acknowledged. Through the consciousness of man "shall not Nature interpret God?" We wander in diversity, and, with each new turning of the path, long anew to be referred to the One.

Of Goethe, as of other natures, where the intellect is too much developed in proportion to the moral nature, it is difficult to speak without seeming narrow, blind, and impertinent. For such men *see* all that others *live*, and, if you feel a want of a faculty in them, it is hard to say they have it not, lest next moment they puzzle you by giving some indication of it. Yet they are not, nay *know* not, they only discern. The difference is that between sight and life, prescience and being, wisdom and love. Thus with Goethe. Naturally of a deep mind and shallow heart, he felt the sway of the affections enough to appreciate their working in other men, but never enough to receive their inmost regenerating influence.

How this might have been had he ever once abandoned himself entirely to a sentiment, it is impossible to say. But the education of his youth seconded, rather than balanced his natural tendency. His father was a gentlemanly Martinet; dull, sour, well-informed, and of great ambition as to externals. His influence on the son was wholly artificial. He was always turning this powerful mind from side to side in search of information, for the attainment of what are called accomplishments. The mother was a delightful

person in her way; open, genial, playful, full of lively talent, but without earnestness of soul. She was one of those charming, but not noble persons, who take the day and the man as they find them, seeing the best that is there already, but never making the better grow there. His sister, though of graver kind, was social and intellectual, not religious or tender. The mortifying repulse of his early love checked the few pale buds of faith and tenderness that his heart put forth. His friends were friends of the intellect merely; — altogether he seemed led by destiny to the place he was to fill.

Pardon him, World, that he was too worldly. Do not wonder, Heart, that he was so heartless. Believe, Soul, that one so true, as far as he went, must yet be initiated into the deeper mysteries of Soul. Perhaps even now he sees that we must accept limitations, only to transcend them; work in processes, only to detect the organizing power which supersedes them; and that Sphynxes of fifty-five volumes might well be cast into the abyss before the single word that solves them all.

Now when I think of Goethe, I seem to see his soul, all the variegated plumes of knowledge, artistic form "und so weiter" burnt from it by the fires of divine love, wingless, motionless, unable to hide from itself in any subterfuge of labor, saying again and again the simple words which he would never directly say on earth — God beyond Nature — Faith beyond Sight — the Seeker nobler than the Meister.

For this mastery that Goethe prizes seems to consist rather in the skilful use of means than in the clear manifestation of ends. His Master, indeed, makes acknowledgment of a divine order, but the temporal uses are always uppermost in the mind of the reader. But of this more at large in reference to his works.

Apart from this want felt in his works, there is a littleness in his aspect as a character. Why waste his time in Weimar court entertainments? His duties as minister were not unworthy of him, though it would have been, perhaps, finer, if he had not spent so large a portion of that prime of intellectual life from five and twenty to forty upon them.

But granted that the exercise these gave his faculties,

the various lore they brought, and the good they did to the community made them worth his doing, — why that perpetual dangling after the royal family, why all that verse-making for the albums of serene highnesses, and those pretty poetical entertainments for the young princesses, and that cold setting himself apart from his true peers, the real sovereigns of Weimar, Herder, Wieland, and the others? The excuse must be found in circumstances of his time and temperament, which made the character of man of the world and man of affairs more attractive to him than the children of nature can conceive it to be in the eyes of one who is capable of being a consecrated bard.

The man of genius feels that literature has become too much a craft by itself. No man should live by or for his pen. Writing is worthless except as the record of life; and no great man ever was satisfied thus to express all his being. His book should be only an indication of himself. The obelisk should point to a scene of conquest. In the present state of division of labor, the literary man finds himself condemned to be nothing else. Does he write a good book? it is not received as evidence of his ability to live and act, but rather the reverse. Men do not offer him the care of embassies, as an earlier age did to Petrarca; they would be surprised if he left his study to go forth to battle like Cervantes. We have the swordsman, and statesman, and penman, but it is not considered that the same mind which can rule the destiny of a poem, may as well that of an army or an empire.* Yet surely it should be so. The scientific man may need seclusion from the common affairs of life, for he has his materials before him; but the man of letters must seek them in life, and he who cannot act will but imperfectly appreciate action.

The literary man is impatient of being set apart. He feels that monks and troubadours, though in a similar position, were brought into more healthy connexion with man and nature, than he who is supposed to look at them merely to write them down. So he rebels; and Sir Walter Scott is prouder of being a good sheriff and farmer,

* Except in "La belle France."

than of his reputation as the Great Unknown. Byron piques himself on his skill in shooting and swimming. Sir H. Davy and Schlegel would be admired as dandies, and Goethe, who had received an order from a publisher "for a dozen more dramas in the same style as Goetz von Berlichingen," and though (in sadder sooth) he had already Faust in his head asking to be written out, thought it no degradation to become premier in the little duchy of Weimar.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and a comment may be drawn from the popular novels, where the literary man is obliged to wash off the ink in a violet bath, attest his courage in the duel, and hide his idealism beneath the vulgar nonchalance and coxcombry of the man of fashion.

If this tendency of his time had some influence in making Goethe find pleasure in tangible power and decided relations with society, there were other causes which worked deeper. The growth of genius in its relations to men around must always be attended with daily pain. The enchanted eye turns from the far off star it has detected to the short-sighted bystander, and the seer is mocked for pretending to see what others cannot. The large and generalizing mind infers the whole from a single circumstance, and is reproved by all around for its presumptuous judgment. Its Ithuriel temper pierces shams, creeds, covenants, and chases the phantoms which others embrace, till the lovers of the false Florimels hurl the true knight to the ground. Little men are indignant that Hercules, yet an infant, declares he has strangled the snake; they demand a proof, they send him out into scenes of labor to bring hence the voucher that his father is a God. What the ancients meant to express by Apollo's continual disappointment in his loves, is felt daily in the youth of genius. The sympathy he seeks flies his touch, the objects of his affection jeer at his sublime credulity, his self-reliance is arrogance, his far sight infatuation, and his ready detection of fallacy fickleness and inconsistency. Such is the youth of genius, before the soul has given that sign of itself which an unbelieving generation cannot controvert. Even then he is little benefited by the transformation of the mockers into Dalai-Lama worshippers. For the soul seeks not adorers but peers, not blind worship but

intelligent sympathy. The best consolation even then is that which Goethe puts into the mouth of Tasso: "To me gave a God to tell what I suffer." In Tasso Goethe has described the position of the poetical mind in its prose relations with equal depth and fulness. We see what he felt must be the result of entire abandonment to the highest nature. We see why he valued himself on being able to understand the Alphonsos, and meet as an equal the Antonios of every-day life.

But, you say, there is no likeness between Goethe and Tasso. Never believe it, such pictures are not painted from observation merely. That deep coloring which fills them with light and life is given by dipping the brush in one's own life-blood. Goethe had not from nature that character of self-reliance and self-control in which he so long appeared to the world. It was wholly acquired and so highly valued because he was conscious of the opposite tendency. He was by nature as impetuous though not as tender as Tasso, and the disadvantage at which this constantly placed him was keenly felt by a mind made to appreciate the subtlest harmonies in all relations. Therefore was it that, when he at last cast anchor, he was so reluctant again to trust himself to wave and breeze.

I have before spoken of the antagonist influences under which he was educated. He was driven from the severity of study into the world, and then again drawn back, many times in the course of his crowded youth. Both the world and the study he used with unceasing ardor, but not with the sweetness of a peaceful hope. Most of the traits which are considered to mark his character at a later period were wanting to him in youth. He was very social, and continually perturbed by his social sympathies. He was deficient both in outward self-possession and mental self-trust. "I was always," he says, "either *too volatile or too infatuated*, so that those who looked kindly on me did by no means always honor me with their esteem." He wrote much and with great freedom; the pen came naturally to his hand, but he had no confidence in the merit of what he wrote, and much inferior persons to Merck and Herder might have induced him to throw aside as worthless what it had given him sincere pleasure to compose. It was hard for him to isolate himself, to con-

sole himself, and, though his mind was always busy with important thoughts, they did not free him from the pressure of other minds. His youth was as sympathetic and impetuous as any on record.

The effect of all this outward pressure on the poet is recorded in Werther, a production that he afterwards undervalued, and to which he even felt positive aversion. It was natural that this should be. In the calm air of the cultivated plain he attained, the remembrance of the miasma of sentimentality was odious to him. Yet sentimentality is but sentiment diseased, which to be cured must be patiently observed by the wise physician; so are the morbid desire and despair of Werther the sickness of a soul aspiring to a purer, freer state, but mistaking the way.

The best or the worst occasion in man's life is precisely that misused in Werther, when he longs for more love, more freedom, and a larger development of genius than the limitations of this terrene sphere permit. Sad is it indeed if, persisting to grasp too much at once, he lose all as Werther did. He must accept limitation, must consent to do his work in time, must let his affections be baffled by the barriers of convention. Tantalus like, he makes this world a Tartarus, or like Hercules, rises in fires to heaven, according as he knows how to interpret his lot. But he must only use, not adopt it. The boundaries of the man must never be confounded with the destiny of the soul. If he does not decline his destiny as Werther did, it is his honor to have felt its unfitness for his eternal scope. He was born for wings, he is held to walk in leading strings; nothing lower than faith must make him resigned, and only in hope should he find content, a hope not of some slight improvement in his own condition or that of other men, but a hope justified by the divine justice, which is bound in due time to satisfy every want of his nature.

Schiller's great command is, "Keep true to the dream of thy youth." The great problem is how to make the dream real, through the exercise of the waking will.

This was not exactly the problem Goethe tried to solve. To *do* somewhat became too important, as is indicated both by the second motto to this essay and by his maxim,

"It is not the knowledge of what *might be*, but what *is*, that forms us."

Werther, like his early essays now republished from the Frankfort Journal, is characterized by a fervid eloquence of Italian glow, which betrays a part of his character almost lost sight of in the quiet transparency of his later productions, and may give us some idea of the mental conflicts through which he passed to manhood.

Exceedingly characteristic of his genius is a little tale, which he records as having frequently been told by him to his companions when only eight or nine years of age. I think it is worth insertion here.

THE NEW PARIS.

"The night before Whitsunday I dreamed that I stood before a mirror, examining the new summer clothes which my kind parents had ordered to be made for me to wear on that occasion. This dress consisted, as you know, in handsome leather shoes, with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, black sarsnet trowsers, and a green coat with gold trimmings. The vest of gold stuff was cut out of the vest my father wore at his wedding. My hair was curled and powdered, so that the locks stood out from my head like wings. But I could not manage to finish dressing myself, for always one thing would fall off as I put on another. While I was in this dilemma came up a handsome young man and accosted me in the most friendly manner. 'Ey, you are welcome,' said I, 'I am delighted to see you here.' 'You know me then,' said he with a smile. 'Why not,' said I, smiling also, 'you are Mercury; I have often seen your picture.' 'Yes,' said he, 'that is my name, and the gods have sent me to you with an important commission. Do you see these three apples?' He stretched out his hand and showed me the three apples, so large that he could hardly hold them, and very beautiful, one red, one green, and one yellow. I thought them jewels to which the form of those fruits had been given. I wished to take hold of them, but he drew back, saying, 'you must first understand that they are not intended for yourself. You must give them to the three handsomest young men in the city, who then, each according to his lot, shall find consorts such as they would wish. Take them and do well what I ask of you.' So saying he put the apples into my hands and went away. They seemed to me to have grown larger; I held them up to the light and found that they were transparent. As I looked at them they lengthened out into three beautiful,

beautiful ladies, not larger than dolls, whose clothes were each of the color of her apple. They glided gently up my fingers, and, as I tried to grasp them, or at least to hold fast some one of the three, floated up into the air. I stood astonished, holding up my hands and looking at my fingers as if there were still somewhat to be seen there. Suddenly appeared dancing on the points of my fingers a lovely maiden, smaller than the others, but elegantly shaped and very lively. She did not fly away like the others, but kept dancing up and down while I stood looking at her. But at last she pleased me so much that I tried to lay hold of her, when I received a blow on the head which felled me to the earth, where I lay senseless till the hour came to get ready for church.

"During the service, and at my grandfather's, where I dined, I thought over again and again what I had seen. In the afternoon I went to a friend's house, partly to show myself in my new dress, my hat under my arm, and my sword by my side, partly because I owed a visit there. I did not find the family at home, and hearing that they had gone to their garden, I thought I would follow and enjoy the afternoon with them. My way led past the prison to that place which is justly named that of the bad wall, for it is never quite safe there. I walked slowly, thinking of my three goddesses, and still more of the little nymph; often, indeed, I held up my finger, hoping she would have the politeness to balance herself on it. While engaged with these thoughts, my attention was arrested by a little door in the wall, which I could not recollect ever to have seen before. It looked very low, but the tallest man could have passed through the arch above it. Both arch and wall were most elegantly ornamented with carving and sculpture, but the door especially attracted my attention. It was of an ancient brown wood, very little adorned, but girt with broad bands of iron, on whose metal foliage sat the most natural seeming birds. But what struck me most was that I saw neither key-hole, latch, nor knocker; and I thought the door could be opened only from within. I was right, for as I drew nearer and put my hand upon the ornaments, it opened, and a man appeared, whose dress was very long, wide, and of singular fashion. A venerable beard flowed on his breast, which made me fancy he might be a Jew. But he, as if he guessed my thought, made the sign of the holy cross, thus giving me to understand that he was a good Catholic. 'How came you here, young gentleman, and what do you want?' said he with friendly voice and gesture. 'I am admiring,' said I, 'the workmanship of this door; I have never seen anything like it, though there must be specimens in the cabinets of amateurs.' 'I am glad,' said he, 'that you like the work. But the door is much more beautiful on the inner side; come

in and examine it, if you like.' I did not feel perfectly easy as to this invitation. The singular dress of the porter, my solitary position, and a certain something in the atmosphere disturbed me. I delayed therefore, under the pretext of looking a little longer at the outside, and stole a glance into the garden, for it was a garden which lay behind the wall. Immediately opposite the door I saw a square, so overshadowed by ancient lindens, planted at regular distances one from another that a very numerous company could have been sheltered there. Already I was upon the threshold, and the old man easily allured me a step farther. Indeed I did not resist, for I had always understood that a prince or sultan would not in such a situation inquire whether he was in any danger. And had I not a sword by my side, and should I not easily be even with the old man, if he should manifest a hostile disposition? So I went confidently in, and he put to the door, which fastened so easily that I scarcely observed it. He then showed me the delicate workmanship of the door within, and seemed really very kind. Quite set at ease by this, I went yet farther to look at the leaf-work of the wall, and admired it very much. I saw many niches adorned with shells, corals, and minerals, also Tritons spouting water into marble basins, cages with birds and squirrels, Guinea pigs running up and down, and all sorts of such pretty creatures. The birds kept calling and singing to us as we walked, especially the starlings said the oddest things; one would call Paris, Paris, and the other Narciss, Narciss, as plain as any schoolboy could speak. I thought the old man looked earnestly at me whenever the birds called these names, but I pretended not to observe him; indeed I was too busy with other matters to think much about it, for I perceived that we were going round and that the lindens inclosed a circle, probably much more interesting. We reached the door, and the old man seemed inclined to let me out, but my eyes were fixed on a golden lattice which I now saw surrounded the middle of this marvellous garden, though the old man had tried to hide it by keeping me next the wall. As he was about to open the door, I said to him with a low reverence, 'you have been so very polite to me, that I venture on asking one other favor before I go. Might I look nearer at the golden grate which seems to surround the centre of the garden?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'if you will submit to the conditions.' 'What are they?' I asked hastily. 'You must leave behind your hat and sword, and I must keep hold of your hand all the while.' 'Willingly,' cried I, laying my hat and sword on the nearest stone bench. He then seized my right hand and drew me forward with force. When we came near the grate, my admiration was changed into astonishment; nothing like it had I ever seen! On a high

ledge of marble stood innumerable spears and partizans arranged side by side, whose singularly ornamented upper ends formed a fence. I looked through the interstices, and saw water flowing gently in a marble channel, in whose clear current I saw many gold and silver fishes, which, sometimes singly, sometimes in numbers, sometimes slow, and sometimes quickly, moved hither and thither. Now I wanted to look beyond this canal and see what was going on in the heart of the garden; but I found to my great trouble, that there was on the opposite side a similar grate, and so made, that there was a spear or a partizan opposite to every interstice of the one at which I stood, so that, look what way I would, I could see nothing beyond it. Beside, the old man held me so fast that I could not move with any freedom. But the more I saw the more curious I grew, and I summoned up courage to ask if I could not pass the grates. 'Why not?' said he, 'yet are there new conditions.' When I asked what they were, he gave me to understand that I must change my dress. I consented, and he conducted me to a neat little room near the wall, on whose walls hung many dresses, in fashion very like the oriental costume. I was soon drest in one, and my guide, to my horror, shook all the powder out of my hair, and stroked it back under a variegated net. I looked in a large mirror and was well pleased with my new apparel, which, I thought, became me far more than my stiff Sunday dress. I made some gestures and leaps, like what I had seen at the theatre at the time of the fair. Looking in the glass as I did this, I saw behind me a niche, where on a white ground were some green cords, wound up in a way I did not understand. I asked the old man about it, and he very politely took down a cord and showed it to me. It was a green silk cord of some strength, whose ends drawn through two cuts in a piece of green morocco, gave it the air of being intended for no very agreeable purpose. This disturbed me, and I asked the old man what it meant. He answered in a kind and sedate manner, 'It is intended for those who abuse the trust that is here shown them.' So saying, he hung the noose up again and desired me to follow him. This time he did not take my hand, but left me free.

"I was most of all curious to see where the door or bridge might be, by which I was to cross the canal, for I had not been able to find anything of the sort. I therefore looked earnestly at the golden grate as we went up to it, but I almost lost the power of sight, when suddenly spears, halberds, and partizans began to rattle and shake, and at last all their points sank downwards, just as if two squadrons, armed in the old-fashioned way with pikes, were to rush upon one another. Eyes and ears could scarcely endure the clash and confusion. But when they

were all lowered, they covered the canal, making the finest of bridges, and the gayest garden lay before me. It was divided into many beds, which formed a labyrinth of ornaments, all set in green borders of a low, woolly plant, which I never saw before. Each bed was of some particular sort of flower, and all of kinds that grow but little way from the ground, so that the eye could pass with ease over the whole parterre and take in its design. This beautiful scene, now lying in full sunshine, completely captivated my eyes. The winding paths were of a pure blue sand, which seemed to represent on earth a darker sky, or a sky in the water. In these I walked, my eyes cast downwards, sometimes by the side of the old man, till at last I perceived in the midst of this flower garden a circle of cypresses or poplar-shaped trees, through which the eye could not penetrate, because their lower branches seemed to come directly from the ground. My guide led me into this circle, and how was I surprised to find there a pavilion supported by pillars, with entrances on every side. Even more than the sight of this beautiful building enchanted me the celestial music that proceeded from it. Sometimes I seemed to hear a harp, sometimes a lute, sometimes a guitar, and at intervals a tinkling unlike any of these instruments. We went to one of the doors, which opened at a slight touch from the old man. How astonished was I to see in the portress a perfect likeness of the pretty little maiden, who in the dream had danced on my fingers. She greeted me with the air of an acquaintance, and asked me to come in. The old man remained without, and I went with her through an arched and highly ornamented passage, into the saloon, whose fine, lofty dome immediately excited my attention and wonder. Yet my eyes were soon diverted by a charming spectacle. On a carpet spread directly underneath the cupola, sat three women in the three corners, drest in the three different colors, one red, the second yellow, the third green; the seats were gilt, the carpet a perfect flower-bed. They held the three instruments which I had been able to distinguish from without, but had stopped playing on my entrance. 'You are welcome,' said she who sat in the middle facing the door, drest in red, and holding the harp. 'Sit down beside Alerte and listen, if you love music. Now I saw a rather long bench placed obliquely, on which lay a mandolin. The little maiden took it, sat down, and called me to her side. Then I looked at the lady on my right, she wore the yellow dress, and had a guitar in her hand. And as the harp player was of stately shape, dignified aspect, and majestic mein, so was the guitar player gay, light, and attractive in her appearance and manner. She was slender and flaxen-haired, the other had dark chestnut tresses. But the variety and harmony of their music could not prevent my fixing

my attention on the beauty in green, whose performance on the lute seemed to me peculiarly admirable and moving. She it was also, who seemed to pay most heed to me, and to direct her playing to me, yet I knew not what to make of her, for she seemed sometimes tender, sometimes whimsical, sometimes frank, and then again capricious, according as she varied her playing and her gestures. Sometimes she seemed desirous to move me, sometimes as if she made a jest of me. But do what she would she won little on me, for my little neighbor, by whom I sat elbow to elbow, charmed me, and seeing in the three ladies the sylphides of my dream, and the colors of the three apples, I well understood, that they were not to be obtained by me. I should willingly have laid hold of the little one, had I not too well remembered the box of the ear with which she had repulsed me in the dream. Hitherto she had not used her mandolin, but when her mistresses had finished, they bid her play some lively air. Scarcely had she begun the merry dancing tune, than she jumped up. I did the same. She played and danced. I imitated her steps, and we performed a sort of little ballet, with which the ladies seemed to be well pleased; for when we had finished, they bade the little maid give me something good, to refresh me until supper should be prepared. Alerte led me back into the passage through which I had come. It had at the sides two well arranged rooms, in one in which she lived she set before me oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes, and I enjoyed with keen appetite the fruits of foreign lands and of this season. There was also confectionary in abundance, and she filled for me a crystal cup of foaming wine, but I had sufficiently refreshed myself with the fruit, and did not need it. 'Now let us go and play,' said she, and led me into the other room. Here it looked like a Christmas market, yet at none did you ever see such splendid, elegant things. There were all sorts of dolls, dolls' clothes and furniture, kitchens, parlors, and shops, and single playthings innumerable. She led me about to all the glass cases in which these fine things were kept. But the first one she soon shut, saying, I know you will not care for these matters. From this next we might take building blocks, and make a great city of walls and towers, houses, palaces, and churches. But I don't like that; we must find something which may entertain us both.' She then brought some boxes, full of the prettiest little soldiers that ever were seen. She took one of these and gave me the other. 'We will go to the golden bridge,' said she, 'that is the best place to play with soldiers, the spears make lines on which it is easy to arrange the armies.' When we reached the golden floor, I heard the water ripple, and the fishes plash beneath me, as I knelt down to arrange my lines. All the soldiers were on horseback. She

boasted of the Queen of the Amazons with her host of female troopers, while I had Achilles, and a squadron of stately Greek horsemen. The armies stood opposite one another. Never was seen anything finer. These were not flat, leaden horsemen, like ours, but both man and horse round and with perfect bodies, worked out in the most delicate manner. It was not easy to understand how they kept their balance so perfectly, for each stood by itself without the aid of a foot-board.

"After we had surveyed them for a while with great satisfaction, she gave the signal for the attack. We had found artillery in the chests, namely, boxes full of polished agate balls. With these we were to fight at a given distance, but under the express condition, that no ball was to be thrown with force enough to hurt a figure, only to throw it down. For a while, the cannonade went on agreeably enough. But, when my antagonist observed that I aimed truer than she, and was likely to beat her, she drew nearer, and then her girlish way of throwing the balls was very successful. She threw down my best men in crowds, and the more I protested, the more zealously she threw her balls. This vexed me, and I declared I would do the same. Then I not only went nearer, but in my anger threw my balls so violently, that two of her little centauresses were snapt in pieces. In her eagerness, she, at first, did not remark this; but I stood petrified, as the broken figures, joining together again and becoming a living whole, left the golden bridge at full gallop, and after running to and fro as in the lists, were lost, I know not how, against the wall. My pretty antagonist no sooner was aware of this, than she broke out into loud weeping and wailing. She cried, that I had been to her the cause of an irreparable loss, far greater than she could say. But I, who was in a passion, was rejoiced to vex her, and threw a couple more balls with blind fury into her army. Unluckily I hit the Queen, who was not engaged in our regular play. She fell in pieces, and her adjutants were also shattered, but they recovered themselves like the others, galloped through the lindens, and were lost against the wall.

"My antagonist scolded and abused me, while I stooped to pick up other balls, which were rolling about on the golden spears. In my anger I should have destroyed her army, but she sprang upon me, and gave my ears a box which made my head resound. I, who had always heard, that when a maiden boxes your ears, a good kiss is to follow, seized her head in my hands and kissed her again and again. But she screamed so loudly, that she frightened me, and luckily I let her go, for at that moment the flooring began to quake and rattle. I observed the grate was rising, and was fearful of being spitted on one of the spears, as indeed the partizans and lances, as they rose up, did

tear my clothes. I scarcely know how I got away. I lost my sight and hearing. When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of a linden, against which the now erected barricade had thrown me. My anger was again aroused by the jests and laughter of my antagonist, who probably had fallen more gently on the other side of the grate. I jumped up, and, seeing my little army had been thrown down with me, seized Achilles, and threw him against a tree. His recovery and flight pleased me doubly, as gratifying my resentment, and giving me the prettiest sight in the world, and I should have sent all his Greeks after him, but that at once water began to spout and sprinkle from the wall, stones, branches, and ground, wetting me on every side. My light robe was soon wet through; it was torn before, and I did not hesitate to cast it from me. Then I threw off my slippers, and piece by piece all the rest of my apparel, and began to think it very pleasant to have a shower bath on so warm a day.

"I then walked up and down with a grave, dignified mien, amid this welcome water, and enjoyed myself highly. As my anger cooled I wished nothing more than to make peace with the pretty maiden. But now in an instant the water ceased to spout, and I stood dripping on the wet ground. The presence of the old man, who now approached me, was far from welcome. I wished I could, if not hide, yet at least cover myself. Ashamed, shivering, trying in some way to cover myself, I made but a pitiful figure; and the old man took the occasion to reprove me severely. 'What hinders me,' cried he, 'from using the green cord if not upon your neck, at least upon your back?' I was much incensed by this threat. 'You had best,' cried I, 'avoid such words, or even such thoughts, if you would not ruin yourself and your mistresses.' 'Who are you,' said he, contemptuously, 'that you should presume to speak thus?' 'A darling of the gods,' said I, 'on whom it depends, whether those ladies shall find proper bridegrooms, or whether they shall languish away and grow old in this magical cloister.' The old man drew back several steps. 'Who has revealed this to thee?' asked he, astonished and thoughtful. 'Three apples,' said I, 'three jewels.' 'And what dost thou ask as a reward?' said he. 'Above all things,' I replied, 'the little creature, who has brought me into this annoying situation.' The old man threw himself on his knees before me, without regarding the wet and mud; then he rose, quite dry, and taking me affectionately by the hand, led me into the dressing-room, and assisted me to put on my Sunday clothes, and dress my hair. He said no word more, but as he let me out, directed my attention by signs to the opposite wall, and then again to the little door. I understood well, that he wished I should impress these objects on my memory, in order that I might be able again to find the door, which shut

suddenly behind me. I now looked attentively at the opposite side. Above a high wall rose the boughs of some ancient walnut trees, partly covering the cornice which finished it. They reached to a stone tablet, whose ornamental border I could perceive, but could not read what was inscribed upon it. It rested on the projection of a niche, in which an artificially wrought fountain poured its waters, from cup to cup, into a basin, as large as a little pond, imbedded in the earth. Fountain, tablet, walnut-trees, stood directly one above the other. I could paint the spot just as I saw it.

"You may imagine how I passed this evening, and many following days, and how often I repeated to myself the particulars of this history, which I myself can hardly believe. As soon as possible I went in search of the place, in order at least to refresh my memory, and look once more at the wonderful door. But, to my astonishment, I found things much changed. Walnuts rose indeed above the wall, but not near one another. There was a tablet, but far to the right of the trees, and with a legible inscription. A niche on the left hand contains a fountain, but one not to be compared with that I saw the other time, so that I was ready to believe the second adventure as much a dream as the first, for of the door I found no trace The only thing that comforts me is to observe, that these three objects seem constantly to be changing place, for in my frequent visits I think I see that trees, tablet, and fountain seem to be drawing nearer together. Probably when they get into their places, the door will once more be visible, and I will then attempt to take up again the thread of the adventure. I cannot say, whether it may be in my power to tell you the sequel, or whether it may not expressly be forbidden me."

"This tale, of whose truth my companions were passionately desirous to convince themselves, was greatly applauded. They visited singly, without confiding their intention to me or to each other, the spot I had indicated, found the walnuts, the tablet, and the fountain, but at a distance from one another. They at last confessed it, for at that age, it is not easy to keep a secret. But here was the beginning of strife. One declared the objects never changed their places, but preserved always the same distance from one another. The second, that they changed, and went farther apart. A third agreed that they moved, but thought they approached one another. A fourth had seen something still more remarkable, the walnut-trees in the midst, and tablet and fountain on the sides opposite the spot where I had seen them. About the door they varied as much in their impressions. And thus I had an early example how men, in cases quite simple and easy of decision, form and maintain the most contrary opinions. As

I obstinately refused a sequel to the adventure, a repetition of this first part was frequently solicited. I took care never materially to vary the circumstances, and the uniformity of the narration converted fable into truth for my hearers." — *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

The acting out the mystery into life, the calmness of survey, and the passionateness of feeling, above all the ironical baffling at the end, and want of point to a tale got up with such an eye to effect as he goes along, mark well the man that was to be. Even so did he demand in Werther, even so resolutely open the door in the first part of Faust, even so seem to play with himself and his contemporaries in the second part of Faust and Wilhelm Meister.

Yet was he deeply earnest in his play, not for men, but for himself. To himself as a part of nature it was important to grow, to lift his head to the light. In nature he had all confidence; for man, as a part of nature, infinite hope; but in him as an individual will, seemingly not much trust, at the earliest age.

The history of his intimacies marks his course; they were entered into with passionate eagerness, but always ended in an observation of the intellect, and he left them on his road as the snake leaves his skin. The first man he met of force sufficient to command a large share of his attention was Herder, and the benefit of this intercourse was critical, not genial. Of the good Lavater he soon perceived the weakness. Merck, again, commanded his respect, but the force of Merck also was cold.

But in the Grand Duke of Weimar he seems to have met a character strong enough to exercise a decisive influence upon his own. Goethe was not so politic and worldly, that a little man could ever have become his Mæcenas. In the Duchess Amelia and her son he found that practical sagacity, large knowledge of things as they are, active force, and genial feeling, which he had never before seen combined.

The wise mind of the Duchess gave the first impulse to the noble course of Weimar. But that her son should have availed himself of the foundation she laid is praise enough, in a world where there is such a rebound from

parental influence, that it generally seems that the child makes use of the directions given by the parent only to avoid the prescribed path. The Duke availed himself of guidance, though with a perfect independence in action. The Duchess had the unusual wisdom to know the right time for giving up the reins, and thus maintained her authority as far as the weight of her character was calculated to give it.

Of her Goethe was thinking when he wrote, "The admirable woman is she, who, if the husband dies, can be a father to the children."

The Duke seems to have been one of those characters, which are best known by the impression their personal presence makes on us, resembling an elemental and pervasive force, rather than wearing the features of an individuality. Goethe describes him as "Dämonische," that is, gifted with an instinctive, spontaneous force, which at once, without calculation or foresight, chooses the right means to an end. As these beings do not calculate, so is their influence incalculable. Their repose has as much influence over other beings as their action, even as the thunder-cloud, lying black and distant in the summer sky, is not less imposing than when it bursts and gives forth its quick lightnings. Such men were Mirabeau and Swift. They had also distinct talents, but their influence was from a perception in the minds of men of this spontaneous energy in their natures. Sometimes, though rarely, we see such a man in an obscure position; circumstances have not led him to a large sphere; he may not have expressed in words a single thought worth recording; but by his eye and voice he rules all around him.

He stands upon his feet with a firmness and calm security, which make other men seem to halt and totter in their gait. In his deep eye is seen an infinite comprehension, an infinite reserve of power. No accent of his sonorous voice is lost on any ear within hearing; and, when he speaks, men hate or fear perhaps the disturbing power they feel, but never dream of disobeying.

But hear Goethe himself.

"The boy believed in nature, in the animate and inanimate, the intelligent and unconscious to discover somewhat which manifested itself only through contradiction, and therefore

could not be comprehended by any conception, much less defined by a word. It was not divine, for it seemed without reason, not human, because without understanding, not devilish, because it worked to good, not angelic, because it often betrayed a petulant love of mischief. It was like chance, in that it proved no sequence; it suggested the thought of Providence, because it indicated connexion. To this all our limitations seem penetrable; it seemed to play at will with all the elements of our being; it compressed time and dilated space. Only in the impossible did it seem to delight, and to cast the possible aside with disdain.

"This existence which seemed to mingle with others, sometimes to separate, sometimes to unite, I called the Dämonische, after the example of the ancients, and others who have observed somewhat similar." — *Dichtung und Wahrcit.*

"The Dämonische is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding; it lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it.

"Napoleon was a being of this class, and in so high a degree, that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Also our late Grand Duke was such a nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little. Demoniac beings of this sort the Greeks reckoned among their demi-gods." — *Conversations with Eckermann.*

This great force of will, this instinctive directness of action, gave the Duke an immediate ascendancy over Goethe, which no other person had ever possessed. It was by no means mere sycophancy that made him give up, the next ten years, the prime of his manhood, to accompanying the Grand Duke in his revels, or aiding him in his schemes of practical utility, or to contriving elegant amusements for the ladies of the court. It was a real admiration for the character of the genial man of the world and its environment.

Whoever is turned from his natural path may, if he will, gain in largeness and depth what he loses in simple beauty, and so it was with Goethe. Faust became a wiser if not a nobler being. Werther, who must die because life was not wide enough and rich enough in love for him, ends as the Meister of the Wanderjahre, well content to be one never inadequate to the occasion, "help-full, comfort-full."

A great change was during these years perceptible to his friends in the character of Goethe. From being always "either too volatile or infatuated," he retreated into a self-collected state, which seemed at first even icy to those around him. No longer he darted about him the lightnings of his genius, but sat Jove-like and calm, with the thunderbolts grasped in his hand, and the eagle gathered to his feet. His freakish wit was subdued into a calm and even cold irony, his multiplied relations no longer permitted him to abandon himself to any, the minister and courtier could not expatiate in the free regions of invention, and bring upon paper the signs of his higher life, without subjecting himself to an artificial process of isolation. Obliged to economy of time and means, he made of his intimates not objects of devout tenderness, of disinterested care, but the crammers and feeders of his intellect. The world was to him an arena or a studio, but not a temple.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Had Goethe entered upon practical life from the dictate of his spirit, which bade him not be a mere author, but a living, loving man, that had all been well. But he must also be a man of the world, and nothing can be more unfavorable to true manhood than this ambition. The citizen, the hero, the general, the poet, all these are in true relations, but what is called being a man of the world is to truckle to it, not truly serve it.

Thus fettered in false relations, detained from retirement upon the centre of his being, yet so relieved from the early pressure of his great thoughts as to pity more pious souls for being restless seekers, no wonder that he wrote

"Es ist dafür gesorgt dass die Bäume nicht in den Himneel wachsen."

Care is taken that the trees grow not up into the heavens.

Ay, Goethe, but in proportion to their force of aspiration is their height!

Yet never let him be confounded with those who sell all their birthright. He became blind to the more generous virtues, the nobler impulses, but ever in self-respect was busy to develope his nature. He was kind, industrious,

wise, gentlemanly, if not manly. If his genius lost sight of the highest aim, he is the best instructer in the use of means, ceasing to be a prophet poet, he was still a poetic artist. From this time forward he seems a listener to nature, but not himself the highest product of nature, a priest to the soul of nature. His works grow out of life, but are not instinct with the peculiar life of human resolve, as Shakspeare's or Dante's is.

Faust contains the great idea of his life, as indeed there is but one great poetic idea possible to man, the progress of a soul through the various forms of existence. All his other works, whatever their miraculous beauty of execution, are mere chapters to this poem, illustrative of particular points. Faust, had it been completed in the spirit in which it was begun, would have been the Divina Commedia of its age.

But nothing can better show the difference of result between a stern and earnest life, and one of partial accommodation, than a comparison between the Paradiso and that of the second part of Faust. In both a soul, gradually educated and led back to God, is received at last not through merit, but grace. But O the difference between the grandly humble reliance of old Catholicism, and the loop-hole redemption of modern sagacity. Dante was a *man*, of vehement passions, many prejudices, bitter as much as sweet. His knowledge was scanty, his sphere of observation narrow, the objects of his active life petty, compared with those of Goethe. But, constantly retiring on his deepest self, clearsighted to the limitations of man, but no less so to the illimitable energy of the soul, the sharpest details in his work convey a largest sense, as his strongest and steadiest flights only direct the eye to heavens yet beyond.

Yet perhaps he had not so hard a battle to wage, as this other great Poet. The fiercest passions are not so dangerous foes to the soul as the cold skepticism of the understanding. The Jewish demon assailed the man of Uz with physical ills, the Lucifer of the middle ages tempted his passions, but the Mephistopheles of the eighteenth century bade the finite strive to compass the infinite, and the intellect attempt to solve all the problems of the soul.

This path Faust had taken: it is that of modern ne-

cromany. Not willing to grow into God by the steady worship of a life, man would enforce his presence by a spell; not willing to learn his existence by the slow processes of their own, they strive to bind it in a word, that they may wear it about the neck as a talisman.

Faust, bent upon reaching the centre of the universe through the intellect alone, naturally, after a length of trial, which has prevented the harmonious unfolding of his nature, falls into despair. He has striven for one object, and that object eludes him. Returning upon himself, he finds large tracts of his nature lying waste and cheerless. He is too noble for apathy, too wise for vulgar content with the animal enjoyments of life. Yet the thirst he has been so many years increasing is not to be borne. Give me, he cries, but a drop of water to cool my burning tongue. Yet, in casting himself with a wild recklessness upon the impulses of his nature yet untried, there is a disbelief that anything short of the All can satisfy the immortal spirit. His first attempt was noble, though mistaken, and under the saving influence of it, he makes the compact, whose condition cheats the fiend at last.

Kannst du mich schmeichelnd je belügen
Dass ich mir selbst gefallen mag,
Kannst du mich mit Genüss betrügen:
Das sey für mich der letzte Tag.

Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! du bist so schön!
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehen.

Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Make me one moment with myself at peace,
Cheat me into tranquillity? Come then
And welcome, life's last day.
Make me but to the moment say,
Oh fly not yet, thou art so fair,
Then let me perish, &c.

But this condition is never fulfilled. Faust cannot be content wth sensuality, with the charlatanry of ambition, nor with riches. His heart never becomes callous, nor his moral and intellectual perceptions obtuse. He is saved at last.

With the progress of an individual soul is shadowed forth that of the soul of the age, beginning in intellectual

skepticism, sinking into license, cheating itself with dreams of perfect bliss, to be at once attained by means no surer than a spurious paper currency, longing itself back from conflict between the spirit and the flesh, induced by Christianity, to the Greek era with its harmonious development of body and mind, striving to reëmbody the loved phantom of classical beauty in the heroism of the middle age, flying from the Byron despair of those, who die because they cannot soar without wings, to schemes, however narrow, of practical utility,—redeemed at last through mercy alone.

The second part of Faust is full of meaning, resplendent with beauty; but it is rather an appendix to the first part than a fulfilment of its promise. The world, remembering the powerful stamp of individual feeling, universal indeed in its application, but individual in its life, which had conquered all its scruples in the first part, was vexed to find, instead of the man Faust, the spirit of the age,—discontented with the shadowy manifestation of truths it longed to embrace, and, above all, disappointed that the author no longer met us face to face, or riveted the ear by his deep tones of grief and resolve.

When the world shall have got rid of the still overpowering influence of the first part, it will be seen that the fundamental idea is never lost sight of in the second. The change is that Goethe, though the same thinker, is no longer the same person.

The continuation of Faust in the practical sense of the education of a man is to be found in Wilhelm Meister. Here we see the change by strongest contrast. The mainspring of action is no longer the impassioned and noble Seeker, but a disciple of Circumstance, whose most marked characteristic is a *taste* for virtue and knowledge. Wilhelm, certainly prefers these conditions of existence to their opposites, but there is nothing so decided in his character as to prevent his turning a clear eye on every part of that variegated world-scene, which the writer wished to place before us.

To see all till he knows all sufficiently to put objects into their relations, then to concentrate his powers and use his knowledge under recognised conditions, such is the progress of man from Apprentice to Master.

'T is pity that the volumes of the "Wanderjahre" have not been translated entire, as well as those of the "Lehrjahre," for many, who have read the latter only, fancy that Wilhelm becomes a Master in that work. Far from it, he has but just become conscious of the higher powers that have ceaselessly been weaving his fate. Far from being as yet a Master, he but now begins to be a Knower. In the "Wanderjahre" we find him gradually learning the duties of citizenship, and hardening into manhood, by applying what he has learnt for himself to the education of his child. He converses on equal terms with the wise and beneficent, he is no longer duped and played with for his good, but met directly mind to mind.

Wilhelm is a Master when he can command his actions, yet keep his mind always open to new means of knowledge. When he has looked at various ways of living, various forms of religion and of character, till he has learned to be tolerant of all, discerning of good in all. When the astronomer imparts to his equal ear his highest thoughts, and the poor cottager seeks his aid as a patron and counsellor.

To be capable of all duties, limited by none, with an open eye, a skilful and ready hand, an assured step, a mind deep, calm, foreseeing without anxiety, hopeful without the aid of illusion, such is the ripe state of manhood. This attained, the great soul should still seek and labor, but strive and battle never more.

The reason for Goethe's choosing so negative a character as Wilhelm, and leading him through scenes of vulgarity and low vice, would be obvious enough to a person of any depth of thought, even if he himself had not announced it. He thus obtained room to paint life as it really is, and bring forward those slides in the magic lantern which are always known to exist, though they may not be spoken of to ears polite.

Wilhelm cannot abide in tradition, nor do as his fathers did before him, merely for the sake of money or a standing in society. The stage, here an emblem of the ideal life as it gleams before unpractised eyes, offers, he fancies, opportunity for a life of thought as distinguished from one of routine. Here, no longer the simple citizen, but Man, all Men, he will rightly take upon himself the different aspects of life, till poet-wise, he shall have learnt them all.

No doubt the attraction of the stage to young persons of a vulgar character is merely the brilliancy of its trappings, but to Wilhelm, as to Goethe, it was this poetic freedom and daily suggestion, which seemed likely to offer such an agreeable studio in the green-room.

But the ideal must be rooted in the real, else the poet's life degenerates into buffoonery or vice. Wilhelm finds the characters formed by this would-be ideal existence more despicable than those which grew up on the track, dusty and bustling and dull as it had seemed, of common life. He is prepared by disappointment for a higher ambition.

In the house of the Count he finds genuine elegance, genuine sentiment, but not sustained by wisdom, or a devotion to important objects. This love, this life is also inadequate.

Now with Teresa, he sees the blessings of domestic peace. He sees a mind sufficient for itself, finding employment and education in the perfect economy of a little world. The lesson is pertinent to the state of mind in which his former experiences have left him, as indeed our deepest lore is won from reaction. But a sudden change of scene introduces him to the society of the sage and learned Uncle, the sage and beneficent Natalia. Here he finds the same virtues as with Teresa, and enlightened by a larger wisdom.

A friend of mine says, that his ideal of a friend is a worthy Aunt, one who has the tenderness without the blindness of a mother, and takes the same charge of the child's mind, as the mother of its body. I don't know but this may have a foundation in truth, though, if so, Auntism, like other grand professions, has sadly degenerated. At any rate, Goethe seems to be possessed with a similar feeling. The Count de Thorane, a man of powerful character, who made a deep impression on his childhood, was, he says, "reverenced by me as an Uncle." And the ideal wise man of this common-life epic stands before us as "The Uncle."

After seeing the working of just views in the establishment of the Uncle, learning piety from the Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, and religious beneficence from the beautiful life of Natalia, Wilhelm is deemed worthy of admis-

sion to the society of the Illuminati, that is, those who have pierced the secret of life, and know what it is to be and to do.

Here he finds the scroll of his life "drawn with large, sharp strokes," that is, these truly wise read his character for him, and "mind and destiny are but two names for one idea."

He now knows enough to enter on the Wanderjahre.

Goethe always represents the highest principle in the feminine form. Woman is the Minerva, man the Mars. As in the Faust, the purity of Gretchen, resisting the demon always, even after all her faults, is announced to have saved her soul to heaven; and in the second part she appears, not only redeemed herself, but by her innocence and forgiving tenderness hallowed to redeem the being who had injured her.

So in the Meister, these women hover around the narrative, each embodying the spirit of the scene. The frail Philina, graceful though contemptible, represents the degradation incident to an attempt at leading an exclusively poetic life. Mignon, gift divine as ever the Muse bestowed on the passionate heart of Man, with her soft mysterious inspiration, her pining for perpetual youth, represents the high desire that leads to this mistake, as Aurelia the desire for excitement; Teresa, practical wisdom, gentle tranquillity, which seem most desirable after the Aurelia glare. Of the beautiful soul and Natalia we have already spoken. The former embodies what was suggested to Goethe by the most spiritual person he knew in youth, Mademoiselle von Klettenberg, over whom, as he said, in her invalid loneliness the Holy Ghost brooded like a dove.

Entering on the Wanderjahre, Wilhelm becomes acquainted with another woman, who seems the complement of all the former, and represents the idea which is to guide and mould him in the realization of all the past experience.

This person, long before we see her, is announced in various ways as a ruling power. She is the last hope in cases of difficulty, and, though an invalid, and living in absolute retirement, is consulted by her connexions and acquaintance as an unerring judge in all their affairs.

All things tend towards her as a centre; she knows all, governs all, but never goes forth from herself.

Wilhelm, at last, visits her. He finds her infirm in body, but equal to all she has to do. Charity and counsel to men who need her are her business; astronomy her pleasure.

After a while, Wilhelm ascertains from the Astronomer, her companion, what he had before suspected, that she really belongs to the solar system, and only appears on earth to give men a feeling of the planetary harmony. From her youth up, says the Astronomer, till she knew me, though all recognised in her an unfolding of the highest moral and intellectual qualities, she was supposed to be sick at her times of clear vision. When her thoughts were not in the heavens, she returned and acted in obedience to them on earth; she was then said to be well.

When the Astronomer had observed her long enough, he confirmed her inward consciousness of a separate existence and peculiar union with the heavenly bodies.

Her picture is painted with many delicate traits, and a gradual preparation leads the reader to acknowledge the truth, but, even in the slight indication here given, who does not recognise thee, divine Philosophy, sure as the planetary orbits and inexhaustible as the fount of light, crowning the faithful Seeker at last with the privilege to possess his own soul.

In all that is said of Macaria,* we recognise that no thought is too religious for the mind of Goethe. It was indeed so; you can deny him nothing, but only feel that his works are not instinct and glowing with the central fire, and, after catching a glimpse of the highest truth, are forced again to find him too much afraid of losing sight of the limitations of nature to overflow you or himself with the creative spirit.

While the apparition of the celestial Macaria seems to announce the ultimate destiny of the soul of Man, the practical application of all Wilhelm has thus painfully acquired is not of pure Delphian strain. Goethe draws as he passes a dart from the quiver of Phœbus, but ends as Esculapius or Mercury. Wilhelm, at the school of the Three Reverences, thinks out what can be done for

* The name of Macaria is one of noblest association. It is that of the daughter of Hercules, who devoted herself a voluntary sacrifice for her country. She was adored by the Greeks as the true Felicity.

man in his temporal relations. He learns to practise moderation, and even painful renunciation. The book ends, simply indicating what the course of his life will be, by making him perform an act of kindness, with good judgment, and at the right moment.

Surely the simple soberness of Goethe should please at least those who style themselves, *par excellence*, people of common sense.

The following remarks are by the celebrated Rahel, von Ense whose discernment as to his works was highly prized by Goethe.

"Don Quixote and Wilhelm Meister!

"Embrace one another, Cervantes and Goethe!

"Both, using their own clear eyes, vindicated human nature. They saw the champions through their errors and follies, looking down into the deepest soul, seeing there the true form. The Don as well as Meister is called a fool by *respectable* people, wandering hither and thither, transacting no business of real life, bringing nothing to pass, scarce even knowing what he ought to think on any subject, very unfit for the hero of a romance. Yet has our Sage known how to paint the good and honest mind in perpetual toil and conflict with the world, as it is embodied, never sharing one moment the impure confusion, always striving to find fault with and improve itself, always so innocent as to see others for better than they are, and generally preferring them to himself, learning from all, indulging all except the manifestly base; the more you understand, the more you respect and love this character.

"Cervantes has painted the knight, Goethe the culture of the entire man, — both their own time."

But those who demand from him a life-long continuance of the early ardor of Faust, who wish to see throughout his works, not only such manifold beauty and subtle wisdom, but the clear assurance of divinity, the pure white light of Macaria, wish that he had not so variously unfolded his nature, and concentred it more. They would see him slaying the serpent with the divine wrath of Apollo, rather than taming it to his service, like Esculapius. They wish that he had never gone to Weimar, had never become an universal connoisseur and dilettant in science, and courtier as "graceful as a born nobleman," but had borne the burden of life with the suffering crowd, and deepened

his nature in loneliness and privation, till Faust had conquered, rather than cheated the devil, and the music of heavenly faith superseded the grave and mild eloquence of human wisdom.

The expansive genius which moved so gracefully in its self-imposed fetters, is constantly surprising us by its content with a choice low, in so far as it was not the highest of which the mind was capable. The secret may be found in the second motto of this slight essay.

"He who would do great things must quickly draw together his forces. The master can only show himself such through limitation, and the law alone can give us freedom."

But there is a higher spiritual law always ready to supersede the temporal laws at the call of the human soul. The soul that is too content with usual limitations will never call forth this unusual manifestation.

If there be a tide in the affairs of men, which must be taken at the right moment to lead on to fortune, it is the same with inward as with outward life. He, who in the crisis hour of youth has stopped short of himself, is not likely to find again what he has missed in one life, for there are a great number of blanks to a prize in each lottery.

But the pang we feel that "those who are so much are not more," seems to promise new spheres, new ages, new crises to enable these beings to complete their circle.

Perhaps Goethe is even now sensible that he should not have stopped at Weimar as his home, but made it one station on the way to Paradise; not stopped at humanity, but regarded it as symbolical of the divine, and given to others to feel more distinctly the centre of the universe, as well as the harmony in its parts. It is great to be an Artist, a Master, greater still to be a Seeker till the Man has found all himself.

What Goethe meant by self-collection was a collection of means for work, rather than to divine the deepest truths of being. Thus are these truths always indicated, never declared; and the religious hope awakened by his subtle discernment of the workings of nature never gratified, except through the intellect.

He whose prayer is only work will not leave his treasure in the secret shrine.

One is ashamed when finding any fault with one like Goethe, who is so great. It seems the only criticism should be to do all he omitted to do, and that none who cannot is entitled to say a word. Let one speak who was all Goethe was not; noble, true, virtuous, but neither wise nor subtle in his generation, a divine ministrant, a baffled man, ruled and imposed on by the pigmies whom he spurned, a heroic artist, a democrat to the tune of Burns:

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Hear Beethoven speak of Goethe on an occasion which brought out the two characters in strong contrast.

Extract from a letter of Beethoven to Bettina Brentano, Töplitz, 1812.

"Kings and Princes can indeed make Professors and Privy Councillors, and hang upon them titles; but great men they cannot make; souls that rise above the mud of the world, these they must let be made by other means than theirs, and should therefore show them respect. When two such as I and Goethe come together, then must great lords observe what is esteemed great by one of us. Coming home yesterday, we met the whole Imperial family. We saw them coming, and Goethe left me and insisted on standing one side; let me say what I would, I could not make him come on one step. I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my surtout, and passed on through the thickest crowd. Princes and parasites made way; the Arch-duke Rudolph took off his hat; the Empress greeted me first. Their Highnesses KNOW ME. I was well amused to see the crowd pass by Goethe. At the side stood he, hat in hand, low bowed in reverence till all had gone by. Then have I scolded him well. I gave no pardon, but reproached him with all his sins, most of all those towards you, dearest Bettina; we had just been talking of you."

If Beethoven appears, in this scene, somewhat arrogant and bearish, yet how noble his extreme compared with the opposite! Goethe's friendship with the Grand Duke we respect, for Karl-August was a strong man. But we regret to see at the command of any and all members of the ducal family, and their connexions, who had nothing but rank to recommend them, his time and thoughts, of which he was so chary to private friends. Beethoven could not endure to teach the Archduke Rudolph, who had the soul

duly to revere his genius, because he felt it to be "hofdienst," court-service. He received with perfect nonchalance the homage of the sovereigns of Europe. Only the Empress of Russia and the Archduke Karl, whom he esteemed as individuals, had power to gratify him by their attentions. Compare with Goethe's obsequious pleasure, at being able gracefully to compliment such high personages, Beethoven's conduct with regard to the famous Heroic Symphony. This was composed at the suggestion of Bernadotte, while Napoleon was still in his first glory. He was then the hero of Beethoven's imagination, who hoped from him the liberation of Europe. With delight the great artist expressed in his eternal harmonies the progress of the Hero's soul. The symphony was finished, and even dedicated to Bonaparte, when the news came of his declaring himself Emperor of the French. The first act of the indignant artist was to tear off his dedication and trample it under foot, nor could he endure again even the mention of Napoleon till the time of his fall.

Admit, that Goethe had a natural taste for the trappings of rank and wealth, from which the musician was quite free, yet we cannot doubt that both saw through these externals to man as a nature; there can be no doubt on whose side was the simple greatness, the noble truth. We pardon thee, Goethe, — but thee, Beethoven, we revere; for thou hast maintained the worship of the Manly, the Permanent, the True.

The clear perception which was in Goethe's better nature of the beauty of that steadfastness, of that singleness and simple melody of soul, which he too much sacrificed to become "the many-sided One," is shown most distinctly in his two surpassingly beautiful works, The Elective Affinities and Iphigenia.

Not Werther, not the Nouvelle Heloise, have been assailed with such a storm of indignation as the first named of these works, on the score of gross immorality.

The reason probably is the subject; any discussion of the validity of the marriage vow making society tremble to its foundation; and secondly, the cold manner in which it is done. All that is in the book would be bearable to most minds, if the writer had had less the air of a specta-

tor, and had larded his work here and there with ejaculations of horror and surprise.

These declarations of sentiment on the part of the author seem to be required by the majority of readers, in order to an interpretation of his purpose, as sixthly, seventhly, and eighthly were, in an old-fashioned sermon, to rouse the audience to a perception of the method made use of by the preacher.

But it has always seemed to me that those who need not such helps to their discriminating faculties, but read a work so thoroughly as to apprehend its whole scope and tendency, rather than hear what the author says it means, will regard the Elective Affinities as a work especially what is called moral in its outward effect, and religious even to piety in its spirit. The mental aberrations of the consorts from their plighted faith, though in the one case never indulged, and though in the other no veil of sophistry is cast over the weakness of passion, but all that is felt expressed with the openness of one who desires to legitimate what he feels, are punished by terrible griefs and a fatal catastrophe. Ottilia, that being of exquisite purity, with intellect and character so harmonized in feminine beauty, as they never before were found in any portrait of woman painted by the hand of man, perishes, on finding she has been breathed on by unhallowed passion, and led to err even by her ignorant wishes against what is held sacred. The only personage whom we do not pity is Edward, for he is the only one who stifles the voice of conscience.

There is, indeed, a sadness, as of an irresistible fatality brooding over the whole. It seems as if only a ray of angelic truth could have enabled these men to walk wisely in this twilight, at first so soft and alluring, then deepening into blind horror.

But if no such ray came to prevent their earthly errors, it seems to point heavenward in the saintly sweetness of Ottilia. Her nature, too fair for vice, too finely wrought even for error, comes lonely, intense, and pale, like the evening star on the cold wintry night. It tells of other worlds, where the meaning of such strange passages as this must be read to those faithful and pure like her, victims perishing in the green garlands of a spotless youth to atone for the unworthiness of others.

An unspeakable pathos is felt from the minutest trait of this character, and deepens with every new study of it. Not even in Shakspeare have I so felt the organizing power of genius. Through dead words I find the least gestures of this person, stamping themselves on my memory, betraying to the heart the secret of her life, which she herself, like all these divine beings, knew not. I feel myself familiarized with all beings of her order. I see not only what she was, but what she might have been, and live with her in yet untrodden realms.

Here is the glorious privilege of a form known only in the world of genius. There is on it no stain of usage or calculation to dull our sense of its immeasurable life. What in our daily walk, amid common faces and common places, fleets across us at moments from glances of the eye or tones of the voice, is felt from the whole being of one of these children of genius.

This precious gem is set in a ring complete in its enamel. I cannot hope to express my sense of the beauty of this book as a work of art. I would not attempt it, if I had elsewhere met any testimony to the same. The perfect picture always before the mind of the chateau, the moss hut, the park, the garden, the lake, with its boat and the landing beneath the platan trees; the gradual manner in which both localities and persons grow upon us, more living than life, inasmuch as we are, unconsciously, kept at our best temperature by the atmosphere of genius, and thereby more delicate in our perceptions than amid our customary fogs; the gentle unfolding of the central thought, as a flower in the morning sun; then the conclusion, rising like a cloud, first soft and white, but darkening as it comes, till with a sudden wind it bursts above our heads; the ease with which we everywhere find points of view all different, yet all bearing on the same circle, for, though we feel every hour new worlds, still before our eye lie the same objects, new, yet the same, unchangeable, yet always changing their aspects as we proceed, till at last we find we ourselves have traversed the circle, and know all we overlooked at first.

For myself, I never felt so completely that very thing which genius should always make us feel, that I was in its circle, and could not get out till its spell was done, and its

last spirit permitted to depart. I was not carried away, instructed, delighted more than by other works, but I was there, living there, whether as the platan tree, or the architect, or any other observing part of the scene. The personages live too intensely to let us live in them, they draw around themselves circles within the circle, we can only see them close, not be themselves.

Others, it would seem, on closing the book, exclaim, "what an immoral book!" I well remember my own thought: "It is a work of Art!" At last I understood that world within a world, that ripest fruit of human nature, which is called Art. With each perusal of the book my wonder and delight at this wonderful fulfilment of design grew. I understood why Goethe was well content to be called Artist, and his works, works of art, rather than revelations. At this moment, remembering what I then felt, I am inclined to class all my negations just written on this paper as stuff, and to look upon myself, for thinking them, with as much contempt as Mr. Carlyle, or Mrs. Austin, or Mrs. Jameson might do, to say nothing of the German Goetheans.

Yet that they were not without foundation I feel again when I turn to the Iphigenia; a work beyond the possibility of negation; a work where a religious meaning not only pierces, but enfolds the whole; a work as admirable in art, still higher in significance, more single in expression.

There is an English translation (I know not how good) of Goethe's Iphigenia. But as it may not be generally known, I will give a sketch of the drama. Iphigenia, saved at the moment of the sacrifice made by Agamemnon in behalf of the Greeks, by the goddess, and transferred to the temple at Tauris, appears alone in the consecrated grove. Many years have passed since she was severed from the home of such a tragic fate, the palace of Mycenæ. Troy had fallen, Agamemnon been murdered, Orestes had grown up to avenge his death. All these events were unknown to the exiled Iphigenia. The priestess of Diana in a barbarous land, she had passed the years in the duties of the sanctuary, and in acts of beneficence. She had acquired great power over the mind of Thoas, king of Tauris, and used it to protect strangers, whom it had previously been the custom of the country to sacrifice to the goddess.

She salutes us with a soliloquy, of which this is a rude translation.

Beneath your shade, living summits
Of this ancient, holy, thick-leaved grove,
As in the silent sanctuary of the Goddess,
Still I walk with those same shuddering feelings
As when I trod these walks for the first time.
My spirit cannot accustom itself to these places,
Many years now has kept me here concealed
A higher will to which I am submissive;
Yet ever am I, as at first, the stranger;
For ah! the sea divides me from the beloved ones;
And on the shore whole days I stand,
Seeking with my soul the land of the Greeks,
And to my sighs brings the rushing wave only
Its hollow tones in answer.
Woe to him who, far from parents, and brothers, and sisters,
Drags on a lonely life. Grief consumes
The nearest happiness away from his lips;
His thoughts crowd downwards —
Seeking the hall of his fathers, where the Sun
First opened heaven to him, and kindred-born
In the first plays knit daily firmer and firmer
The bond from heart to heart. — I question not the Gods,
Only the lot of woman is one for sorrow;
In the house and in the war man rules,
Knows how to help himself in foreign lands,
Possessions gladden and victory crowns him,
And an honorable death stands ready to end his days.
Within what narrow limits is bounded the luck of woman!
To obey a rude husband even is duty and comfort; — how sad
When, instead, a hostile fate drives her out of her sphere.
So holds me Thoas, indeed a noble man, fast
In solemn, sacred, but slavish bonds.
O with shame I confess that with secret reluctance
I serve thee, Goddess, thee, my deliverer;
My life should freely have been dedicate to thee,
But I have always been hoping in thee, O Diana,
Who didst take in thy soft arms me, the rejected daughter
Of the greatest king; yes, daughter of Zeus,
I thought if thou gavest such anguish to him, the high hero,
The godlike Agamemnon;
Since he brought his dearest, a victim, to thy altar,
That, when he should return, crowned with glory, from Ilium,
At the same time thou shouldst give to his arms his other treasures,
His spouse, Electra, and the princely son,
Me also thou wouldst restore to mine own,
Saving a second time me, whom from death thou didst save,
From this worse death, the life of exile here.

These are the words and thoughts, but how give an

idea of the sweet simplicity of expression in the original, where every word has the grace and softness of a flower petal.

She is interrupted by a messenger from the king, who prepares her for a visit from himself of a sort she has dreaded. Thoas, who has always loved her, now left childless by the calamities of war, can no longer resist his desire to reanimate by her presence his desert house. He begins by urging her to tell him the story of her race, which she does in a way that makes us feel as if that most famous tragedy had never before found a voice, so simple, so fresh in its naiveté is the recital.

Thoas urges his suit undismayed by the fate that hangs over the race of Tantalus.

Was it the same Tantalus,
Whom Jupiter called to his council and banquets,
In whose talk so deeply experienced, full of various learning,
The Gods delighted as in the speech of oracles?

IPHIGENIA.

It is the same, but the Gods should not
Converse with men, as with their equals.
The mortal race is much too weak
Not to turn giddy on unaccustomed heights.
He was not ignoble, neither a traitor,
But for a servant too great, and as a companion
Of the great Thunderer only a man. So was
His fault also that of a man, its penalty
Severe, and poets sing — Presumption
And faithlessness cast him down from the throne of Jove
Into the anguish of ancient Tartarus;
Ah, and all his race bore their hate.

THOAS.

Bore it the blame of the ancestor or its own?

IPHIGENIA.

Truly the vehement breast and powerful life of the Titan
Were the assured inheritance of son and grandchild,
But the Gods bound their brows with a brazen band,
Moderation, counsel, wisdom, and patience
Were hid from their wild, gloomy glance,
Each desire grew to fury,
And limitless ranged their passionate thoughts.

Iphigenia refuses with gentle firmness to give to gratitude what was undue. Thoas leaves her in anger, and, to make her

feel it, orders that the old, barbarous custom be renewed, and two strangers just arrived be immolated at Diana's altar.

Iphigenia, though distressed, is not shaken by this piece of tyranny. She trusts her heavenly protectress will find some way for her to save these unfortunates without violating her truth.

The strangers are Orestes and Pylades, sent thither by the oracle of Apollo, who bade them go to Tauris and bring back "The Sister," thus shall the heaven-ordained parricide of Orestes be expiated, and the Furies cease to pursue him.

The Sister they interpret to be Dian, Apollo's sister, but Iphigenia, sister to Orestes, is really meant.

The next act contains scenes of most delicate workmanship, first between the light-hearted Pylades, full of worldly resource and ready tenderness, and the suffering Orestes, of far nobler, indeed heroic nature, but less fit for the day, and more for the ages. In the first scene the characters of both are brought out with great skill, and the nature of the bond between "the butterfly and the dark flower" distinctly shown in few words.

The next scene is between Iphigenia and Pylades. Pylades, though he truly answers the questions of the priestess about the fate of Troy and the house of Agamemnon, does not hesitate to conceal from her who Orestes really is, and manufactures a tissue of useless falsehoods with the same readiness that the wise Ulysses showed in exercising his ingenuity on similar occasions.

It is said, I know not how truly, that the modern Greeks are Ulyssean in this respect, never telling straight-forward truth, when deceit will answer the purpose; and if they tell any truth, practising the economy of the king of Ithaca, in always reserving a part for their own use. The character which this denotes is admirably hit off with few strokes in Pylades, the fair side of whom Iphigenia thus paints in a later scene.

> Bless, ye Gods, our Pylades,
> And whatever he may undertake!
> He is the arm of the youth in battle,
> The light-giving eye of the aged man in the council.

For his soul is still; it preserves
The holy possession of Repose unexhausted,
And from its depths still reaches
Help and advice to those tossed to and fro.

Iphigenia leaves him in sudden agitation, when informed of the death of Agamemnon. Returning, she finds in his place Orestes, whom she had not before seen, and draws from him by her artless questions the sequel to this terrible drama wrought by his hand. After he has concluded his narrative in the deep tones of cold anguish; she cries,

Immortals, you who your bright days through
Live in bliss throned on clouds ever renewed,
Only for this have you all these years
Kept me separate from men, and so near yourselves,
Given me the childlike employment to cherish the fires on your altars,
That my soul might, in like pious clearness,
Be ever aspiring towards your abodes,
That only later and deeper I might feel
The anguish and horror that have darkened my house.
O, Stranger,
Speak to me of the unhappy one, tell me of Orestes.

ORESTES.

O might I speak of his death!
Vehement flew up from the reeking blood
His Mother's Soul!
And called to the ancient daughters of Night,
Let not the parricide escape;
Pursue that man of crime. He is yours.
They obey, their hollow eyes
Darting about with vulture eagerness,
They stir themselves in their black dens,
From corners their companions
Doubt and Remorse steal out to join them,
Before them roll the mists of Acheron,
In its cloudy volumes rolls
The eternal contemplation of the irrevocable,
Bewildering round the head of the guilty.
Permitted now in their love of ruin they tread
The beautiful fields of a God-planted earth,
From which they had long been banished by an early curse.
Their swift feet follow the fugitive,
They pause never except to gather more power to dismay.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy man, thou art in like manner tortured,
And feelest truly what he, the poor fugitive, suffers!

ORESTES.

What sayest thou, what meanest of "like manner."

IPHIGENIA.

Thee, too, the weight of a fratricide crushes to earth; the tale
I had from thy younger brother.

ORESTES.

I cannot suffer that thou, great soul,
Shouldst be deceived by a false tale,
A web of lies let stranger weave for stranger,
Subtle with many thoughts, accustomed to craft,
Guarding his feet against a trap;
But between us
Be Truth;———
I am Orestes;—and this guilty head
Bent downward to the grave seeks death,
In any shape were he welcome.
Whoever thou art, I wish thou mightst be saved,
Thou and my friend; for myself I wish it not.
Thou seem'st against thy will here to remain;
Invent a way to fly and leave me here, &c.

Like all pure productions of genius, this may be injured by the slightest change, and I dare not flatter myself that the English words give an idea of the heroic dignity expressed in the cadence of the original by the words

"zwischen uns
Sey Wahrheit!
Ich bin Orest!"

where the Greek seems to fold his robe around him in the full strength of classic manhood, prepared for worst and best, not like a cold Stoic, but a hero, who can feel all, know all, and endure all. The name of two syllables in the German is much more forcible for the pause than the three syllable Orestes.

"between us
Be Truth!"

is fine to my ear, on which our word Truth also pauses with a large dignity.

The scenes go on more and more full of breathing beauty. The lovely joy of Iphigenia, the meditative softness with which the religiously educated mind perpetually draws the inference from the most agitating event, impress us more and more. At last the hour of trial comes. She is to keep off Thoas by a cunningly devised tale, while her brother and Pylades contrive their escape. Orestes

has received to his heart the sister long lost, divinely restored, and in the embrace the curse falls from him, he is well, and Pylades more than happy. The ship waits to carry her to the palace home she is to free from a century's weight of pollution, and already the blue heavens of her adored Greece gleam before her fancy.

But oh! the step before all this can be obtained. To deceive Thoas, a savage and a tyrant indeed, but long her protector, — in his barbarous fashion her benefactor. How can she buy life, happiness, or even the safety of those dear ones at such a price!

"Woe,
O Woe upon the lie. It frees not the breast,
Like the true-spoken word; it comforts not, but tortures
Him who devised it, and returns,
An arrow once let fly, God-repelled, back
On the bosom of the Archer!"

O must I then resign the silent hope
Which gave a beauty to my loneliness?
Must the curse dwell forever, and our race
Never be raised to life by a new blessing?
All things decay, the fairest bliss is transient,
The powers most full of life grow faint at last,
And shall a curse alone boast an incessant life?
Then have I idly hoped that here kept pure,
So strangely severed from my kindred's lot,
I was designed to come at the right moment,
And with pure hand and heart to expiate
The many sins that spot my native home.

To lie, to steal the sacred image!
Olympians, let not these vulture talons
Seize on the tender breast. O save me,
And save your image in my soul.

Within my ears resounds the ancient lay,
I had forgotten it, and would so gladly;
The lay of the Parcæ, which they awful sang,
As Tantalus fell from his golden seat
They suffered with the noble friend, wrathful
Was their heart, and fearful was the song.
In our childhood the nurse was wont to sing it
To me and the brother and sister. I marked it well.

Then follows the sublime song of the Parcæ, well known through translations.

But Iphigenia is not a victim of fate, for she listens steadfastly to the god in her breast. Her lips are incapable

of subterfuge. She obeys her own heart, tells all to the king, calls up his better nature, wins, hallows, and purifies all around her, till the heaven-prepared way is cleared by the obedient child of heaven, and the great trespass of Tantalus cancelled by a woman's reliance on the voice of her innocent soul.

If it be not possible to enhance the beauty with which such ideal figures as the Iphigenia and the Antigone appeared to the Greek mind, yet Goethe has unfolded a part of the life of this being, unknown elsewhere in the records of literature. The character of the priestess, the full beauty of virgin womanhood, solitary but tender, wise and innocent, sensitive and self-collected, sweet as spring, dignified as becomes the chosen servant of God, each gesture and word of deep and delicate significance; — where else is such a picture to be found?

It was not the courtier, nor the man of the world, nor the connoisseur, nor the friend of Mephistopheles, nor Wilhelm the Master, nor Egmont the generous free liver, that saw Iphigenia in the world of spirits, but Goethe in his first-born glory, Goethe the poet, Goethe designed to be the keenest star in a new constellation. Let us not in surveying his works and life abide with him too much in the suburbs and outskirts of himself. Let us enter into his higher tendency, thank him for such angels as Iphigenia, whose simple truth mocks at all his wise "Beschrankungen," and hope the hour when, girt about with many such, he will confess, contrary to his opinion, given in his latest days, that it *is* well worth while to live seventy years, if only to find that they are nothing in the sight of God.

F.

TWO HYMNS.

I.

God of those splendid stars! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed, —
Cold and far off *they* shine, they glow.
In their strange brightness, like to spirit's eyes,
Awful intensely on my naked soul:
Beautiful are they, — but so strange — so cold,
I know them not: —— I shrink, I cling
Like a scared insect to this whirling ball,
Upon whose swelling lines, I woke, one morn,
Unknowing who I was, or whence I came:
And still I know not — fastened to its verge
By a resistless power, — with it, I speed
On its eternal way, and those strange eyes,
Those starry eyes look ever on me thus, —
I wake, I sleep, but still they look on me,
Mild yet reproachful, beautiful but strange.

Visions are round me, — many moving things,
In clothing beautiful, soft and colored forms
With drooping heads caressing, — eyes, so meek,
And loving and appealing, — but they hold
A nature strange and different, — each enwrapt
In its own mortal mystery, — near they are,
And yet how distant! familiar, fond,
Yet strangers all. I know not what they are.

And higher forms, from out whose mystic eyes,
Gracefully curved and vestal-like, obscured
By shading lashes, — looks a being out,
That seems myself and is not: — kindred linked
Yet most communionless, — I know them not,
Nor they know me: — nearest, yet most apart,
Moving in saddest mystery each to each,
Like spell-bound souls, that coldly meet in dreams,
Which in some waking hour had intertwined.

Yet some too, woven with me, in a veil,
Viewless, but all-enduring, — kindred love: —
Their eyes are on me, like awakening light:
They touch my forehead, press my given hand,
Smile rare or oft, or sit most silently, —
Yet all is understood, — the watchful care,
The sympathetic joy, and the unutterable wealth
Of helping tears: all, all is understood:
Sure these are me: sure my affections, theirs,
Awe-stricken thoughts and over-rushing sins,
My hopes, my loves, my struggles, and my straits

Are theirs to bear, to know, to carry out,
To sift, to learn, to war and wrestle through:
Ah no, oh no, for every spirit round
There is a circle, where no other comes.
Even when we lay our head upon the breast
And pour our thoughts, as liquid jewels, out,
And feel the strength, that comes from soul beloved
Steal through our own as steals the living heat,
Nurture, and bloom, into the opening leaves.
Yet is the spirit lone, — its problem deep,
No other may work out, — its mystic way,
No other wing may try: passionate hopes,
Mighty yet powerless, and most awful fears,
Its strength, ne'er equal to the burden laid,
Longings to stop, yet eagerness to go,
Is its alone: a wall unscalable
Circuits the soul, — its fellows cannot pass;
The mother may not spare the child, to take
Its youthful burden on her willing heart,
Nor friend enfranchise friend. Alone, alone
The soul must do its own immortal work;
The best beloved most distant are; the near
Far severed wide. Soul knows not soul;
Not more, than those unanswering stars divine.

God of these splendid stars! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed.
Shield me, mid thine innumerable worlds;
Give me some point, where I may rest,
While thy unceasing ages flow:
Hide me, from thine irradiated stars,
And the far sadder light, untraceable
Of human eyes, — for strangers are they all.
A wandering thought on the resistless air;
A questioning wail, o'er the unlistening sea.
Recal, Eternal Source! and reassume
In thine own essence, peace unutterable!

II.

A NIGHT of Stars!
Thick studded o'er the sky
From line of vision, vanishing high,
Into the far immensity,
To where the dark horizon bars
The earth-restricted eye.

Brilliantly serene,
In the near firmament,
The brighter planets beam;

While from the void supreme
The paler glories stream,
Making earth radiant,
As an angelic dream!

Athwart the gilded dome,
Sudden the meteor glides,
The gazer starts, lest doom
Of chance or change had come,
On that eternal home,
Whose still sublimity abides
Through ages come and gone.

The moon is fondly near,
Pale, watchful, mother-like,
She smileth on our cheer,
She husheth up the tear;
But with a holy fear,
These starry splendors strike
The distant worshipper.

Where mighty oceans sweep,
They shine afar,
Where softer rivers leap,
Where trickling fountains weep,
Where the still lakelets sleep,
Gleams back each star,
Like torches from the deep.

In rapturous mood,
Silent with clasping hands,
And earnest brow subdued,
The ancient Shepherd stood,
As night to night he viewed
These glory-clustered bands
In Heaven's vast solitude.

Borne on the mighty sway
Of thought, his spirit ran
O'er the resplendent way,
Leaping from ray to ray,
To uncreated day;
Then — 'what is man?'
He sang — 'the child of clay.'

A spirit answered,
Midst bursts of wavy light,
Meekly and glad he heard, —
Man is the Son, the Word,
The best beloved of God,
With glory crowned and might,
And stars are his abode.

NIGHT AND DAY.

"WHY finish it," exclaimed the sculptor, as he flung from him into a corner of the studio, his large chisel and heavy hammer; "why attempt to finish this figure of Day? The Day of Manhood has not yet broke."

And standing back, with folded arms, he gazed at the monstrous block, half hewn, upon which he had been dealing his prodigious strokes, splintering and chipping the marble, with an eye that never wavered, and a hand that never missed, the whole night through.

The lamp, hung in the roof of his studio, glared down upon the artist, and with broad light and shadow brought out in bold relief the expression of his grand head and face. Half a century of noble passions and stern will, of meditation and disappointment, of glorious plans, and constant toil, and rich experience, had inspirited with lines of feeling his massive countenance. It had the firmness of a mountain, the depth of a sea, and was eloquent in every feature with calm strength. As the light fell on the matted hair thrown backward, the wrinkled forehead, the hanging brow, beneath which shone liquid and bright the profoundly thoughtful eye, the wide-dilated nostril, the compressed mouth, half-hidden in the beard, that hung heavily beneath the chin, — on the broad chest, across which were grasped the arms, with tense and swelling muscles, and on the whole figure, that, pliant at once and sturdy, rose like a bronzed statue from the floor, he seemed an incarnation of Force.

It was Michael Angelo; and the form which he had been softening from stiff rock into vigorous life, was the famous Day, that now leans his colossal, half-wrought trunk and limbs upon the sarcophagus in the chapel of the Medici.

"Ay!" continued the sculptor, in his deep-muttered tones, "why finish it? Is it not now the fit symbol of humanity in this age of savage crime? Let it lie there, brawny and stiff with life's unmeaning drudgery, unsmoothed and rough. It were mockery to give it roundness and polish. Let the head, with its air of stubborn resolution, mutely look out upon the slaving field of time, with half-marked features, like a morning in the mist. Ready, though hopeless art thou, thou Samson! ready for care, andtoil,

and burdens. Work enough is there for thee, thou uncouth Hercules! labor, countless, to slay earth's monsters and cleanse her filth. Lie there, thou unborn angel! as a protest against a senseless, wretched, false, and wicked age. Man is not yet, nor man's beauty; what is he but a half-formed giant? The God, that is in thee, shall one day step forth in his young symmetry, to grace redeemed earth in an age of Truth, and Beauty, and Peace. Then shall it be Day."

"But now is it Night," murmured he, with a sense of pure, indignant greatness, as the thought of the corruptions of his time and land, of the luxurious idleness, and petty tyranny, and rotten hypocrisies of prelate and noble, of the vexatious obstacles cast by envy in the path of his brave endeavors, of the eight precious years wasted in the stone quarry, of the corruption and quarrel all around, and above all, of the crushed people of his loved Italy, came over him, "now is it Night."

And he turned to look at the female form, which, in rounded beauty, was sunk in sleep at the opposite end of the sarcophagus, — a sleep so profound, that it seemed as if the jar of elements contending could not rouse her.

"Wake not, wake not, beautiful one! In thy still heaven of dreams shine worlds of loveliness, whose light has never reached us here. There all is purity and joy and peaceful triumph of unchanging good. Far shine in mellow splendors the stars of that Eternity. Veiled are thy eyes, with their deep life; the music of thy hidden thoughts sounds not on our dull ears. Shadows of doubt brood over us; the groans of earth, like the voice of a sleep-walker amid phantom-fiends, drown the soft melodies of heaven. Wake not, oh, wake not."

The walls of the apartment seemed like a prison in his choking emotions, and dashing open the door, he plunged into the free air.

It was morning, cool, balmy morning. Softly up the deep, deep blue skies spread the golden flush; softly over the girdling Appenines, with their snowy peaks, mantled the rosy lustre; the waking earth was blushing to greet the sun. Far beneath in silver winding was his loved Arno; and on its banks swelled up into the flooding light, the stately Rome, the airy Campanile, the sombre tower of

the palace. Florence, his Florence, dear amid her errors, magnificent amid her woes, glittered before him in the valley, with her massive edifices and her shining walls. In her glory, had not a dawn already broken upon slumbering man? As the crowds of his prophets and sybils, the images of his Moses and his Christ, and the countless forms of embodied poems, yet sitting in silent dignity in the chambers of his mind, like princes prisoned in their own palace homes, rose up in memory, there came over his spirit a dim anticipation, like rays of breaking light, of the future greatness of the human race. The future greatness? Yes; and were not these very majestic presences reflections, in his grateful reverence, of the greatness of the Past now sunken? In the full prophecy of the hour he conceived his Morning and Twilight. Man had been once; man again should be. The darkness of the present fled away before the blending splendors of Ages gone and Ages coming.

U.

THE BLIND SEER.

From morn till night the old man sitteth still;
Deep quenched in darkness lie all earthly sights;
He hath not known since childhood swayed his will,
The outward shows of open-eyed delights.

But in an inner world of thought he liveth,
A pure deep realm of praise and lowly prayer,
Where faith from sight no pension e'er receiveth,
But groweth only from the All-True and Fair.

That Universal Soul, who is the being,
The reason and the heart of men on earth,
Shineth so broad o'er him, that though not seeing,
He walketh where the Morning hath its birth.

He travelleth where the upper springs flow on;
He heareth harmonies from angel choirs;
He seeth Uriel standing in the Sun;
He dwelleth up among the heavenly fires.

And yet he loveth, as we all do love,
To hear the restless hum of common life;
Though planted in the spirit-soil above,
His leaves and flowers do bud amid the strife

Of all this weary world, and shine more fair
Than sympathies which have no inward root,
Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker air,
And dropping leave behind no winter fruit.

But here are winter fruits and blossoms too;
Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curled,
That smile, that thought-filled brow, ope to the view
Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

O who would love this wondrous world of sense,
Though steeped in joy and ruled by Beauty's queen,
If it were purchased at the dear expense
Of losing all which souls like his have seen?

Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious All,
Which fills like thought our never-doubting eyes,
Might with its firm-built grandeur sink and fall
Before one ray of Soul-Realities.

C.

WHEAT SEED AND BOLTED FLOUR.

I.

Saints and Heroes! Alas! even so. Good people tell us we must try, *try*, try to be Saints and Heroes. So we cease to be men. We trim our native shrubs and trees into stiff ornaments for the convent garden, till the tassels hang no more upon their sprays, and the birds, who love to tilt upon elastic boughs, forsake us. In other words, to read the riddle, we destroy all naturalness, by seeking to be more than human, until every free and joyous impulse dies. Oh! kind heaven! Break in some tempest one twig away, and bear it to a shady nook, to grow as thou lovest.

II.

Spirit of the Age! Buzz, buzz! thou biggest humbug in the web of cant; buzz away, and free thyself, and carry off

the web. Why cannot our hearts, as in the good old time, open like flowers to drink in the noon of present existence? The root lies brown and shapeless beneath the soil; the blossom will wilt and crumble into dust; the sun of the hour will ripen the seed; some seasonable wind will shake it to the ground. Meanwhile, why not *live?* Oh! could we get these cobwebs of cant, which catch all the dews of refreshment that heaven sends, but fairly brushed from the calix.

III.

The soul lies buried in a ruined city, struggling to be free, and calling for aid. The worldly trafficker in life's caravan hears its cries, and says, it is a prisoned maniac. But one true man stops, and with painful toil lifts aside the crumbling fragments; till at last, he finds beneath the choking mass a mangled form of exceeding beauty. Dazzling is the light to eyes long blind; weak are the limbs long prisoned; faint is the breath long pent. But oh! that mantling blush, that liquid eye, that elastic spring of renovated strength. The deliverer is folded to the breast of an angel.

IV.

What are another's faults to me? I am no vulture, feeding on carrion. Let me seek only the good in others evermore, and be a bird of paradise, fed on fresh fruits and crystal waters.

V.

Disappointment, like a hammer, breaks the rough coating of custom to show the hidden pearl.

VI.

Oh Radical! why pull at the corner-stone of that old tower, where thy fathers lived, and which now, tottering to its fall, is only upheld by the vines which entwine it, like grateful memories. Leave it for the tempest to level. Oh Conservative! Seest thou not that my darling boy loves to hide in its galleries, and hunt the bat from his hiding place? Will he not be crushed one day by the falling ruin?

VII.

It is the day of burying the corpse, and "the mourners go about the streets." Let the friends of the family undisturbed perform the funeral rites. Gardens of seclusion are there, where the Young Band, who stand ready to welcome the Prince of a New Day, may twine their brows with budding garlands.

VIII.

How grandly simple was the faith of the Patriarchs. God was their *Friend*. Why should he not at even-tide sit at the tent-door? Had we but their unabashed confidence! Great is the buoyant joy of him, whom fear does not cripple. Yet higher, grander is the disinterestedness of the children of our day, who seek no peculiar friendship, who in simple self-forgetfulness would be One with the Eternal, by ceasing to be anything.

IX.

How ridiculous, to agitate these controversies. Oh debater! that meteor burst long ago, and already grass grows over the scattered splinters.

X.

We long for obscurity, for shade not from Nature's sun, but from Vanity's torches. Welcome the former! for in its warmth gladly, and ever fresh, expands the oak and sensitive plant alike; but far from us be the latter! for it blackens the boughs, and sickens the flowers with falling soot.

XI.

Psalmist! still thy bursting liturgies! Chorister, hush thy chant! Take not in vain the name of Jehovah. Longing heart! whisper not even "Father." Wonder in silent awe! Let the sands ever sparkle bright in the fountain of thy heart, through which well up the waters of life; be its brink ever sweet with fresh flowers.

XII.

There is no Past; there is no Future. *Now* alone is. The Past is the circulating sap; the Future is the folded petal. Now is the Life; and God is now; and now is God. And what meanest thou, O irreverent one, by this?

Why ruffle with this sand of sophistry the calm depth of All? Believe only in that Being of beings! Wonder still!

XIII.

Fierce, intellectual enthusiasm, like Phæton, burns dry the flowery earth of common affections. Bathe in the twilight of earlier thought, and in the flooding lustres of the coming day; drink in the warmth and glory of experience's noon. But mount not the sun, in thy wild philosophy. The day, as it passes, gives light enough.

XIV.

Hard is it to avoid uttering Cant. It is a sort of rag currency, once a sign of bullion; but giving promises to pay now from empty coffers. Not that one wishes to be false; but it is so much easier to utter common places, which pass in the market, than to melt and stamp with clear values the ore of our experience.

XV.

Marvellous is the power of all that is vitally true. Its influence is so large, and deep, and still, that we cannot put it into thoughts. We can no more break up into distinct ideas the abiding impression of a friend's mind upon us, than we can parcel out and bottle up and label the sunlight.

XVI.

The passion for notoriety sows itself like the misletoe on lofty trees, and with its hardy greenness saps their strength. Then Enthusiasm changes into Fanaticism. A mind grandly simple is a miracle. No wonder that a star hung over Bethlehem.

XVII.

Religion is Philosophy expressed in a synthetic form. Philosophy is Religion expressed in an analytic form. The former is a cavern in a quarry; the latter is a mass of blocks ready for the mason. Happy will be the age when an Orpheus comes to rear these mighty masses into a temple beneath the sunlight, more beautiful than the sacred cave.

XVIII.

The burden of the Past makes us skeptics. Fear clings

to us, like a drowning man, to drag us beneath the flood. Our own meannesses, like wet garments, check the free stroke of the swimmer's arm. Worse still! the precious coin of past creeds, which we dare not cast from us, sinks us to the bottom.

XIX.

We are such poor specimens of men, that we dare not be *pious*. No wonder the Persian climbed the mountain, in the early morning, to worship the sun. Only in lonely thought, in simplicity as of youth, can we see God's brightness. How mysterious, that we know him as God best, when we think of him as God least. Amen. Hush and worship in the constant sacrifice of a grateful alacrity, a humble willingness, a trust turning ever towards his beams, as flowers seek the sun.

XX.

Oh man of many thoughts and a dusty heart. Talk not, preach not! Thy crop is scarcely large enough to give seed-corn for a coming spring; grind it not into meal. Bury thy thoughts in the soil of common life; and may the soft rains and gentle dews of daily kindness quicken them to a richer harvest.

T. T.

SONG.

Like seas flashing in caves
  Where stalactites gleam,
Like the sparkling of waves
  Where Northern lights beam;
Like the swift drops that fall
  Where the sun brightly shines,
Like a clear crystal hall
  Amid clustering vines;
Like emerald leaves
  All transparent with light,
Where the summer breeze weaves
  Its song of delight,
Like wild flickering dreams,
  Is the light which lies,
Which flashes and beams
  In Angela's eyes.

Like ripples slow circling
Where a stone has been thrown,
Like a sunny spring gushing
In a meadow alone;
Like a fair sea-girt isle
All blooming with flowers,
Is the joy of her smile
In our wild-wood bowers.

Deep as the sea,
As the voice of the night,
Lofty and free
As the vast dome of light,
Are the thoughts which live
In the soul of this being,
To her God did give
The true power of seeing.
Comprehending by love
What love did create,
She seeks not above
Like one weary of fate,
And longing to see
A bright world to come,
Where'er she may be
Is her beautiful home.

NEED OF A DIVER.

"Far o'er the track of dreary, stormy ages,
Kind winds one blossom wafted from the tree
Of life that grew in Eden, and this, cast
Into their garden, made it what you see,
A bloom upon the face of hard Necessity." — MS.

The Phœnix darted on glittering wing in quest of our earth. For an Angel had placed in his beak a kernel from the fruit of the tree of Life, and said, Not far from the sun of yonder system is one poor world, where this tree is not known. Its inhabitants deck themselves with blooms that wither, they feed on fruits that never satisfy. Feeding they famish, living they die. Many among them are too degraded even to dream of a better life. But there are others who, with sweet laments that pierce the skies, accuse their destiny, and call upon an ineffable love

to answer their continually balked desires. These are called, in the language of their world, Poets. Of late, passing near it, I was arrested by the music one of them was drawing from an ivory lute. I hovered nearer and nearer; he seemed to feel my approach, for his music grew to more imploring sweetness. But as I was about to descend and embrace him, he drew from the chords some full notes of triumph, drooped his head, and died.

I shall never forget the fair, sad picture. He sat beneath a noble oak, and had bound his head with a chaplet of its leaves. His feet were bare and bleeding; his robes, once of shining white, all torn and travel-stained. His face was still beautiful; the brow calmly noble; but over the cheeks many tears had flowed; they were wan, thin, and marked by the woes of earth. His head leaned forward on the ivory lute, from which drooped a chaplet of faded roses and broken laurel leaves.

I saw that he had been so wasted by famine, that the approach of sympathy was too much for his frail frame. I tasted the springs round about; every one was brackish. I broke the fruit from the trees, and its very touch put fever in the veins. Then I wept my first tears for the perished nightingale; and flew to bring some balsam for this suffering race.

I may not return, for not oftener than once in a hundred years is it permitted one of our order to visit this sorrowful sphere. But thou, my bird, who, like the aloe and the amaranth, art a link between it and us, do thou carry this kernel and plant among them one germ of true life. It is the kernel of the fruit which satisfied my thirst for all eternity, and if thou canst plant it on earth, will produce a tree large enough for the whole race.

Swift sped the golden wing on this best mission. But where to plant the kernel! It needed a rich soil, and the mountains were too cold; a virgin soil, and neither plain nor valley had kept themselves unprofaned, but brought forth weeds and poison as well as herbs and flowers. Even the desert sands had not forborne, but cheated the loneliness with flowers of gaudy colors, but which crumbled at the touch.

The Phœnix flew from region to region, till even his strong wings were wearied. He could not rest, for if he

pauses on the earth he dies. At last he saw amid a wide sea a little island, with not a blade of vegetation on it. He dropt here the kernel, and took refuge as swiftly as possible in another sphere.

Ah, too hasty Phœnix! He thought the island a volcanic birth, but it was the stony work of the coral insects, and as yet without fertility. The wind blew the precious seed into the sea.

There it lies, still instinct with divine life, for this is indestructible. But unless some being arise, bold enough to dive for it amid the secret caves of the deep sea, and wise enough to find a proper soil in which to plant it when recovered, it is lost to the human race forever. And when shall we have another Poet able to call down another Angel, since He died of his love, and even the ivory lute is broken.

CLOUDS.

Ye clouds! — the very vagaries of grace
So wild and startling, fanciful and strange,
And changing momently, yet pure and true,
Distorted never, marring beauty's mould:
But now, — ye lay a mass, a heaped up mass
Of interwoven beams, blue, rose, and green,
Not blended, but infused in one soft hue,
That yet has found no name. A sudden thrill,
A low, sweet thrill of motion stirred the air,
Perhaps a tremor of self-conscious joy,
That the contiguous breezes, moving slow,
Transmitted each to each: — instant as thought,
Yet imperceptibly, your form dissolved
Into a curtain of so fine a stain,
The young sky-spirits, that behind it clung,
Betrayed their glancing shapes: a moment more,
Solid and steep and piled like earthly mount,
With juts for climber's foot, upholding firm,
And long smooth top, where he may gladly fling
His palpitating form, and proudly gaze
Upon a world below, and humbly up,
For Heaven is still beyond.
Stretches now
The gathering darkness on the silent West,

Smooth-edged yet tapering off in gloomy point,
With that long line of sultry red beneath,
As if its tightly vested bosom bore
The lightning close concealed.
Ye fair and soft and ever varying Clouds!
Where in your golden circuit, find ye out
The Armory of Heaven, rifling thence
Its gleaming swords? — Ye tearful Clouds!
Feminine ever, light or dark or grim,
I fear ye not, I wonder and admire,
And gladly would I charter this soft wind,
That now is here, and now will undulate
Your yielding lines, to bear me softly hence,
That I might stand upon that golden edge,
And bathe my brow in that delicious gloom,
And leaning, gaze into the sudden gap
From whence the Lightning passes!

Night has come, and the bright eyes of stars,
And the voice-gifted wind, and severed wide,
Ye flee, like startled spirits, through the sky
Over and over to the mighty North,
Returnless race, forgetting and forgot
Of that red, western cradle whence ye sprung!

As wild, as fitful, is the gathering mass
Of this eventful world, — enlarging heaps
Of care and joy and grief we christen Life.
Like these, they shine full oft in green and gold,
Or brightly ravishing foam: — utterly fond,
We seek repose, confiding on their breast,
And lo, they sink and sink, most noiseless sink,
And leave us in the arms of nothingness.
Like these, they pass, in ever-varying form,
As glancing angels, or assassin grim,
Sharp-gleaming daggers, 'neath concealing garb!

Might we but dwell within the upper Heaven!
In the immensity of soul, — the realm
Of stars serene, and suns and cloudless moons,
Ranging delighted, while far down below
The Atmosphere of life concocts its shapes
Evil or beautiful, and smile on all,
As gorgeous pictures spread beneath the feet.

Oh Thou, supreme infinitude of Thought!
Thou, who art height and depth! whither is Life,
And what are we, but vanishing shadows all
O'er the eternal ocean of thy Being!
It is thy will, the sunbeam of thy will
That perviates and modifies the air
Of mortal life, in which the spirit dwells:
Thou congregatest these joys and hopes and griefs,
In thee they beam or gloom. Eternal Sun!

Let them not come between my soul and thee;
Let me rejoice in thy o'erflooding light,
Fill up my being's urn, until a Star,
Once kindled, ne'er extinct, my soul may burn
In the pure light of an excelling love,
Giving out rays, as lavishly as given!

"THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST."

Not where long-passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the Day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out,
From the heart and from the life;
When the Sensuous is laid low,
Through the Spirit's holy strife;

When the Soul to Sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from Seraph-eyes;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

AUGUST SHOWER.

The gladsome music of the shower!
The hasting, tripping, mingling sound,
Above, beneath me, all around,
On bank and tree and flower.

The rose lifts up its lip serene,
The insect's still, that restless thing,
He makes no noise, he stirs no wing,
So fresh he grows and clean.

The branches thrill and drip and bow,
Luxurious to the air;
How green they look, how sweet and fair
They gladly seem to know.

And still it pours, the welcome rain
Far down its rivers creep,
The very roots are bathing deep
The fainting roots of grain.

Yet more! exhaustless 't is, as Love,
The bladed grass is full,
The pebble-stones are beautiful,
So cool and wet above!

A pause, — again, — it 's almost past,
The flowers seem to think,
As gasping eagerly, they drink
The fresh, the sweet, the last.

The Earth is like recovered child,
Heeding not, how an hour ago
It panting lay and faint and low,
So glad it is and wild.

The lighted West! Oh God of Love!
Below, in silvery streams,
Like to Aurora's softest beams,
While gold bursts out above!

THE PHARISEES.

If we may trust the statement of grave philosophers, who have devoted their lives to Science, and given proofs of what they affirm, which are manifest to the senses, as well as evident to the understanding, there were once, in very distant ages, classes of monsters on the earth, which differed, in many respects, from any animals now on its surface. They find the bones of these animals "under the bottom of the monstrous world," or imbedded in masses of stone, which have since formed over them. They discover the footprints, also, of these monstrous creatures, in what was once soft clay, but has since become hard stone, and so has preserved these traces for many a thousand years. These creatures gradually became scarce, and at last disappeared entirely from the face of the earth, while nobler races grew up and took their place. The relics of these monsters are gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

Now there was an analogous class of moral monsters in old time. They began quite early, though no one knows who was the first of the race. They have left their footprints all over the civilized globe, in the mould of institutions, laws, politics, and religions, which were once pliant, but have since become petrified in the ages, so that they seem likely to preserve these marks for many centuries to come. The relics of these moral monsters are preserved for our times in the histories and institutions of past ages. But they excite no astonishment, when discovered, because, while the sauri of gigantic size, the mammoth and the mastodon, are quite extinct, the last of the Pharisees has not yet been seen, but his race is vigorous and flourishing now as of old time. Specimens of this monster are by no means rare. They are found living in all countries, and in every walk of life. We do not search for them in the halls of a museum, or the cabinets of the curious, but every man has seen a Pharisee going at large on the earth. The race, it seems, began early. The Pharisees are of ancient blood; some tracing their genealogy to the great Father of Lies himself. However this may be, it is certain, we find them

well known in very ancient times. Moses encountered them in Egypt. They counterfeited his wonders, so the legend relates, and "did so with their enchantments." They followed him into the desert, and their gold thrown into the fire, by the merest accident, came out in the shape of an idol. Jealous of the honor of Moses, they begged him to silence Eldad and Medad, on whom the spirit of the Lord rested, saying; "Lord Moses rebuke them." They troubled the Messiah in a later day; they tempted him with a penny; sought to entangle him in his talk; strove to catch him, feigning themselves just men. They took counsel to slay him soon as they found cunning of no avail. If one was touched to the heart by true words — which, though rare, once happened, — he came by night to that great prophet of God, through fear of his fellow Pharisees. They could boast, that no one of their number had ever believed on the Saviour of the nations, — because his doctrine was a new thing. If a blind man was healed, they put him out of the synagogue, because his eyes were opened, and as he confessed by the new Teacher. They bribed one of his avaricious followers to betray him with a kiss, and at last put to death the noblest of all the Sons of God, who had but just opened the burthen of his mission. Yet they took care, — those precious philanthropists, — not to defile themselves by entering the judgment hall, with a pagan. When that spirit rose again, they hired the guard to tell a lie, and say, "His disciples came by night, and stole the body, while we slept."

This race of men troubled Moses, stoned the prophets, crucified the Saviour, and persecuted the apostles. They entered the Christian Church soon as it became popular and fashionable. Then they bound the yoke of Jewish tradition on true men's necks, and burned with fire, and blasted with anathemas such as shook it off, walking free and upright, like men. This same race is alive, and by no means extinct, or likely soon to be so.

It requires but few words to tell what makes up the sum of the Pharisee. He is at the bottom a man like other men, made for whatever is high and divine. God has not curtailed him of a man's birthright. He has in him the elements of a Moses or a Messiah. But his aim is to SEEM good and excellent; not to BE good and excellent. He

wishes, therefore, to have all of goodness and religion except goodness and religion itself. Doubtless, he would accept these also, were they to be had for the asking, and cost nothing to keep, but he will not pay the price. So he would make a covenant with God and the devil, with Righteousness and Sin, and keep on good terms with both. He would unite the two worlds of Salvation and Iniquity, having the appearance of the one, and the reality of the other. He would work in deceit and wickedness, and yet appear to men with clean hands. He will pray in one direction, and yet live in just the opposite way, and thus attempt, as it were, to blind the eyes, and cheat the justice of all-knowing God. He may be defined, in one sentence, as the circumstances of a good man, after the good man has left them. Such is the sum of the Pharisee in all ages and nations, variously modified by the customs and climate of the place he happens to dwell in, just as the rabbit is white in winter, and brown in summer, but is still the same rabbit, its complexion only altered to suit the color of the ground.

The Jewish Pharisees began with an honest man, who has given name to the class, as some say. He was moral and religious, a lover of man and God. He saw through the follies of his time, and rose above them. He felt the evils that oppress poor mortal man, and sought to remove them. But it often happens that a form is held up, after its spirit has departed, and a name survives, while the reality which bore this name is gone forever. Just as they keep at Vienna the crown and sword of a giant king, though for some centuries no head has been found large enough to wear the crown, no hand of strength to wield the sword, and their present owner is both imbecile and diminutive. So it was in this case. The subsequent races of Pharisees cherished the form, after the spirit had left it, clinging all the closer because they knew there was nothing in it, and feared, if they relaxed their hold, it would collapse through its emptiness, or blow away and be lost, leaving them to the justice of God and the vengeance of men they had mocked at and insulted. In Christ's time, the Pharisee professed to reverence the law of Moses, but contrived to escape its excellent spirit. He loved the Letter, but he shunned the Law. He could pay tithes of his mint,

anise, and cummin, which the law of Moses did not ask for, and omit mercy, justice, and truth, which both that and the law of God demanded. He could not kindle a fire, nor pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, though so cold and hungry, that he thought of nothing but his pains, and looked for the day to end. He could not eat bread without going through the ceremony of lustration. He could pray long and loud, where he was sure to be heard, at the corners of the streets, and give alms in the public places, to gain the name of devout, charitable, or munificent, while he devoured widow's houses or the inheritance of orphans in private, and his inward part was full of ravening and wickedness.

There are two things, which pass for religion in two different places. The first is, the love of what is Right, Good, and Lovely, the love of man, the love of God. This is the religion of the New Testament, of Jesus Christ; it leads to a divine life, and passes for religion before the pure eyes of that Father of all, who made us, and the stars over our heads. The other is a mere belief in certain doctrines, which may be true or false, a compliance with certain forms, either beautiful or ludicrous. It does not demand a love of what is right, good, and lovely, a love of man or God. Still less does it ask for a life in conformity with such sentiments. This passes for religion in the world, in king's courts, and in councils of the Church, from the council at Nice to the synod at Dort. The first is a vital religion; a religion of life. The other is a theological religion; a religion of death; or rather, it is no religion at all; all of religion, but religion itself. It often gets into the place of religion, just as the lizard may get into the place of the lion, when he is out, and no doubt sets up to be lion for the time, and attempts a roar. The one is the religion of men, and the best men that have ever lived in all ages and countries; the other is the religion of Pharisees, and the worst men in all ages and in all countries.

This race of men, it has been said, is not yet exhausted. They are as numerous as in John the Baptist's time, and quite as troublesome. Now as then, they prefer the praise of men to the praise of God; which means they would rather SEEM good, at small cost, than take the pains to BE

good. They oppose all reforms as they opposed the Messiah. They traduce the best of men, especially such as are true to Conscience, and live out their thought. They persecute men sent on God's high errand of mercy and love. Which of the prophets have they not stoned? They build the tombs of deceased reformers, whom they would calumniate and destroy, were they now living and at work. They can wear a cross of gold on their bosom, "which Jews might kiss and infidels adore." But had they lived in the days of Pilate, they would have nailed the Son of God to a cross of wood, and now crucify him afresh, and put him to an open shame. These Pharisees may be found in all ranks of life; in the front and the rear; among the radicals and the conservatives, the rich and the poor. Though the Pharisees are the same in nature, differing only superficially, they may yet be conveniently divided into several classes, following some prominent features.

The Pharisee of the Fireside. He is the man, who at home professes to do all for the comfort and convenience of his family, his wife, his children, his friends; yet at the same time does all for his own comfort and convenience. He hired his servants, only to keep them from the almshouse. He works them hard, lest they have too much spare time, and grow indolent. He provides penuriously for them, lest they contract extravagant habits. Whatever gratification he gives himself, he does entirely for others. Does he go to a neighboring place to do some important errands for himself, and a trifle for his friend, the journey was undertaken solely on his friend's account. Is he a husband, he is always talking of the sacrifice he makes for his wife, who yet never knows when it is made, and if he had love, there would be no sacrifice. Is he a father, he tells his children of his self-denial for their sake, while they find the self-denial is all on their side, and if he loved them self-denial would be a pleasure. He speaks of his great affection for them, which, if he felt, it would show itself, and never need be spoken of. He tells of the heavy burdens borne for their sake, while, if they were thus borne, they would not be accounted burdens, nor felt as heavy. But this kind of Pharisee, though more common than we sometimes fancy, is yet the rarest species. Most men drop

the cloak of hypocrisy, when they enter their home, and seem what they are. Of them, therefore, no more need be spoken.

The Pharisee of the Printing Press. The Pharisee of this stamp is a sleek man, who edits a newspaper. His care is never to say a word offensive to the orthodox ears of his own coterie. His aim is to follow in the wake of public opinion, and utter, from time to time, his oracular generalities, so that whether the course be prosperous or unsuccessful, he may seem to have predicted it. If he must sometimes speak of a new measure, whose fate is doubtful with the people, no one knows whether he would favor or reject it. So equally do his arguments balance one another. Never was prophecy more clearly inspired and impersonal. He cannot himself tell what his prediction meant until it is fulfilled. "If Crœsus crosses the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire," thunders the Pharisee from his editorial corner, but takes care not to tell whether Persia or Lydia shall come to the ground. Suggest a doubt, that he ever opposed a measure, which has since become popular, he will prove you the contrary, and his words really have that meaning, though none suspected it at the time, and he, least of all. In his, as in all predictions, there is a double sense. If he would abuse a man or an institution, which is somewhat respectable, and against which he has a private grudge, he inserts most calumnious articles in the shape of a "communication," declaring at the same time his "columns are open to all." He attacks an innocent man, soon as he is unpopular; but gives him no chance to reply, though in never so Christian a spirit. Let a distinguished man censure one comparatively unknown, he would be very glad to insert the injured man's defence, but is prevented by "a press of political matter," or "a press of foreign matter," till the day of reply has passed. Let an humble scholar send a well written article for his journal, which does not square with the notions of the coterie; it is returned with insult added to the wrong, and an "editorial" appears putting the public on its guard against such as hold the obnoxious opinions, calling them knaves, and fools, or what is more taking with the public at this moment, when the majority are so very faithful, and religious,

"infidels" and "atheists." The aim of this man is to please his party, and seem fair. Send him a paper, reflecting on the measures or the men of that party, he tells you it would do no good to insert it, though ably written. He tells his wife the story, adding that he must have meat and drink, and the article would have cost a "subscriber." He begins by loving his party better than mankind; he goes on by loving their opinions more than truth, and ends by loving his own interest better than that of his party. He might be painted as a man sitting astride a fence, which divided two inclosures, with his hands thrust into his pockets. As men come into one or the other inclosure, he bows obsequiously, and smiles; bowing lowest and smiling sweetest to the most distinguished person. When the people have chosen their place, he comes down from "that bad eminence," to the side where the majority are assembled, and will prove to your teeth, that he had always stood on that side, and was never on the fence, except to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

The Pharisee of the Street. He is the smooth sharper, who cheats you in the name of honor. He wears a sanctimonious face, and plies a smooth tongue. His words are rosemary and marjoram for sweetness. To hear him lament at the sins practised in business, you would take him for the most honest of men. Are you to trade with him, he expresses a great desire to serve you; talks much of the subject of honor; honor between buyer and seller; honor among tradesmen; honor among thieves. He is full of regrets, that the world has become so wicked; wonders that any one can find temptation to defraud, and belongs to a society for the suppression of shoplifting, or some similar offence he is in no danger of committing, and so

> "Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
> By damning those he has no mind to."

Does this Pharisee meet a philanthropist, he is full of plans to improve society, and knows of some little evil, never heard of before, which he wishes to correct in a distant part of the land. Does he encounter a religious man, he is ready to build a church if it could be built of words, and grows eloquent, talking of the goodness of God and the sin of the world, and

has a plan for evangelizing the cannibals of New Zealand, and christianizing, forsooth, the natives of China, for he thinks it hard they should "continue heathens, and so be lost." Does he overtake a lady of affluence and refinement, there are no limits to his respect for the female sex; no bounds to his politeness; no pains too great for him, to serve her. But let him overtake a poor woman of a rainy day, in a lonely road, who really needs his courtesy, he will not lend her his arm or his umbrella, for all his devotion to the female sex. He thinks teachers are not sufficiently paid, but teazes a needy young man to take his son to school a little under price, and disputes the bill when rendered. He knows that a young man of fortune lives secretly in the most flagrant debauchery. Our Pharisee treats him with all conceivable courtesy, defends him from small rumors; but when the iniquity is once made public, he is the very loudest in his condemnation, and wonders any one could excuse him. This man will be haughty to his equals, and arrogant to those he deems below him. With all his plans for christianizing China and New Zealand, he takes no pains to instruct and christianize his own family. In spite of his sorrow for the wickedness of the world, and his zeal for the suppression of vice, he can tell the truth so as to deceive, and utter a lie so smoothly, that none suspects it to be untrue. Is he to sell you an article, its obvious faults are explained away, and its secret ones concealed still deeper. Is he to purchase, he finds a score of defects, which he knows exist but in his lying words. When the bargain is made, he tells his fellow Pharisee how adroitly he deceived, and how great are his gains. This man is fulfilled of emptiness. Yet he is suffered to walk the earth, and eat and drink and look upon the sun, all hollow as he is.

The Pharisee of Politics. This, also, is a numerous class. He makes great professions of honesty; thinks the country is like to be ruined by want of integrity in high places, and, perhaps, it is so. For his part, he thinks simple honesty, the doing of what one knows to be right, is better than political experience, of which he claims but little; more safe than the eagle eye of statesman-like sagacity, which sees events in their causes, and can apply the experience of many centuries to show the action of a par-

ticular measure, a sagacity that he cannot pretend to. This Pharisee of Politics, when he is out of place, thinks much evil is likely to befal us from the office-holders, enemies of the people; if he is in place from the office-wanters, most pestilent fellows! Just before the election, this precious Pharisee is seized with a great concern lest the people be deceived, the dear people, whom he loves with such vast affection. No distance is too great for him to travel; no stormy night, too stormy for him, that he may utter his word in season. Yet all the while he loves the people but as the cat her prey, which she charms with her look of demure innocence, her velvet skin and glittering eyes, till she has seized it in her teeth, and then condescends to sport with its tortures, sharpening her appetite, and teazing it to death. There is a large body of men in all political parties,

> "who sigh and groan
> For public good, and mean their own."

It has always been so, and will always continue so, till men and women become Christian, and then, as pagan Plato tells us, the best and wisest men will take high offices cheerfully, because they involve the most irksome duties of the citizen. The Pharisee of Politics is all things to all men, (though in a sense somewhat different from the Apostle, perhaps,) that he may, by any means, gain some to his side. Does he meet a reformer, he has a plan for improving and finishing off the world quite suddenly. Does he fall in with a conservative, our only strength is to stand still. Is he speaking with a wise friend of the people, he would give every poor boy and girl the best education the state could afford, making monopoly of wisdom out of the question. Does he talk with the selfish man of a clique, who cares only for the person, girded with his belt; he thinks seven eighths of the people, including all of the working class, must be left in ignorance beyond hope; as if God made one man all Head, and the other all Hands. Does he meet a Unitarian, the Pharisee signs no creed, and always believed the Unity; with a Calvinist, he is so Trinitarian he wishes there were four persons in the Godhead to give his faith a test the more difficult. Let the majority of voters, or a third party, who can turn the election, ask him to pledge himself to a particular measure, this lover of the people is

ready, their "obedient servant," whether it be to make property out of paper, or merchandise of men. The voice of his electors is to him not the voice of God, which might be misunderstood, but God himself. But when his object is reached, and the place secure, you shall see the demon of ambition, that possesses the man, come out into action. This man can stand in the hall of the nation's wisdom, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the Bible, the great charter of freedom, in the other, and justify, — not excuse, palliate, and account for, — but JUSTIFY, the greatest wrong man can inflict on man, and attempt to sanction Slavery, quoting chapter and verse from the New Testament, and do it as our fathers fought, in the name of "God and their country." He can stand in the centre of a free land, his mouth up to the level of Mason and Dixon's line, and pour forth his eloquent lies, all freedom above the mark, but all slavery below it. He can cry out for the dear people, till they think some man of wealth and power watches to destroy them, while he wants authority; but when he has it, ask him to favor the cause of Humanity; ask him to aid those few hands, which would take hold of the poor man's son in his cabin and give him an education worthy of a man, a free man; ask him to help those few souls of great faith, who perfume Heaven's ear with their prayers, and consume their own hearts on the altar, while kindling the reluctant sacrifice for other hearts, so slow to beat; ask him to aid the noblest interests of man, and help bring the kingdom of Heaven here in New England, — and where is he? Why, the bubble of a man has blown away. If you could cast his character into a melting pot, as chemists do their drugs, and apply suitable tests to separate part from part, and so analyze the man, you would find a little Wit, and less Wisdom; a thimble-full of common sense, worn in the fore part of his head, and so ready for use at a moment's call; a conscience made up of maxims of expediency and worldly thrift, which conscience he wore on his sleeve to swear by when it might serve his turn. You would find a little knowledge of history to make use of on the Fourth of July and election days; a conviction that there was a selfish principle in man, which might be made active; a large amount of animal cunning, selfishness, and ambition, all worn very bright by constant

use. Down further still in the crucible would be a shapeless lump of faculties he had never used, which, on examination, would contain Manliness, Justice, Integrity, Honor, Religion, Love, and whatever else that makes man Divine and Immortal. Such is the inventory of this thing which so many worship, and so many would be. Let it also pass to its reward.

THE PHARISEE OF THE CHURCH. There was a time when he, who called himself a Christian, took as it were the Prophet's vow, and Toil and Danger dogged his steps; Poverty came like a Giant upon him, and Death looked ugly at him through the casement as he sat down with his wife and babes. Then to be called a Christian, was to be a man; to pray prayers of great resolution, and to live in the Kingdom of Heaven. Now it means only to be a Protestant, or a Catholic; to believe with the Unitarians, or the Calvinists. We have lost the right names of things. The Pharisee of the Church has a religion for Sunday, but none for the week. He believes all the true things and absurd things ever taught by popular teachers of his sect. To him the Old Testament and the new Testament are just the same, — and the Apocrypha he never reads, — Books to be worshipped and sworn by. He believes most entirely in the Law of Moses and the Gospel of the Messiah, which annuls that Law. They are both "translated out of the original tongues, and appointed to be read in churches." Of course he practises one just as much as the other. His Belief has cost him so much he does nothing but believe; never dreams of living his belief. He has a Religion for Sunday, and a face for Sunday, and Sunday books, and Sunday talk, and just as he lays aside his Sunday coat, so he puts by his talk, his books, his face, and his Religion. They would be profaned if used on a week day. He can sit in his pew of a Sunday — wood sitting upon wood — with the demurest countenance, and never dream the words of Isaiah, Paul, and Jesus, which are read him, came out of the serene deeps of the soul that is fulfilled of a divine life, and are designed to reach such deeps in other souls, and will reach them if they also live nobly. He can call himself a Christian, and never do anything to bless or comfort his neighbor. The

poor pass and never raise an eye to that impenetrable face. He can hear sermons and pay for sermons that denounce the sin he daily commits, and think he atones for the sin by paying for the sermon. His Sunday prayers are beautiful, out of the Psalms and the Gospels, but his weekly life, what has it to do with his prayer? How confounded would he be if Heaven should take him in earnest, and grant his request! He would pray that God's name be hallowed, while his life is blasphemy against Him. He can say "thy kingdom come," when if it should come, he would wither up at the sight of so much majesty. The kingdom of God is in the Hearts of men; does he wish it there, in his own heart? He prays "thy will be done," yet never sets a foot forward to do it, nor means to set a foot forward. His only true petition is for daily bread, and this he utters falsely, for all men are included in the true petition, and he asks only for himself. When he says "forgive us as we forgive," he imprecates a curse on himself, most burning and dreadful; for when did he give or forgive? The only "evil" he prays to be delivered from is worldly trouble. He does not wish to be saved from avarice, peevishness, passion, from false lips, a wicked heart, and a life mean and dastardly. He can send Bibles to the Heathen on the deck of his ship, and rum, gunpowder, and cast-iron muskets in the hold. The aim of this man is to get the most out of his fellow mortals, and to do the least for them, at the same time keeping up the phenomena of Goodness and Religion. To speak somewhat figuratively, he would pursue a wicked calling in a plausible way, under the very windows of Heaven, at intervals singing hymns to God, while he debased his image; contriving always to keep so near the walls of the New Jerusalem, that when the destroying flood swept by, he might scramble in at a window, booted and spurred to ride over men, wearing his Sunday face, with his Bible in his hand, to put the Saviour to the blush, and out-front the justice of all-mighty God. But let him pass also; he has his reward. Sentence is pronounced against all that is false. The Publicans and the Harlots enter into the kingdom of God before that man.

The Pharisee of the Pulpit. The Scribes and

Pharisees sat once in Moses' seat; now they go farther up and sit in the seat of the Messiah. The Pharisee of the Pulpit is worse than any other class, for he has the faults of all the rest, and is set in a place where even the slightest tarnish of human frailty is a disgrace, all the more disgraceful because contrasted with the spotless vestments of that loftiest spirit that has bestrode the ages, and stands still before us as the highest Ideal ever realized on the Earth, — the measure of a perfect man. If the Gold rust, what shall the Iron do? The fundamental sin of the Pharisee of the Pulpit is this. He keeps up the Form, come what will come of the Substance. So he embraces the form when the substance is gone forever. He might be represented in painting as a man, his hands filled with husks, from which the corn had long ago been shelled off, carried away and planted, and had now grown up under God's blessing, produced its thirty, or its hundred-fold, and stands ripe for the reaper, waiting the sickle, while hungering crowds come up escaping from shipwreck, or wanderings in the desert of Sin, and ask an alms, he gives them a husk — only a husk; nothing but a husk. "The hungry flock look up and are not fed," while he blasts with the curses of his church all such as would guide the needy to those fields where there is bread enough and to spare. He wonders at "the perverseness of the age," that will no longer be fed with chaff and husks. He has seen but a single pillar of God's Temple, and thinking that is the whole, condemns all such as take delight in its beautiful porches, its many mansions, and most holy place. So the fly, who had seen but a nail-head on the dome of St. Peter's, condemned the Swallow who flew along its solemn vault, and told the wonders she had seen. Our Pharisee is resolved, God willing, or God not willing, to keep up the form, so he would get into a false position should he dare to think. His thought might not agree with the form, and since he loves the dream of his fathers better than God's Truth, he forbids all progress in the form. So he begins by not preaching what he believes, and soon comes to preach what he believes not. These are the men who boast they have Abraham to their father, yet, as it has been said, they come of a quite different stock, which also is Ancient and of great renown.

The Pharisee's faith is in the letter, not the spirit. Doubt in his presence that the Book of Chronicles and the Book of Kings are not perfectly inspired and infallibly true on those very points where they are exactly opposite; doubt that the Infinite God inspired David to denounce his enemies, Peter to slay Ananias, Paul to predict events that never came to pass, and Matthew and Luke, John and Mark, to make historical statements, which can never be reconciled, and he sets you down as an infidel, though you keep all the commandments from your youth up, lack nothing, and live as John and Paul prayed they might live. With him the unpardonable sin is to doubt that ecclesiastical doctrine to be true, which Reason revolts at, and Conscience and Faith spurn off with loathing. With him the Jews are more than the human race. The Bible is his Master, and not his Friend. He would not that you should take its poems as its authors took them; nor its narratives for what they are worth, as you take others. He will not allow you to accept the Life of Christianity; but you must have its letter also, of which Paul and Jesus said not a word. If you would drink the water of life, you must take likewise the mud it has been filtered through, and drink out of an orthodox urn. You must shut up Reason, Conscience, and Common Sense, when you come to those Books which above all others came out of this triple fountain. To those Books he limits divine inspiration, and in his modesty has looked so deep into the counsels of God, that he knows the live coal of Inspiration has touched no lips but Jewish. No! nor never shall. Does the Pharisee do this from true reverence for the Word of God, which was in the beginning, which is Life, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let others judge. But there is a blindness of the heart, to which the fabled darkness of Egypt was noon-day light. That is not the worst skepticism which, with the Sadducee, denies both angel and resurrection; but that which denies man the right to think, to doubt, to conclude; which hopes no light save from the ashes of the past, and would hide God's truth from the world with the flap of its long robe. We come at Truth only by faithful thought, reflection, and contemplation, when the long flashes of light come in upon the soul. But Truth and God are always on

our side. Ignorance and a blind and barren Faith favor only lies and their great patriarch.

The Pharisee of the Pulpit talks much of the divine authority of the Church and the Minister, as if the one was anything more than a body of men and women met for moral and religious improvement, and the other anything but a single man they had asked to teach them, and be an example to the flock, and not "Lord of God's heritage." Had this Pharisee been born in Turkey, he would have been as zealous for the Mahommetan church, as he now is for the Christian. It is only the accident of birth that has given him the Bible instead of the Koran, the Shaster, the Vedam, or the Shu-King. This person has no real faith in man, or he would not fear when he essayed to walk, nor would fancy that while every other science went forward, Theology, the Queen of Science, should be bound hand and foot, and shut up in darkness without sun or star; no faith in Christ, or he would not fear that Search and Speech should put out the light of life; no faith in God, or he would know that His Truth, like virgin gold, comes brighter out of the fire of thought, which burns up only the dross. Yet this Pharisee speaks of God, as if he had known the Infinite from His boyhood; had looked over his shoulder when he laid the foundations of the earth, had entered into all his counsels, and known to the tithing of a hair, how much was given to Moses, how much to Confucius, and how much to Christ; and had seen it written in the book of fate, that Christianity, *as it is now understood*, was the loftiest Religion man could ever know, and all the treasure of the Most High was spent and gone, so that we had nothing more to hope for. Yet the loftiest spirits that have ever lived have blessed the things of God; have adored him in all his works, in the dewdrops and the stars; have felt at times his Spirit warm their hearts, and blessed him who was all in all, but bowed their faces down before his presence, and owned they could not by searching find him out unto perfection; have worshipped and loved and prayed, but said no more of the nature and essence of God, for Thought has its limits, though presumption it seems has none. The Pharisee speaks of Jesus of Nazareth. How he dwells on his forbearance, his gentleness, but how he for-

gets that righteous indignation which spoke through him; applied the naked point of God's truth to Pharisees and Hypocrites, and sent them back with rousing admonitions. He heeds not the all-embracing Love that dwelt in him, and wept at Sin, and worked with bloody sweat for the oppressed and down trodden. He speaks of Paul and Peter as if they were masters of the Soul, and not merely its teachers and friends. Yet should those flaming apostles start up from the ground in their living holiness, and tread our streets, call things by their right names, and apply Christianity to life, as they once did and now would do were they here, think you our Pharisee would open his house, like Roman Cornelius, or Simon of Tarsus?

There are two divisions of this class of Pharisees; those who *do not think*, — and they are harmless and perhaps useful in their way, like snakes that have no venom, but catch worms and flies, — and *those who do think*. The latter think one thing in their study, and preach a very different thing in their pulpit. In the one place they are free as water, ready to turn any way; in the other, conservative as ice. They fear philosophy should disturb the church as she lies bed-ridden at home, so they would throw the cobwebs of Authority and Tradition over the wings of Truth, not suffering her with strong pinions to fly in the midst of Heaven and communicate between man and God. They think "you must use a little deceit in the world," and so use not a little. These men speak in public of the inspiration of the Bible, as if it were all inspired with equal infallibility, but what do they think at home? In his study, the Testament is a collection of legendary tales; in the pulpit it is the everlasting Gospel; if any man shall add to it, the seven last plagues shall be added to him; if any one takes from it, his name shall be taken from the Book of Life. If there be a sin in the land, or a score of sins tall as the Anakim, which go to and fro in the earth, and shake the churches with their tread; let these sins be popular, be loved by the powerful, protected by the affluent; will the Pharisee sound the alarm, lift up the banner, sharpen the sword, and descend to do battle? There shall not a man of them move his tongue; "no, they are dumb dogs, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yes they are greedy dogs, that

can never have enough." But let there be four or five men in obscure places, not mighty through power, renown, or understanding, or eloquence; let them utter in modesty a thought that is new, which breathes of freedom, or tends directly towards God, and every Pharisee of the Pulpit shall cry out from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods, till the land ring again. Doubtless it is heroic thus to fight a single new thought, rather than a score of old sins. Doubtless it is a very Christian zeal thus to pursue obscurity to its retreat, and mediocrity to its littleness, and startle humble Piety from her knees, while the Goliath of sin walks with impudent forehead at noon-day in front of their armies, and defies the living God; — a very Christian zeal which would put down a modest champion, however true, who, declining the canonical weapons, should bring down the foe and smite off the giant's head. Two persons are mentioned in the Bible, who have had many followers; the one is Lot's wife, who perished looking back upon Sodom; the other Demetrius, who feared that this our craft is in danger to be set at nought.

Such, then, are the Pharisees. We ought to accept whatever is good in them; but their sin should be exposed. Yet in our indignation against the vice, charity should always be kept for the man. There is "a soul of Goodness in things evil," even in the Pharisee, for he also is a man. It is somewhat hard to BE all that God made us to become, and if a man is so cowardly he will only aim to SEEM something, he deserves pity, but certainly not scorn or hate. Bad as he appears, there is yet somewhat of Goodness left in him, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. Fallen though he is, he is yet a man, to love and be loved. Above all men is the Pharisee to be pitied. He has grasped at a shadow, and he feels sometimes that he is lost. With many a weary step and many a groan, he has hewn him out broken cisterns that hold no water, and sits dusty and faint beside them; "a deceived heart has turned him aside," and there is "a lie in his right hand." Meantime the stream of life hard by falls from the Rock of Ages; its waters flow for all, and when the worn pilgrim stoops to drink, he rises a stronger man, and thirsts no more for the hot and polluted fountain of Deceit and Sin. Farther down men leprous as Naaman may dip and be healed.

While these six classes of Pharisees pursue their wicked way, the path of real manliness and Religion opens before each soul of us all. The noblest sons of God have trodden therein, so that no one need wander. Moses and Jesus and John and Paul have gained their salvation by being real men; content to seek Goodness and God, they found their reward; they blessed the nations of the earth, and entered the kingdom of religious souls. It is not possible for Falseness or Reality to miss of its due recompense. The net of divine justice sweeps clean to its bottom the ocean of man, and all things that are receive their due. The Pharisee may pass for a Christian, and men may be deceived for a time, but God never. In his impartial balance it is only real Goodness that has weight. The Pharisee may keep up the show of Religion, but what avails it? Real sorrows come home to that false heart, and when the strong man tottering calls on God for more strength, how shall the false man stand? Before the Justice of the All-seeing, where shall he hide? Men may have the Pharisee's Religion if they will, and they have his reward, which begins in self-deception, and ends in ashes and dust. They may if they choose have the Christian's Religion, and they have also his reward, which begins in the great resolution of the heart, continues in the action of what is best and most manly in human nature, and ends in Tranquillity and Rest for the Soul, which words are powerless to describe, but which man must feel to know. To each man, as to Hercules, there come two counsellors; the one of the Flesh, to offer enervating pleasures and unreal joys for the shadow of Virtue; the other of the Spirit, to demand a life that is lovely, holy, and true. "Which will you have"? is the question put by Providence to each of us; and the answer is the daily life of the Pharisee or the Christian. Thus it is of a man's own choice that he is cursed or blessed, that he ascends to Heaven, or goes down to Hell.

P.

PROTEAN WISHES.

I WOULD I were the Grass,
Where thy feet most often pass,
I would greet thee all the day;

Or but a Drop of Dew,
Then gladdened at thy view,
I'd reflect thee all the day;

I would rise a purple cloud!
I would weave a fairy shroud,
And attend thee all the day.

I would I were the Night,
For when banished by thy light,
I would praise thee all the day.

I would I were the Sun,
Then wherever I shone
I would sing thee all the day.

I would I were the Skies,
For then with thousand eyes,
I would see thee all the day.
But I'd rather be the Air,
Then in thy presence fair,
I'd be blest all the day.

How blest is he who sits beside
Thee his Maiden, thee his Bride;
Like the Gods is he.
He hears thee speak, he sees thee smile,
With rapture burns his heart the while,
Yet beateth mild and tranquilly.

The lingering sun-beams round thee play,
And in their warm, rejoicing ray
Thy golden tresses shine.
Who calls thee Friend is richly blest:
Sister or Child — has heavenly rest:
Who calls thee Wife becomes divine.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

In the days of Michel Angelo, perhaps even in the earlier time of Grecian Art, certainly often since, the question has been discussed of the comparative dignity of Painting and Sculpture. The generous critic shrinks from the use of the words higher and lower, when applied to art, and yet I sometimes feel that these terms of comparison are among the limitations to which we must submit, while we continue human, as we accept our bodies and language itself, availing ourselves of them as best we may, until we gain that mount of vision, from which nothing is high nor low nor great nor small. Doubtless for everything that is gained something is lost, and yet if the thing gained is more than the lost, then comes in legitimately the idea of superiority. In my lonely hours of thought, I love to substitute, for these objectionable terms of comparison, those of means and ends, results, causes and effects, and so forth, and though deeply conscious of my ignorance on the subject of Art, I have often thought of the relation of its different departments to each other, and always end with the conclusion that Sculpture is the result of all the other arts, the lofty interpreter of them all; not in the order of time, but in the truer one of affinities. Phidias sits by the side of Plato uttering in marble, as his brother philosopher in words, his profound interpretation of all that had gone before, the result of his deep penetration into what Greece had acted, Homer sung, and Æschylus and Sophocles elevated into the region of sculpture and philosophy. The Homeric poem, the Orphic hymn, the Delphic temple, the Persian war, each was entire of itself, and contained within itself the hint, the germ of all that after time might ever be, but it waited the sculptor's touch, the sage's insight, to tell its history, to detect its immortality, to transmute it from an historical fact to a prophecy. The preparatory art of painting probably existed too in Greece, as certainly as the epic and the drama, though the traces of this art are faint in her history; for painting is the epic poem, the drama, uttering itself in another form, and the soil that produces one will produce the other. My theory is confirmed to me by the

experience of life. With every individual, after the feeling that prompts to action has died away, and the action is achieved, the mind pauses, and without any conscious reviewing of the details of experience, looks with quiet eye into its present state, which is the result of all before. This state of lofty contemplation, of deepening knowledge of oneself and the universe, is the end for which feeling warms and action strengthens the intellect. He that doeth shall know. Love prompted the divine essence to pass into the varied existence of this fair outward creation. Then followed the pause, and the sentence passed in the three words, "it is good," contains all that the highest thought has since discovered of the universe in which we dwell. Sculpture is the pause of art in the swift current of the life of nations, which is depicted glowing in the drama and on canvass; poetry and color idealizing it somewhat for its master's hand. The drama and painting are transfigured by philosophy and sculpture, as the human countenance by death. The departing soul, in the pause between its two lives, impresses itself as it never did before on the form of our friend. We read in this last impress the interpretation of its past history, the clear prophecy of its high possibilities, always deciphered confusedly before amid the changing hues, the varying lights and shadows of its distracted earthly life.

It seems to me that sculpture has not completed its circle. It is finished for Grecian life, and so is philosophy; but the modern world, modern life, is yet to be stamped with the seal of both. The materials for a future philosophy will be less pure and simple, but richer and more varied than those of the elder world. There can be no pure epic, no single motive for a nation's action, no severely chaste drama (almost approaching sculpture in its simplicity), no bursting forth of burning lyric, one gush from the soul in its primal freshness. Modern life is too complicated for this, but a nobler and sterner sculpture in words or marble, than our race has yet known, may be in reserve for it,—gifted with a restoring power that may bring it back to unity. Jesus loved and lived, then came the pause—It is finished. This little sentence summed up all the agitated moments of his yet unrecorded individual earthly history. The Plato of *Christianity* is yet

waited for. "The hands of color and design" have reproduced to Christendom every event of Jesus's sacred history, working in the church and for the church. Will the gazing world wait in vain for the Christian Phidias, who shall lift this history out of the dim twilight of experience, and plant it in marble for eternity?

The old fable of the stones arising and forming themselves into noble structures at the sound of the lyre, has been used to prove that Music and Architecture are sister arts. Does it not prove quite the reverse, that Architecture arose at the bidding of Music, is kindred, but inferior; not a vassal or equal, but an humble friend, unless the Scripture announcement holds good in arts as in the moral world — let him that is greatest among you be as a servant?

Such are the limitations of humanity that inequality is a proof of the inspiration of our work, perhaps also of our life. We are vessels too frail to receive the divine influx, except in small measure, at wide intervals; hence the patched up nature, the flagging and halting of an epic, often of a drama of high merit.

Goethe has said that "art has its origin in the effort of the individual to preserve himself from the destroying power of the whole." This for the origin of the useful arts seems an adequate explanation, but not for the fine arts; for if any one thing constitutes the difference between the two, is it not that the useful resist nature, and the others work with it and idealize it? Architecture, as it arises protectingly against the unfriendly external powers, takes a lower place than the other fine arts, and at its commencement can hardly be considered as one of them. It is hardly a satisfactory definition of art, though nearly allied to Goethe's, that it perpetuates what is fleeting in nature; not even of statuary, which snatches the attitude and expression of the moment, and fixes it forever.

I have been watching the flight of birds over a meadow near me, not as an augur, but as a lover of nature. A certain decorousness, and precision, about their delicate course has, for the first time, struck my eye. They are free and bold — but not alone free and bold. Perhaps perfect freedom for man would have the same result, if he grew up in it, and did not ruffle his plumage by con-

tending for it. If it were his unalienable birthright, and not his hard-earned acquisition, would he not wear it gracefully, gently, reservedly? Poor human being, all education is adjusting fetters to thy delicate limbs, and all true manhood is the strife to burst them; happy art thou, if aught remains to thee but strength!

SIC VITA.

I AM a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I 'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know
Till time has withered them,
The wo
With which they 're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for nought,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

H. D. T.

BETTINA!

Like an eagle proud and free,
Here I sit high in the tree,
Which rocks and swings with me.
The wind through autumn leaves is rattling,
The waves with the pebbly shore are battling;
Spirits of ocean,
Spirits of air,
All are in motion
Everywhere.
You on the tame ground,
Ever walking round and round,
Little know what joy 't is to be
Rocked in the air by a mighty tree.

A little brown bird sate on a stone,
The sun shone thereon, but he was alone,
Oh, pretty bird! do you not weary
Of this gay summer so long and dreary?
The little bird opened his bright black eyes,
And looked at me with great surprise;
Then his joyous song burst forth to say —
Weary! of what? — I can sing all day.

PROPHECY — TRANSCENDENTALISM — PROGRESS.

One of the most philosophical of modern preachers has written, — "The practice of taking a passage of scripture, when one is about to give a discourse, is not always convenient, and seldom answers any very good purpose." I shall not discuss this proposition, but leave it for the decision of those, whom it more immediately concerns. I have found it convenient thus to preface a lay sermon, a word of "prophecy in the camp;" chiefly in the hope that it will answer the good purpose of bespeaking a favorable consideration of the doctrine it is believed to contain. The passage selected is contained in the 29th verse of the 11th chapter of the 4th book, called Numbers, of the history of the Hebrew nation attributed to Moses.

"WOULD GOD, THAT ALL THE LORD'S PEOPLE WERE PROPHETS."

I feel warranted in using the term prophet and prophecy in a larger signification than is usually attached to them. In the text, and other places where they occur in the Hebrew scriptures, and the writings of the Christian apostles, they cannot, without violence, be interpreted in the sense of literal prediction. Much unnecessary embarrassment, as it seems to me, has been placed in the way of Christianity, by resting its credibility upon the success of the attempt to establish the strict relation of literal prophecy between particular facts of the Christian history, and passages of the Old Testament. This is to degrade it from a system, bearing within itself the testimony of its divinity, and reposing upon the innate and indestructible convictions of the human mind, to a system of ambiguous authority, depending upon the authenticity of ancient records, and subtilties of verbal interpretation. Instead of being a revelation to the individual mind, it has become a mere inference from historical credibility; a conclusion of logic from certain possibly true premises, instead of a self-evident truth, whose witness is always the same, and always accessible, amid all the ambiguities and mutations of language, the revolutions of literature, and convulsions of empires.

It is, however, sufficient for me at present, to verify the remark, that, in the text and other places, prophecy has a different, and more indefinite meaning than foretelling.

It appears from the history, that Moses, being disquieted and perplexed by the complaints of the Hebrews on account of their sufferings in the wilderness, selected seventy of the elders of Israel to assist him in "bearing his burdens." Sixty-eight of the seventy came up to the tabernacle of the congregation, and "*prophesied*, and did not cease." But two of them did not go up to the tabernacle; however, the Spirit rested on them also, and they "*prophesied in the camp.*" The people seem to have been shocked by this irregular field preaching, and some of them, in their zeal for the sanctity of the tabernacle, ran and told Moses, that Eldad and Medad were *prophesying in the camp.* Joshua, the son of Nun, was particularly scandalized, and urged Moses to forbid them. But Moses said,— "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God, that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

Whatever may have been the precise functions, for which the seventy were selected, it would seem that the exigencies, which made their appointment necessary, would not require the power of literal prophecy; but rather the gift of insight, the faculty of communication, instruction, persuasion, a deep sense of the mission to which Moses had called their nation, a profound faith, and the earnest eloquence, which could infuse their own convictions into the minds of their countrymen, and animate and encourage them amid the difficulties under which they were almost sinking in despair.

This view of prophecy is illustrated and confirmed by the words of Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians;— "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts; but rather that ye may prophesy. For he, that speaketh in an unknown tongue, speaketh not unto men, but unto God. But he, that prophesieth, speaketh unto men, to edification, and exhortation, and comfort."

And again;—"If all prophesy, and there come in a man unlearned, or that believeth not; he is convinced of all, he is judged of all, and thus the secrets of his heart are made manifest, and so, falling down upon his face, he

will worship God, and report that God is with you of a truth."

The gift of literal prophecy would seem to be as barren and ineffectual for the conversion of the unbeliever, as the gift of tongues, with which the apostle is contrasting it, and even as unintelligible to the hearer. To work the effects attributed to it, the mind of the hearer should be able to comprehend the utterance of the prophecy; the prophet must address some common principle of the human mind, appeal to ideas already existing there, and produce conviction by giving form and a voice to the slumbering intuitions of the soul, which have but awaited the fit time to awake into life.

The gift of prophecy is one to be acquired; for Paul, as the conclusion of the whole matter, gives the exhortation, — "Wherefore, my brethren, *covet* to prophesy."

It may aid in admitting this view of prophecy, to remember that, in several of the ancient languages, the same word was used to denote the prophet and the poet; prophecy and poetry were regarded as identical. Thus Paul, in his letter to Titus, quoting a Greek poet, calls him a prophet. The poets, or prophets, were the earliest legislators and civilizers of mankind. Moses, the founder of the social system of the Hebrews, whose institutions at this day, after the lapse of thousands of years, modify the habits, and influence the destinies of his countrymen, was a poet of the highest order, and owed his unbounded authority over his countrymen as much, perhaps, as to any cause, to his deep prophetic, or poetic, insight. What Moses was to the Hebrews, Orpheus, and especially Homer, were to the Greeks, and through them to all modern civilization.

It may not be an unnecessary remark, that poetry does not consist in versification. Rhyme is an easy, and almost purely mechanical acquisition; and facility in its use is attained in perfection by multitudes, in whom is discerned scarce the faintest breathing of the poetic spirit. Measure, too, is only one of the forms in which poetry utters itself; but rhythm, no more than rhyme, must be confounded with it. The utterance of poetry must not be mistaken for the feeling. Poetry is thought, sentiment, insight; and the garment of words, in which it may be clothed, is not its sub-

stance, more than the form, or the hues, of the leaf are the perfume of the flower. Poetry is prophecy, and the poet is a prophet. For what is poetry, the poetic spirit, but the faculty of insight of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, in the outward universe, and in the mysterious depths of the human spirit; that inward sense, which alone gives significance and relation to the objects of the material senses; by which man recognises and believes in the Infinite and the Absolute; through which is revealed to his soul the spiritual in the material, the unseen in the visible, the ideal in the actual, the unchangeable in the ever-changing forms of external nature, incorruption in decay, and immortality in death; that faculty, by which, in his own consciousness, the vast expansiveness of his intellect, the insatiable and ever-enlarging wants of his soul, the power and comprehension of his affections, the force and freedom of his will; he discerns his relation to all being and to eternity. Such revelations are prophecy in the highest and truest sense; and they who receive them are inspired. Only when he discerns the "open secret of the universe," is able to look through the veil of the visible, and read the deep, infinite significance, which it contains and shadows, are man's eyes truly open. He then becomes a prophet, a seer of the future, and his utterance is with power.

The days of prophecy are not, as is commonly and vainly asserted, past. The generation of the prophets is not extinct; and while the earth, and the heavens, and man endure, the universe will have its revelations to make to every soul, that bows a pure ear to hear them. "The human mind, in its original principles, and the natural creation, in its simplicity, are but different images of the same Creator, linked for the reciprocal development of their mutual treasures."

If I have succeeded in the attempt to show the true significance of prophecy, I may be permitted to say, that it is, in other words, the utterance of what is called in a modern system of philosophy, the Spontaneous Reason, the intuitions, the instincts of the soul. The reality of this power of intuition is denied, and the question of its reality is the main point of controversy, if I have not misapprehended it, between the adherents of the prevailing phi-

losophy of the last century and a half, and the more recently revived school, which is known by the name of *transcendental.* The former deny, except, perhaps, in a small, and very inadequate degree; the latter affirm the power of intellectual intuition, — the power of the mind to discover absolute truth. This is not a strife about words, as too many a philosophical controversy has been; but about realities. Rather, it may be said, the decision is to determine whether there is any such thing as reality; whether all, that we appear to see, all that we believe, our faith and hope, our loves and longings, earth, heaven, God, immortality, are aught but chimeras; nay, whether we ourselves are but unsubstantial pageants, mere shadows of dreams.

Transcendentalism, by that name, seems to be but little understood; and the vague notions, that are entertained respecting it, are derived chiefly from the distorted representations of its opposers, or the ridiculous grimaces of scoffers. To many minds, the word may bring up sad, or ludicrous associations, accordingly as it has been presented to them in the gloomy portraitures of those, who profess seriously to fear its unbelieving tendencies; or in the amusing caricatures of others, who have found food for mirth in the illustrations of some of its disciples, which they affected to consider fantastic and unintelligible. By some it is regarded as a mere aggregation of words, having the form, and giving the promise of a high, mysterious meaning; but when analyzed, being without significance, — mere sound, signifying nothing. By others, again, it is supposed to place the reveries of the imagination above the deductions of reason, and to make feeling the only source and test of truth. But though thus viewed, by its name, with suspicion, scorn, or dislike, I apprehend that it is, in reality, the philosophy of common life, and of common experience. It will be found that all men, mostly, perhaps, unconsciously, believe and act upon it; and that even to those, who reject it, and argue against it, it is the practical philosophy of belief and conduct. Every man is a transcendentalist; and all true faith, the motives of all just action, are transcendental.

A brief history of the origin of this philosophy, as a scientific system, will serve to explain its distinguishing

characteristic, and at the same time illustrate my leading proposition.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Locke published his "Essay concerning the human understanding"; the professed purpose of which was to "inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent." In answer to this inquiry, he began by denying that the mind had any ideas of its own to start with; that there are "any primary impressions stamped upon the mind, which the soul receives in its very first being, and brings into the world with it." The mind he supposed to be "white paper void of all characters," and affirmed that it is furnished with ideas only from *experience.* Experience is two-fold; the experience of the senses, furnishing much the greater part of the ideas from the outward world, which ideas are, therefore, called ideas of sensation. The notice, which the mind takes of its own operations, with the ideas thus acquired by sensation, furnishes another set of ideas, which are called ideas of reflection. From sensation and reflection, then, according to this theory, all human knowledge is derived.

It seems obvious at first sight, that, denying to the mind any primary principles, and reflection being, by the definition, only the notice which the mind, this blank piece of paper, takes of its own operations, reflection can add nothing to the stock of ideas furnished by sensation. It is a mere spectator; its office merely to note impressions. The operations of the mind, being confined to the sensible idea, can originate no new idea; can deduce nothing from the sensible idea, but what is contained in it; according to a well known and fundamental rule of logic. It cannot compare and infer, for there are no ideas in the mind, with which to compare the sensible idea; and by comparing one sensible idea with another, no result can be obtained beyond them. Besides, the very act of comparing implies the abstract ideas of identity and difference, which must, therefore, have been prior to sensible experience. Abstract ideas are entirely beyond the province of the senses. The eye conveys to the mind the idea of a tree. Reflection can only note the operation of the mind upon this idea; that is, note the impression it makes. The tree is a

tree, and that is all. Reflection can do no more with a second, a third, a thousandth. Without the prior abstract ideas of number, identity, relation, beauty, and others, or some idea still more abstract, from which these are derived; I see not how reflection can deduce more from a thousand than from one. There is a tree, and that is all. So that, after all, these two sources of ideas are resolved into one, and sensation, the experience of the senses, is the only foundation of knowledge. Give reflection the largest power that is claimed for it; so long as original ideas, the faculty of intuitive perception, of primitive and direct consciousness, is excluded; it cannot advance beyond the outward and the visible; it cannot infer the infinite from finite, the spiritual from the material. The infinite and spiritual are absolutely unknown and inconceivable. Or, at the best, faith is only the preponderance of probabilities; immortality an unsubstantial longing; and God is reduced to a logical possibility. In short, mind is subordinated to matter, bound down by the fetters of earth to the transitory and corruptible, and cannot rise, with an unfaltering wing, into the region of the infinite and imperishable.

Adopting, and seriously believing, Locke's theory, Mr. Hume deduced from it, by the severest logical induction, a system of universal skepticism, and demonstrated that universal doubt, even of one's personal existence, nay, doubt even of the fact of doubting, is the only reasonable state of mind for a philosopher. The doctrines of Locke were also adopted in France, and led, with some modifications, to their ultimate, legitimate conclusions, the almost universal atheism, which characterized the French literati of the last century, and the early part of the present. Unhappy as were these logical results of the system, it was long received as true, without much question. Men of earnest faith embraced it, and defended it, and denying the justness of its infidel conclusions, continued to doubt, "in erring logic's spite;" as Locke himself was eminently religious in defiance of his philosophy. His faith and life were a noble, living refutation of his philosophy. This system has long been prevalent in this country, and is now found as one of the text-books of instruction in intellectual philosophy in our oldest American university.

But the ideas of the spiritual, the infinite, of God, immortality, absolute truth, are in the mind. They are the most intimate facts of consciousness. They could not be communicated to the mind by the senses, nor be deduced by reflection from any materials furnished by sensible experience. They cannot be proved by syllogism, and are beyond the reach of the common logic. They are ideas, which *transcend* the experience of the senses, which the mind cannot deduce from that experience; without which, indeed, experience would not be possible. Are these ideas true? Are they realities? Do they represent real existences? Are spirit, eternity, truth, God, names, or substances?

The philosophy of sensation, even if we absolve it from strict logical rules, and give it the widest latitude, is absolutely unable to give us certainty upon this subject. It leaves the mind in doubt concerning the highest questions, that can occupy it. In the place of an unambiguous answer, on which the soul can calmly repose, and abide events, it gives only a possible probability. The transcendental philosophy affirms their truth decisively. Not only are they true, but the evidence of their truth is higher than that of the visible world. They are truths, which we cannot doubt, for they are the elements of the soul. As they are the most momentous of truths, so their proof is higher and surer than that of any other truths; for they are direct spiritual intuitions. Belief in them is more reasonable and legitimate, than belief in the objects of sensible experience; inasmuch as these transcendental truths are perceived directly by the mind, while sensible facts are perceived only through the medium of the senses, and belief in them requires the previous certainty of the accuracy and fidelity of the material organs. The former are truths of immediate and direct consciousness, the latter of intermediate perception. Transcendentalism, then, is "the recognition in man of the capacity of knowing truth intuitively, or of attaining a scientific knowledge of an order of existence *transcending* the reach of the senses, and of which we can have no sensible experience." The origin and appropriation of the name will be perceived from this definition. This name, as well as that of the *Critical Philosophy*, was given by Kant, a German philosopher,

who first decisively refuted the theory of sensation, and gave a scientific demonstration of the reality and authority of the Spontaneous Reason. I know nothing of the writings of Kant; but I find his doctrine thus clearly stated by one of his English interpreters. "Kant, instead of attempting to prove, which he considered vain, the existence of God, virtue, and immortal soul, by inferences drawn, as the *conclusion* of all philosophy, from the world of sense; he found these things written, as the *beginning* of all philosophy, in obscured, but ineffaceable characters, within our inmost being, and themselves first affording any certainty and clear meaning to that very world of sense, by which we endeavor to demonstrate them. God *is*, nay, alone *is*; for we cannot say with like emphasis, that anything else is. This is the absolute, the primitively true, which the philosopher seeks. Endeavoring, by logical argument, to prove the existence of God, the Kantist might say, would be like taking out a candle to look for the sun; nay, gaze steadily into your candlelight, and the sun himself may be invisible."

That man possesses this intuitive power of discerning truth might be inferred from his creation. God is absolute truth; and man is created in his image. God is a spirit; and therein too man still bears his likeness. Can it be, that this spiritual creation, though clothed with a material covering, should have no power of recognising directly its spiritual relations? that it should bear within itself no traces of its origin? that it should be absolutely dependent upon the flesh, and possess no other means of attaining the higher knowledge, which is its birthright, than the treacherous avenues of its material organs?

> "O Zeus! why hast thou given a certain proof
> To know adulterate gold, but stamped no mark,
> Where it is needed most, to know immortal truth?"

This is to deny the likeness in which it was formed; to reverse the whole order of creation, and the attributes, which man's instincts, as well as his own revelations, ascribe to the Creator. The divine is not thus subjected to the earthly; the immaterial mind to its corruptible and decaying lodgment. The spirit is still a spirit, with the inherent power of spiritual discernment; and it is su-

preme, even amid the incumbrances and hindrances of its material tabernacle. The inspiration of the Almighty still gives it understanding, and the voice of prophecy yet speaks to it in a language, which it can interpret and repeat.

And this is the practical faith, the actual life of all men; — of all men, at least, who act with a purpose, and for an end; in whom their material environments have not extinguished, if that were possible, the consciousness of a higher life. Every act even of sensible experience is a refutation of the philosophy, which denies the reality and truth of human instincts. How much beyond and above the deductions of logic are the thoughts and emotions excited in the mind by the impressions of external nature through the senses. Whence does the song of the early bird borrow its melody, as it rouses the ear of the sleeper from its morning slumber, and seems like audible tones of a universal harmony, echoing voices from that far land, where he has wandered in his so-called dreams? Whence the eloquent stillness of the evening sky, when man stands reverent beneath it, with uplifted eye? Sense beholds nought there but a misty circle of mountains, surmounted by a blue canopy, studded with shining points. Whence come the tones of its silent harmonies? Whence "that tune, which makes no noise?" How break forth those mute hills into singing? What fills that azure vault with thousand-voiced stars? Whence arises that light, which comes up into the soul from the bosom of that obscurity?

And what does logic report of the birth of the year, — that loosing of the earth from its chains of frost, — that springing forth of the leaf after the death of winter, — that resurrection of insect life from its frozen tomb? Sense reports nothing more, nor even the probability of more. The tree sheds and renews its foliage from year to year, perhaps for ages. But there comes a period even to the rock-rooted oak, which has for centuries defied time and the elements. Time's hour of conquest comes at length, and there, too, death at last gathers in his harvest. The report of science is but little more satisfactory. That may inform us with some degree of plausibility, that the material elements, of which these falling and decaying masses are composed, do not perish, but enter into new combinations.

But the time-honored monarch of the forest has yielded to the destroyer; its individuality is gone; it is no longer the same; it *is* no longer.

> "Great Cæsar's body, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

and that is all that sense and logic can say about it. Beyond that they are deaf, dumb, and blind. Whence, then, comes that voice, which is borne into the inward ear of man on the breezes of spring, whispered by the budding leaf, breathed to his soul by the unfolding flower, and set to music, and repeated in prolonged melodies by the winged minstrels of the year?

And the ocean, boundless and restless, as we stand before it on its everlasting cliffs! The senses discourse to us of its blue waters, its briny taste, its ceaseless ebb and flow, and science discloses to us its secret elements, compels it to yield up its salts, and acids, and alkalies, for man's inspection and use, and publishes the laws of its tides. But they have not, and they cannot, reveal to us its higher mysteries, its loftier symbols. Not their voices bring to us the tidings of the spirit, which are borne upon its murmuring swell. It is not the eye, which reads the revelation of eternity and power, that is written upon its heaving bosom, or in its deep repose. It is not the ear, which hears the unwearied chant, that arises to the Invisible from all its fathomless depths.

The spreading landscape has its mysteries, too. But sense, nor science can read, much less interpret them. They can only tell of the outward, describe in detail the visible features; the sunny slopes, the expanded meads, the wooded steeps, the hanging cliffs, the flowery vales, the falling cascade, the roaring cataract, and all the picturesque groupings. They cannot pluck out the heart of its mystery. Their vocation is with the mere surface of the material. Not theirs is the mission to develop the *soul of beauty*, which reposes there, nor unfold the deep sublimities of the spirit, which are there encolsed. They see the rock, the wood, the water, and the earth; but the spirit of the earth, the wood, the water, and the rock, come not forth at their conjuration.

It is not, then, the senses, nor reasoning, which disclose

to us the living reality, which is in everything that exists. The senses perceive the outward appearance, but cannot attain to the inner spirit; to the revelations of the Good, the Beautiful, the True, which every creation of God's hand contains for those, who seek it truly, for every one, who reverently opens the inward ear to hear it, and bows a pure heart to catch its inspiration. Not from sense, nor science, do we learn the emphatic truth of the approbation, which the Creator bestowed upon his successive works, when he pronounced them *good.* The prophetic spirit of man beholds them, and feels that they are glorious and divine.

As the philosophy of sensation disrobes earth and nature of their chief splendor, so does it deprive Christianity of its highest evidence, and brings it down to the level of human systems. Denying to man the intuition of the infinite and true, it compels us to scrutinize the claims of religion with the poor and fallible logic of sensation; to rest its truths exclusively upon the authenticity of old manuscripts, of which the original writing is to be deciphered, and by a laborious process restored, and brought up from under the later glosses, which have been written over and nearly obliterated it; — upon the interpretation of Greek and Hebrew particles; — upon scattered fragments of the fathers of the first centuries, picked up here and there amid the accidental relics of ancient literature; upon the agreement of certain events in the Christian history, with vague and isolated passages of the Jewish writings; upon the reality of certain miracles reported in the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John — sensation being all the while unable to define or recognise a miracle, or to show how it may prove the divine authority of him who works it; and all the other proofs depending upon the competence and integrity of those historians; and upon the question, whether the histories, which we have received as theirs, are the veritable histories written by the Apostles. Be all these points determined as clearly as they be by philology and logic, verbal criticism and balancing of testimony; the highest conviction they can produce is only a probability that Christianity is true. However high the degree of probability attained, the result still leaves a portion of doubt in the mind. As a consequence,

too, it becomes a religion of the letter; and its rites, from spiritual symbols, become the substance of holiness. Christianity is not a revelation to this age, and to all time; but a cunning historical problem for learned men and scholars to discuss. For, it is to be observed, that the great mass of mankind have not access to the historical testimony, by which the problem is to be solved. The great mass of men, therefore, can have no warrant for their faith in Christianity, but the naked authority of the learned. But the learned differ in their conclusions; draw contradictory inferences from the historical investigation. The great mass, then, are without the miserable support of learned authority for their faith. Even the learned can have no direct faith in Christianity; their belief terminates logically in its evidences. The unlearned cannot have this poor substitute for a living faith. They are left to float helpless, and without a guide upon the shoreless ocean of conjecture, doubt, and despair. "They are absolutely disinherited by their Maker, placed out of the condition of ascertaining the probable truth of that which they must believe, or have no assurance of salvation."

Not thus has the Universal Father left his children dependent for spiritual food. Not by such a faith was the noble army of martyrs sustained, who periled life, and poured out their blood like water, as a testimony to the truth. Not before the power of a historical probability did the pompous rites of ancient paganism recede, and its idols crumble into dust; nor by such a power has Christianity kept on its march of eighteen centuries of conquest. Not such a hope has poured the gladness of heaven into the dwellings of suffering and sorrow; nor that the light, which can fill the ignorant mind with the radiance of divine truth. The masses, though they have never *seen* by the glow-worm light of logic, have always believed in Jesus, as the Christ, and with a faith infinitely surer than authority, or tradition, or historical testimony can impart. Here it is seen of a truth, that "the testimony of Jesus is the *spirit of prophecy.*" This is the spirit of prophecy, that true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and gives to every one that does his will, to *know* of the doctrine, whether it be of God. This is the spirit of prophecy, the intuition of the true, the faculty

of discerning spiritual truth, when distinctly presented; which gives "the ultimate appeal on all moral questions, not to a jury of scholars, a hierarchy of divines, or the prescriptions of a creed, but to the common sense of the human race."

I have said that atheism is the direct logical result, the ultimate word of the philosophy, which derives all knowledge from the experience of the senses. As it takes from Christianity its only sure support, so it robs the universe of its Creator. The senses can attain only to phenomena, but can give no information of causes. In the action of external things upon each other, the powers by which they are mutually affected, it can note only the naked facts, or at most, only the precedence and succession of facts. The rising of the sun, and the illumination of the earth, are simply facts, which the senses present to the mind; but nowise in the relation of cause and effect. The intuitive element is so closely interwoven in every act of sensible experience, that it is not easy, without some attention and analysis, to perceive the precise limits of the information conveyed to the mind by sensible phenomena. Especially is this the case in those phenomena, which involve the idea of causation, one of the most active intuitions. In observing the succession of certain phenomena, we immediately perceive that one is the cause of the other, and too hastily conclude that this idea of their relation is the result of sensation, as well as the ideas of the phenomena themselves. But it may be easily seen, that this idea is one of the very earliest of which the mind indicates a consciousness. It is shown in the first unfolding of the infant's mind, before the reflective faculty can be supposed to have come into action, or only with the most feeble and imperfect endeavor. In the highest reasonings of the profoundest philosopher, this idea is not manifested more decisively than in the first conscious efforts of the child, in his earliest attempts at philosophizing with his coral and rattle. When looking at the phenomena involving causation, therefore, it is necessary to abstract every element of experience, except sensation, and consider the effect, by itself, which sensation produces. Thus, analyzing the phenomena referred to, it will be found that the mind gets only the ideas of the sun's rising, and the earth enlightened; without

any relation between them, excepting, possibly, that of the order of time. These ideas being attained, the mind, that blank piece of paper, can deduce nothing from them for reflection to note, but what is contained in them. The idea of cause therefore, so far as the senses are concerned, not being contained in them, cannot be inferred from them. It may be admitted, indeed, that the idea of cause and effect is involved in them, as the materials of flame and fire are hidden in a lump of ice. But lumps of ice, or a lump of ice and a flint may be rubbed together a good while, before a spark is struck out. They will be lump of ice and flint still. It requires the electric current to bring out the flame and the fire. Ideas involving causation may be multiplied indefinitely, without helping the matter. Mere multitude will not aid in elaborating that relation. The senses, alone, can by no possibility arrive at the idea of cause, and are, therefore, impotent to furnish the first link in one of the chains of argument most relied on to demonstrate the reality of a First Cause. "Every effect must have a cause." True; but how will you prove it by your logic? or how will your senses enable you to determine which is effect and which cause? Intuition is the only electric current, that can evolve it. The idea of causation is a pure intellectual intuition.

Even if it were possible for sensation to attain to the knowledge of intermediate causes, the logic, which denies to the mind the power of directly percieving the Infinite, is unable to reach the idea of the ONE First Cause. Unity is still beyond its power. It could only trace an interminably ascending series of effects and causes, to which it could "find no end, in wandering mazes lost;" and the universe would still be without a Sovereign and Head.

To a similar result must every attempt come, which seeks to demonstrate the reality of the Absolute from outward phenomena alone, and discards the transcendental element of the mind. The insufficiency of these premises alone, and the fallacy of such reasoning, have been again and again shown. Skeptics have disproved, by unimpeachable logic, everything but the possibility of the existence of a Supreme Cause. Why then, if the philosophy of sensation be true, is not the whole world buried in atheism and despair? Why is it, that the unknown nook of earth

has not yet been discovered, where man, however deeply plunged in barbarism, and faint and few the traces of his original brightness, does not recognise, and in some form, however rude, worship a higher Power, which created him and all things? Will the obscure tradition of an original revelation to the first beings of the race, as some assume, account for it? But human traditions are not thus constant, permanent, and universal. Other traditionary beliefs, which for ages the hoariest tradition had consecrated, have disappeared from the creeds of nations. From articles of religious faith, they degenerate into superstitions, become poetic legends, and having served their turns as nursery bugbears or lullabies, vanish utterly, or remain as monuments in history of the progress, or decline of mankind.

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished."

Why has not this belief, too, perished with the rest? or become a superstition, or an idle legend; instead of continuing to be the most solemn conviction of universal man, in all stages of his progress? Is it not because the revelation is made to every human soul? Is it not, because his relation to the Infinite and the Highest is an indestructible element of man's consciousness; and that the doctrines of the skeptic produce "a harsh dissonance with the whispers of that voice, which is uttered clearly, though faintly in the heart of every human being?" Is it not, that "the God *felt* in the soul of man is a thing, which logic cannot dispute out of him?"

In this view the faith of every generation is a new testimony and confirmation of the truth. Man begins to doubt only when he forsakes his intuitions, and betakes himself to his logic. The orthodox symbol is by no means without significance, when truly interpreted, which teaches the necessity of distrusting the conclusions of mere reason, as reason is commonly defined and understood. Reasoning, the faculty of drawing inferences from the facts of sensible experience, is indeed a blind guide, leader of the blind. Error, and doubt, and denial are the characteristics of en-

lightened communities, in which the faculty of syllogistic logic is most developed and honored; and that higher faculty, the true Reason, the divine in man, which apprehends truth by the force of intuitive evidence, is disparaged and neglected.

Something like this idea is illustrated in the beautiful romance of Picciola. It is related that the grateful prisoner Charney sought assiduously and long to discover the scientific name and classification of the mysterious flower of his prison-yard, whose silent eloquence had rescued him from the darkness of unbelief and despair, and made his prison walls the inner courts of immortality. His search, we are told, was unsuccessful. And so it should have been. His search was idle, and his disappointment full of meaning. He had discerned the *soul* of the flower, and its leaves had been for the healing of his spirit. What had he to do with its material accidents, its nomenclature, its stamens and pistils, its class and order? Technological science could not enter that inner shrine without desecrating it. The plain why and because would have robbed it of some of its truthful mystery; made it partial and exclusive instead of universal. It was a flower, from which he had learned the high meaning, of which all flowers are the emblems. It would have become a mere meaningless Polyandria Polyginia.

Do not imagine, that in this discussion I am reviving a useless, or an exploded and forgotten controversy. If I have not entirely failed of my purpose, it is seen, that the relations of man to outward nature, the foundation of religious faith and hope, and the grounds of the certainty of all human knowledge are involved in it. It cannot, then, be useless. The subject is, at this moment, the ground of earnest debate in one portion of our community; and the theory of sensation is the standard philosophy of our ancient university. I am not, then, calling up the shadows of the past. The question, besides its intellectual and religious aspects, has social and political relations of the highest importance. The transcendental philosophy alone legitimates human freedom, and vindicates, and at the same time assures, social progress. It cannot, then, be a matter of unconcern to any one, who prizes his individual liberty, and earnestly striving hopes for the universal emancipation of the race.

The philosophy of sensation denies the inward light, and deals only with the outward. Hence it recognises man only in his accidents, his external environments. Let it be observed, that the practical conduct of those, who profess this belief, is not always such as properly follows from their creed. Man's intuitions, however they may be denied, still assert their supremacy. How far short soever he may come of the ideal towards which he strives, he is always wiser in his thought than his logic, and better in his life. I am, therefore, only speaking of logical consequences. Sensation, then, does not, and by its own terms cannot, see man but in his outward condition, and his personal and social rights are such only, as can be logically inferred from the circumstances in which he is placed. Whatever is, in relation to society, is right, simply because it is. That an institution exists is an ultimate reason, why it should exist. Hence it is conservative of the present organization of society, whatever it may be; and resists improvement, except that, which consists in levelling down to a certain point. The idea of bringing up what is below does not result from any of its logical formulas. It finds man everywhere divided into high and low in social position, and concludes that gradation of ranks is of divine appointment. The few have in all ages lorded it over the many, and this determines that the masses are born for servitude. The earth is not the common heritage of the race; because a small minority has monopolized the whole of it, and it would disturb the existing social order established by Providence to call upon them to give an account of their titles. The masses are steeped in misery to the lips; oppression strides ruthlessly with its iron heel over the necks of the prostrate millions; avarice snatches from the mouth of famishing despair its last crust; monopoly robs industry of its wages, and builds palaces with its fraudulent accumulations. This philosophy looks calmly on, and bids these ignorant, starving, scourged, and bleeding millions take comfort, for their lot is ordained by destiny; that though the earth spreads out provisions liberally for all her children, the arrangements of nature would be defeated, if all should partake of them. It knows nothing of the infinite, and therefore cannot promise them a higher life hereafter, where their sufferings shall be compensated;

but instead thereof, in the freer communities, it bids them take courage and submit; for in some of the changes of condition, which are daily taking place, their children's children may rise, and they shall be avenged in their posterity. It then turns complacently to the favored few, and bids them thank God, that they are not shut out from the light of earth, as well as that of Heaven, like those poor, starving helots; and discourses with unction of charity, and the liberal hand that maketh *rich*.

It has scarcely a word of reproach for that most ferocious and guilty form of oppression, which exists in this country, whose very existence is transcendental; whose right to be a nation was broadly and unequivocally legitimated upon the intuitive truth of the principle of the equality and brotherhood of universal man. Yet here it sees a system of the most bloody injustice perpetrated; man made a chattel by law, bought and sold like the ox in the market, his body marked with scars, and stripes, and mutilations, a faint, though fearful, image of the deeper wounds, and more horrible mutilations inflicted upon his God-created, and God-imaged soul; a system, which combines and embodies all that is conceivable of mean and despicable in selfishness, of fraud and cruelty in oppression; a system of mingled hypocrisy, treachery, and impiety, defying Heaven, outraging earth, and filling all the echoes of hell with the exulting shouts of demons, at the *realized* possibilities of man's depravity and guilt. In view of these things, which would seem fit to move the universe with anguish, this philosophy is calm and cold as an iceberg, as unmoved and passionless, as the granite ranges that bind a continent. It has no tears, nor consolation for the soul-stricken slave; no groans, that a light from Heaven has been extinguished. But it takes the slave-*holder* by the hand as a brother; offers *him* its sympathy, if a light cloud but arise in the horizon, threatening him with danger; and again pledges itself to interpose the whole might of a nation between him and the retributions of omnipotence: aye, soberly thinks to encourage his trembling spirit, by holding up before him a piece of parchment, — a written constitution — the Constitution of the *free* United States — which, it solemnly assures him, guaranties his domestic institutions of oppression and blood. Pitiable

philosopher! Grovelling, earth-burrowing mole! to be pitied, and not reproached, that thou shouldst have conceived, that human constitutions could nullify the laws of the universe; that political arrangements could extinguish the eternal instincts of man's soul, through which the Almighty declares him to be free, and impels him, as with the voice of necessity, of destiny, to struggle for his birthright. Hadst thou been aught but a burrowing, purblind mole, thou wouldst have known, that every human being is bound, by the fixed and fateful laws of his being, to opposition to such a constitution; that the universe abhors, and will not endure it. Such a constitution is a lie, earth-formed and material; the Spirit of the Universe, which is truth, will not suffer a lie, be it individual, or national. All the powers of nature, unseen but irresistible agents of truth, are at work, and this stupendous imposture must soon explode. The whole moral force of humanity is pledged for its extinction. Come out of the earth then, ye purblind statesmen, and sense-fettered politicians! It is for you to determine, in some measure, whether the explosion shall take place by a silent, scarcely felt transfusion of moral-electrical force, operating by gentle shocks, or whether it shall burst upon the world like "a doom's thunder-peal."

As the human mind can have no direct perception of truth; the inquiry after truth is a mere matter of logic and syllogism; and truth, or rather the logical probabilities of truth, are attainable only by the few, who have the opportunities and leisure to pursue it. The masses are incapable of determining for themselves what is right and good in relation to anything; are as impotent to discover political, as we have seen them to be to find moral and religious truth. Hence, they are incapable of governing themselves, and are of necessity in a state of pupilage to those, whom circumstances have placed in a situation to investigate. The social order, once established, is sacred; for as authority is the supreme law of this system, a precedent, once settled, is inviolable. Hereditary ranks of governors and governed, or kindred social organizations, with their consequences of privilege, wealth, and power, on the one side, and oppression, poverty, and degradation on the other, become fixed social laws, invested with a divine

sanction. There is no foundation for individual freedom; but the masses are doomed, by an inexorable destiny, to hopeless bondage. As this philosophy begets skepticism and infidelity in religion, so it has no faith, and no promise for man in his social and political relations.

It has no element of, and contains no provisions for social progress. It can discover no change, no improvement in that outward creation, from which alone it gets all its ideas. The same stars, which beamed upon man's cradle, shine upon his tomb. History, its highest authority, assures us they are the same, which sang together at the creation. Except a lost Pleiad, whose place none comes to supply, there they are, identical in number and place. There they shine, and as they shone to Adam, shine they to us. Our faltering steps creep feebly along the same unaltered hills, over which our bounding feet once leaped with ecstasy. The same echoes repeat the complaint of our age's weariness, which were once awakened by our jubilant shouts of youthful gladness. We repose at last beneath the turf of the same unaltered valley, whose early flowers were, in other days, the beautiful emblems of our own spring-time. Alternation we behold, indeed, but no change; succession of individuals, but the same habits, without alteration, increase, or diminution. One generation is the exact counterpart of its predecessor. The flowers of this year are like the flowers of the last. The robin and the thrush bring back no new harmonies from their sunny wanderings. The river of our valley is the same, as when the wild Indian rippled its current with his light canoe. Other harvests are reaped here now, than the red man gathered; but they spring up by the same unchanging law of germination, growth, and reproduction. The corn of the *savage* Pocomptuck was as perfect as that, which the more skilful cultivation of the civilized Pocomptuck produces. Nature is ever the same; and her constancy is her perfection. It is from the *unchangeableness* of her beauty and order, that man derives the divine wisdom she was intended to communicate. The material creation was pronounced *good*. It was created *at first* in the full perfection for which it was destined. Its successive tribes appear and vanish, according to their periods, without improvement, and without change. To have lived, and died,

and reproduced, has fulfilled the law of their being. Man, the last and noblest work of creation, was not pronounced *good*. Progress is his law; and the perfection of his nature must be the work of his own earnest and faithful strivings.

If in her transient generations Nature thus communicates to man no thought of progress; from her more enduring forms still less can he acquire it. Her everlasting hills are the highest symbols sense can furnish him of duration, unchangeableness. The primeval constellations occupy unmoved their ancient habitations; each star *fixed* changelessly to its own celestial space, even be that space an orbit. How then can man infer the mighty law of progress from these fixed and changeless emblems, or which only change without advancing? Chain man to the material, limit him to the knowledge which sensation furnishes, and where were now the race? "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," would have comprised the whole of its history, as it does that of the trees of the forest, and of all the forms of animal life.

But such is not the sum of man's history. On the contrary, it is a perpetual proof, to which every era adds its own confirmation, that his destinies are guided by an intuition of something higher, than sense can give him any conception of. It has been, and will ever be a history of progress, constant, perpetual. One form of social organization disappears, and it may seem for a time, that there has been retrogression, instead of progress. This may, perhaps, be the case with single generations. But a generation does not embody, nor but partially typify the history of the race. Every form of civilization, every social institution, which in their first establishment are the result and expression of the transcendental element of man's nature, has its mission to fulfil. When that is accomplished, it has ceased to be useful, and must give place to some better expression of the existing attainments of Humanity. But it is only by battle that it can be overthrown; and in the evil passions excited by this contest of the past with the present, society may appear to recede. The age, which immediately succeeds a great social revolution, may seem to have gone back towards barbarism. But the recession is only apparent, or at most, but temporary. In the seem-

ing chaos the elements of order are silently and powerfully at work; whatever there was of living truth in the extinguished forms, is diffusing itself with a more vital energy, now that it is rid of its hindrances of formulas; a thousand falsehoods, and false seemings are annihilated in the tumultuous heaving of the social elements; and out of the chaos arises at length a higher, and truer, and wider civilization, embracing a larger portion of humanity in its benefits and blessings. More perfect institutions are established, in their turn, when their work is done, to give place to something nobler.

The warlike barbarians of the North of Europe overthrew the Roman empire, which contained all that the world then possessed of science, art, and culture. The period, that succeeded, history, with little insight, has been accustomed to regard, under the name of the Middle Age, as the return of the ages of darkness. Yet in this darkness, how many principles most important to Humanity, but unknown to Rome, were at work, and taking deep root in the general mind. Individual man began to be of account; the masses, by means of the religious orders, to emerge from their social degradation; and in the fit time, a new civilization commenced, more comprehensive than the Roman, based on higher and broader principles, and aiming at higher attainments, embracing all that was true and living in that of Rome, and much besides that the Roman did not dream of.

Or to take a more recent example. How many falsehoods, by which man had so long been defrauded of his birthright, robbed, beaten, and trampled on, were extinguished by that transcendental French Revolution. How many forms of social injustice and oppression did it destroy. How many hidden truths did it develope. What lessons of the worth and the might of man, aye, of peasant man, did it force into the quailing hearts of despots of every grade, from the castellated baron of the banks of the Garonne, to the terrible autocrat of the Neva, whose will is absolute over half a continent. What tokens of love and hope did it send forth to the prostrate, waiting nations. Blind sense looked with horror and dismay, as if it were a volcano of wrath and destruction, upon that beacon light of deliverance.

Thus, through perpetual revolution and change, society casts off its worn out forms, and the symbols that have lost their significance, and by conflict prepares the way for new and fairer developments of Humanity. Every generation has felt that it had a work of its own to do, and not merely to receive, and to enjoy what it received from its predecessor; not merely to transmit its own inheritance of arts, institutions, opinions, unimpaired to its successor, but to leave them more improved and perfected than it found them. Let not generations more than individuals dream that they have already attained perfection; but forgetting the things that are behind, labor to build monuments of progress in advance of those, which are crumbling around them.

It would be a mistake to suppose that revolutions are the causes of progress. They are only its indications. They do not originate, or discover truth, but only labor to establish and give it utterance. The progress has been already made in the general mind; the revolution is needed to sweep obstructions from its path. They announce, not generate improvment. They are, therefore, the results, not the originators of advancement. The forms and institutions of society are, as I have said, the expressions of its existing attainments; the attempts of society to preserve what from period to period it has gained, and thus prevent the race from retrograding. They may be regarded as the monuments of its spiritual acquisitions; as historical monuments, the obelisk, the pyramid, and the triumphal arch, preserve the memory of its material conquests. All monuments, from their very nature and design, belong to the past almost from the moment of their erection. As Humanity by the laws of its being, must continue to advance, it will leave its forms and institutions, of which permanence is necessarily a chief object, behind it. They cease to represent its spiritual state, and as far as it is bound by them, they impede its onward march; they become not only useless, but an incumbrance, which it cannot bear, and must throw off. The difficulty of relief arises in part from the reverence for the established, especially when time has given it a species of consecration, which, as well as progress, is a law of humanity. But the chief obstacle is in the difference of individual progress. Institutions

represent only the average attainments of a community; the majority may even be below, rather than above the standard. To this portion, whatever its relative numbers, the institution, or the form will continue to be a holy symbol, long after it has lost its holiness, and become to another portion, an antiquated absurdity to be rejected, or a crushing burthen to be got rid of at any rate. In this difference of individual progress, commences the struggle of the present with the past. In this conflict Humanity may be sometimes overthrown for a season. But it rises again, strengthened even by its defeats; and revolution, with the reform, or utter subversion, of the old, spiritless forms, and the building of new, more finished, and beautiful monuments, commemorates its triumph, and indicates its progress.

As with individuals, so with nations, every step of progress makes each succeeding one easier. Every improvement in the social institutions of a nation prepares the way for another, that is to follow it, brings it nearer, and gives assurance that it shall be accomplished with less expense of human happiness. Benjamin Constant, in his Essay on "*the Progressive Development of Religious Ideas*," has given a striking illustration of this majestic law of acceleration. He has noted four distinguished stages in the civil and political progress of man, as he has departed from the savage state; each stage terminated by a revolution more or less sudden and violent. The first stage is a *theocracy*, the period denoted by the reign of the Gods, to which the annals of every people go back. This is the reign of the priesthood, a consecrated caste, claiming a commission from Heaven, and a mysterious, but absolute supremacy. All men out of the sacerdotal caste were regarded as unclean and degraded by their nature; and hence slavery under a theocracy was most severe, humiliating, and least susceptible of mitigation, still less of abolition.

When the warrior caste superseded the sacerdotal, indicating the second stage of progress, slavery, though more cruel and bloody, lost the sanction of religion, the consecration of mystery. It no longer existed by the divine will. It was the fortune of battle, and the slave, by a reverse of fortune, might become the master.

Feudalism, the third stage, was not precisely slavery. The slave became a serf, attached to the soil, instead of being merely a personal chattel. His life became of some consideration, and he had a sort of precarious right of property.

A privileged order of nobility, divested of feudal privileges, indicates the destruction of feudalism. The serf has become a commoner. In this new revolution the life, liberty, and property of the plebeian have acquired safeguards, and though still exposed to great injury and oppression, his condition is immeasurably in advance of that of the slave of the theocracy, the Helot of military conquest, or the serf of feudalism.

These successive revolutions seem to have followed each other with the accelerated velocity of a falling body. The duration of the theocracy is unknown; but it is probable that it continued longer than the institution, which succeeded it; for the earliest traditions of the race point to it as belonging even then to the hoariest antiquity. Slavery by conquest existed more than three thousand years; feudalism, to which it gave place, continued eleven hundred; while within two hundred years after the overthrow of feudalism, a *privileged* nobility had ceased to exist in France, and the American Revolution had annihilated forever, as a social institution, all distinction of ranks—*in the Caucasian race.* Constant wrote his work, I believe, before the noted "*Three Days of Paris*," and the consecration of the "Citizen King." Be it added now, then, that that almost bloodless revolution was separated by an interval of only forty years from the so-absurdly-enough called "Horrors of the French Revolution," and by only ten or fifteen years from the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the old dynasty in the person of "Louis the Desired;" and we may say with a comfortable degree of courage and hope, as Constant said,—"They, who write within the next fifty years, will have many other steps to trace." And when we remember, that within the last lustrum, the magnificent West India Revolution has been effected; that a similar revolution is preparing, and almost ready to be evolved in the French Indies of both hemispheres; that the "pledged philanthropy of earth" has assembled, in the commercial metropolis of the world, in

a "World's Convention," in sympathy and for the redress of the black man's wrongs; and that seven thousand men in these United States have bound themselves by an oath to take no rest, till they have vanquished slavery here with the freeman's weapon at the ballot-box; may we not include the *African* race with the Caucasian, in our encouraging cry,—"*Frisch zu, Bruder*,"—Courage, brother; much as the devil has to do in it, the earth still belongs to the Lord!

I have indicated thus particularly the political progress of mankind, because political institutions and monuments denote, more conclusively than any other, the actual condition of Humanity, of man in his spiritual development; and because this progress seems to me to be more decisively transcendental. Popular institutions, including in this connexion religious establishments, inasmuch as the religious and political development of nations are very intimately connected,—being, as has been said and repeated, the expression of the prevailing ideas of a nation; its forms of government and legislation, which are concerned with the rights of man, *as man*, are the only tolerably accurate tests of the position of man in the mass, of the progress of Humanity towards individual freedom, and universal equality. Hence, his social and political environments are of much higher importance than his scientific progress. Man's freedom is the essence of his being; and the nearer he is to a state of absolute independence of will and action, the more perfectly will his whole nature be developed, and his destiny on earth accomplished. Man's scientific culture, as science is understood, is by no means the highest object, and is for the most part material and mechanical. His progress in science, practical arts, industry, mechanical invention, in everything relating to the outward embellishment and physicial comfort of society, has been rapid in proportion as progress in these is more easy, as it depends more on individual endeavor, as it is aided, if not wholly carried on by sensation and mechanism, as it does not require the largest development of the highest powers of the mind, and as it is opposed by few inward or outward difficulties. Political institutions, the most hostile to individual liberty, have been, and are, the most zealous promoters of letters,

science, and exterior culture. The reign of the Roman Augustus has passed into a proverb. The Augustan age of France denotes the reign of him, who could say, "*I am the State*," and carry it out. We all know how it is at present with the three imperial and royal personages, who conceived and instituted the "*Holy Alliance.*"

But in all the relations of man the law of progress is constant and universal. In all departments it has been transcendental. Man has been indebted to mechanism only for the means of effecting it, and the modes of recording and perpetuating it. The great ideas, in which reforms and revolutions have originated, have not resulted from any calculation of profit and loss, ingenious inquiries concerning the balance of trade, nor any of the processes of the logic of experience, or of mechanical combination. They have been founded in the perception of a spiritual truth, an insight of the invisible, an invincible dissatisfaction with the seen and actual, and a strong yearning for something yet unknown, better able than the present to realize the deep-felt possibilities, the infinite yearnings of man's spirit. This seems to me to be obvious enough in relation to religious and political reforms. But even in things more immediately connected with the material world, and within the more direct sphere of the senses, we find the same necessity of referring to a higher faculty than sensible experience, to account for progress. The falling of an apple is said to have suggested to Newton the law of gravity. If all the ideas in the universe, accessible to the senses, had been in Newton's mind at that moment, and the wonder-working apple had fallen plump into the midst of them all; still, how were it possible, with those materials alone, to work out the immaterial, purely abstract idea of gravity, a pure force, invisible, but all-pervading and universal, intangible, yet all-controlling, not to be perceived by any one, nor all the senses, and yet binding the material universe together in unfailing order, and perfect harmony? In like manner it may be seen, that the great discoveries in science, and inventions in arts, presuppose an order of ideas not supplied by the external senses; beyond their reach; and which are necessary to give vitality, practicability, and even reality, to the communications of the senses.

But, returning to the political progress of mankind; it is evident that this progress is the result of a perception, faint at first, but becoming clearer in each epoch, of the principle of the natural equality of all men. This is one of the ultimate facts in man's history. The earliest political convulsions exhibit glimpses of it. The earliest political and religious revolutions have aimed at, and tended to develope it. From theocratic slavery, through military servitude, feudal vassalage, the almost empty subordination to a privileged nobility, and the nominal parity of rights in a republic, this great principle has steadily advanced, in a great degree unconsciously on the part of the agents in revolutions, towards its fulfilment. Every new revolution is a new approximation to it. Every successful resistance of oppression is an earnest of its triumph. Even those revolutions, in which liberty seems to be cloven down, scatter wider its seeds, and prepare the way for a broader regeneration. These times are full of "millennial fire-shadowings" of its coming. Its ultimate establishment, as the universal law of earth, towards which the march of progress is advancing with accelerating steps, will be the consummation of man's political destinies.

It is not an unimportant inquiry, but one of the deepest significance, what is the origin and foundation of this idea? Does its truth depend on our being able to deduce it argumentatively from outward experience? to prove it as the nett result of an arithmetical calculation and balancing of pro and con, why and why not? Can man's equal right to freedom be legitimated only from without? Is it the conclusion of a syllogism, of which the eye and the ear alone can furnish the major and minor propositions? Or is it an essential element of self-consciousness, without which we cease to be? a truth to be attained and comprehended as readily and as fully, by the ignorant peasant, as by the subtlest dialectician; and the proof of which lies not in an appeal to earth, and the earthly in man, but to Heaven, and the universal spiritual intuitions of Humanity?

The idea of man's equality is not derived from his birth. Inequalities of physical organization, and moral and intellectual differences, which cannot be accounted for by the observation of outward phenomena, are apparent almost from the moment of his entrance into life. The condition

of his earliest years would lead to a different view of his appointed destiny.

It would not be the result of the observation of his social condition, in any age or nation. Inequality appears everywhere to be the law of his present being. Some of the race are born in the purple, inheritors of absolute authority over the liberties and lives of their fellows; surrounded from the cradle by all the environments of grandeur and luxury; to whom Nature and Art seem appointed to minister with all their treasures. Others, and far a greater number, whose doom, too, is not written upon the skin, first look out into life from squalid hovels; cradled in poverty and rags; with no inheritance but the universal air, which cannot be exclusively appropriated; doomed to go on from infancy to age, the slaves of toil, laboring and suffering that others may be idle and enjoy; debarred from all knowledge but what is derived from having sounded all the depths of wretchedness; and thus pass to their graves from generation to generation, degraded and hopeless in life, and the consciousness of a higher life almost erased. Between these extremes society is a system of inequality in manifold gradations. The intellectual manifestations of men, though by no means coincident with their physical condition, would lead to a similar result. What premises has logic here, by what induction can it draw forth the regenerating doctrine of equality?

Nor is this idea presented in the sum total of man's condition, as wrought out in history. There man is always and everywhere exhibited in the horizontal division of rulers and subjects by inheritance; of those, whose right it is to oppress, and those, whose inexorable duty is submission. The social institutions of every nation in every age have been founded upon a denial of this principle. The republics of antiquity had no conception of it. No revolution, till within the last half century, though aiming expressly at the improvement of the condition of the subject orders, has asserted it. One recent attempt to embody it in political institutions terminated in a military despotism; from which logic, justly enough according to its light, concluded that it was a falsehood and chimera, without foundation in the universe. One nation has solemnly announced it as the highest social truth, and professedly made it the

basis of its political establishments. Yet that same nation has shown that it has little practical faith in it; and that the most hopeful believers believe in it with important limitations, and regard it very much in the light of a philanthropic experiment, of which the result is rather doubtful. One half of the nation openly treats it in practice as a lie, to which it is not bound to pay even an outward respect. The other half not only acquiesces in this contumely on the part of the first, but in the development of its own institutions has effectively nullified it, in manifold respects, and fully realized it in none. The logic of sense, then, if we allow it the power to draw moral conclusions, would infer from the condition and history of the race, either that this idea is a falsehood unmixed; or, if it may contain a portion of truth, that it is a pure, useless abstraction, or only applicable on certain conditions, and in certain circumstances, which have not yet occurred in its experience, and of the occurrence of which all its analogies contain no promise.

But this idea is, nevertheless, a reality, in spite of the lame conclusions of forensic logic. It rests on a surer basis than sensation, or reasoning from outward phenomena, or any of the mechanical elements of man's nature. And well for man that it has a higher sanction; that it is not of the earth, earthy, and subject to be cavilled at, doubted, or denied, according to the reflection it receives from outward things, from the contradictions of his social condition, and the anomalies of the political systems to which he has been subjected. State to any one, whose interests or passions are not concerned in denying it, that a man is a man: that simple declaration invests him with sacredness, strips off all the outward garbs of reverence or shame, which accident has put upon him, and places him, in his original divinity, upon that broad platform, where there is nothing above him, or below him. This principle, then, in the words of another, is "a deep, solemn, vital truth, written by the Almighty in the laws of our being, and pleaded for by all that is noble and just in the promptings of our nature." It is, as the noblest declaration of human rights ever announced to the world, asserts, "a self-evident truth;" a truth based, like the faith in the All-perfect, in the intuitions of man's soul, placing his

right to freedom on an immovable basis, as unchangeable as the attributes of the Creator, and making every act of oppression of man by his fellow, not only a personal wrong, but a crime against Heaven. This truth, thus authenticated, inspires a deep, religious love of man as a friend, and a brother united to ourselves by a common and equal destiny; a truth, which scorns the miserable distinctions of color, birth, and condition, and compels us, whatever defacements he may have suffered from society, or himself, still to regard him as a brother, whom we are to love and labor for; a truth, which gives and receives illustration from all the events in man's history, when viewed in its light, and forbids us to despair for Humanity, even in its darkest fortunes. A truth, which inspires invincible faith in man, and confidence in his fortunes; and in relation to him, as to all things, leaving the dead past to bury its dead, and retaining only "its immortal children," rejoices and courageously acts in the living present, trusting, with unwavering hope, in the transcendent destiny, which lies rolled up for him in the future, and which the past and the present have been, and are, working together with the future in unfolding.

Let me illustrate the relations of this subject in another aspect. The most striking characteristic of this age is its mechanical tendency. This is observable not only where it might be expected, in the industry and physical culture of society, of which mechanism is the appropriate instrument. The old modes of production are superseded by easier and more rapid mechanical processes. Machinery supplies the place of human labor; the fleet horse has yielded to fleeter steam; and the winds become laggards before its powerful and untiring wings. All the material business of society is accomplished with a precision, rapidity, and productiveness, more than realizing the most fantastic visions of the seers of the past.

But this mechanical tendency is observable, and its footsteps are becoming daily more deeply imprinted in the departments of society, not apparently lying within its province. And this seems to be the natural result of a philosophy relying exclusively upon the senses, or which, at the most, can have conceptions of the spiritual only through the medium of matter. The results of such a

philosophy must be essentially material. Beholding the almost omnipotence of machinery over the material forces of nature, and the physical miracles it works; its logical inference must be, that mechanism is the ultimate force in the universe, and an equal wonder-worker in moral, as in physical things. Moral force, if there be such a force, is absolutely inert and powerless, unless set in motion by a material mainspring. The indications of such a faith are but too apparent in the whole life and activity of society. They are visible in the almost exclusive devotion to the sciences conversant alone with the outward. The physical sciences are chiefly cultivated, and that mechanically, being reduced to mere classification and nomenclature. — In theology, which has no absolute demonstration of a God; but only some ambiguous glimpses of him in the curious mechanical contrivances and adaptations of matter, which it has discovered by means of its telescopes, microscopes, dissections, and other mechanical aids. — In morals, which look for a sure foundation, not in the infinite, intuitive sentiment of *duty*, of *right*, "which enters every abode, and delivers its message to every breast;" but in some demonstrable fitness of things, some calculation of profit and loss, which it calls utility, or at the highest, some single, positive, material revelation of the divine will to a remote age. — As in its foundation moral science is thus material, it is equally mechanical in its instruments. Moral reformers seldom rely upon the spiritual power of their doctrine, but upon the aptness of their contrivances, the mechanical power of association, the material energy of combined action, and the force of public opinion. The prophet is of less account than the warrior. — In politics, government is a machine, by the gradual perfecting of which mankind is to be made free and happy; instead of being regarded as the result and the record of man's progressive advance towards freedom and happiness. Hence too exclusive reliance is placed upon institutions, statutes, forms, and material forces. — In the aims of politicians, which point only to the improvement of the physical, economical, *immediately* practical condition of the people. — In the means of political operation most relied on; trained and drilled organizations, and other mechanical appliances, too often subjecting the individual judgment to the party

will, and thus in effect imposing upon him the slavery he seeks by these means to get rid of. — In the popular rules of judgment and action in morals and politics. Here the inquiry is not concerning the absolutely right, the right in itself; but what will be profitable, what politic. The ultimate appeal is not to man's conscience, but to his interests. Expediency sits upon the throne; and men, as politicians, feel at liberty to postpone their most solemn convictions of truth, when it appears at present unattainable, and to aid in upholding an acknowledged falsehood, until the political machinery, in some of its chance evolutions, shall come against and crush it.

This tendency is exhibited in the reverence for public opinion, the fear of uttering boldly what is in the thought; forgetting that as truth is to the ALL, so to each individual man his own convictions are the highest thing in the universe; and that whoso falsifies the truth in his mind, were it only by compromising it, pays sacrifice to the devil, and enlarges the borders of the empire of darkness.

In the ends and modes of education, which aims chiefly at the outward, the material, physical science, by means of Peter Parleys and Boards of Education, with their systems diagrams, atlases, pretended purports of history, and other machinery adapted to attain the great end of knowledge made easy.

And finally, this tendeney is manifested in its great result, — the prevailing unbelief in the power of individual endeavor. "I am but one, and the race is numberless. What can I do?" And thus no man thinks of undertaking any enterprise without first securing the aid of an association or party, provided with all the nicely adjusted, patent machinery, by which society is regulated and impelled. Failing in this, with his most earnest canvassing for partisans, he consoles himself for giving it up by the reflection, that the times and the fates are unpropitious. Short-sighted coward! If but one, does he not know that he is omnipotent for himself, and responsible for himself, and not another for him? Was it truth he was desirous to promote? And does he not know; does not the whole past, with its Christs, Luthers, Foxes, Wesleys, and its hosts of prophets and reformers, answer to his own deep hopes; that truth, and not mechanism, governs the uni-

verse; that it is faith, and not machinery, which is to work out the infinite destinies of mankind; that the poorest, toil-begrimed and disfigured workman, with living faith in a truth, is a match for all the machinery in the world, set in motion by falsehood; nay, more than a match, by the whole difference between Heaven and earth, time and eternity?

Thus everything is reduced to logic and ratiocination; and as men believe nothing but what there is a visible or tangible reason for; so they have no conception of power, but as an engine, with wheels, and springs, and levers. Through the whole compass of society, "this faith in mechanism has now struck its roots deep into man's most intimate primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems, fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The fact is, men have lost their faith in the invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible."

This exclusive cultivation of the outward, in so far as it has facilitated and increased the productiveness of industry, and multiplied the means and rapidity of communication, has undoubtedly been attended with many benefits; though perhaps the evils as yet have exceeded them. The present perfection of machinery has increased wealth, and the means of wealth; but it has increased accumulation, tended to concentrate wealth in few hands, and thus enlarge the inequalities of social conditions, and by the machinery of associations founded on wealth, to give to classes and corporations advantages similar to those possessed by the feudalisms and aristocracies, which our social systems have rejected. Besides, it is asserted by competent observers, that modern machinery has actually increased the daily amount, and diminished the reward of individual human labor. In introducing the labor of children in the operations of machinery, an amount of evil has been inflicted on the world, of which the revelations of eternity alone can disclose the extent. At present, the perfection of machinery has given a new impulse to, if it has not created the inordinate, all-engrossing desire of wealth, so strongly marked in the character of our times.

Yet these results, even if they were to be permanent, are less pernicious than the destruction of moral force, of faith and hope in its power, which is indicated and caused

by the mechanical character of the age. But this is not the end. The ultimate effects of machinery upon society have scarcely yet been conceived of. Moral force is, after all, the parent of all other force, creating and controlling, and making all subservient to the spiritual advancement of man. Material mechanism cannot extinguish the deep, primary intuitions of the soul; but for a time suppress them. The mighty power acquired by mechanical combinations is not long to be monopolized, but to be made the grand instrument of individual and social progress. Man has not been permitted to discover, and subject to his use, so many physicial agents, only that he might "build more houses, weave more cloth, forge more iron," and multiply his material enjoyments, without any direct regard to his moral and intellectual improvement. The abridgments of labor are destined to benefit all mankind, and every individual; and the abundance of production is to be communicated impartially to the whole race. It would not be difficult to point out some of the steps, by which this result is to be reached; — a result not the less certain, though we could trace no step of the process, by which it may be wrought out — when every man, by the impartial enjoyment of the advantages of machinery, shall be released from the necessity of more labor, than is necessary to secure a sound mind in a sound body; when not a portion only of society shall live in luxury, while the masses remain slaves of toil, mere beasts of burden; but every man shall enjoy undisturbed leisure for the cultivation of his higher nature; when all the Lord's people shall be prophets, and the transcendental principle of the entire equality of all men before the Common Father be established, as the universal law of earth, superseding institutions, and abolishing all the distinctions which now divide man into governors and people, representatives and constituents, employers and employed, givers and receivers of wages, artizans, laborers, lawyers, priests, kings, and commoners; and man be reckoned as man, not to be characterized and defined by his accidents, not to be measured by what is lowest, but by what is highest in him.

Does this seem a mere phantasm — a delusion? Nay, if there be anything to be learned from man acting in the past, it is that his whole history has been preparing for

such a consummation. If there be any certainty in the deepest convictions of man's soul, such is the destiny appointed him. If there be any truth in the symbols of that Book, which Christians receive as a revelation of the highest truth, God himself has announced it.

Man's past history, as we have seen, is the record of his obedience to that "deep commandment," dimly at first, but in each succeeding epoch more clearly discerned, of his whole being, "to have dominion,"— to be *free*. "Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's toilings, struggles, sufferings in this earth." The generation of the present man is busily doing its part in unfolding this destiny, and giving its demonstration of the universal intuitions. Active as are the movements, deep-rooted and widely-spread the power of mechanism; the moral force of man is still asserting its right to rule his fortunes. Behind the mechanical movement, there is a deeper, more earnest spiritual movement, in which the former must be absorbed, and made to coöperate. This movement is expressed in the wide-felt dissatisfaction with the present, the earnest inquiry for something better than the past has transmitted, or the present attained, in morals, religion, philosophy, education, in everything that concerns the spiritual culture of man. It is indicated most decisively, where perhaps it is needed most, in the popular efforts for large civil and religious liberty. The depth of this movement cannot be measured by the senses. It defeats all the calculations of logic. The old despotisms are not alone affected by it; but it is most earnest in the freest nations. It laughs at all the political mechanisms, which are contrived to restrain it, whether in the shape of "Restoration of the Bourbons," Holy Alliances, Citizen Kings, Reform Bills, or Constitutional Compromises. The advent of a "Louis the Desired," cannot prevent "Three Days of July;" Carbonari and Chartist rebellions break out in spite of Congresses of Vienna, and disfranchisement of rotten boroughs; *Citizen* Kings do not find their thrones couches of down, nor their crowns wreaths of roses; and fraudulent Constitutions of the United States, which guaranty perpetual slavery to one sixth of the people, do not satisfy the remaining five sixths, that, with respect to them, the right of suffrage, and a parchment

declaration of rights, fill all man's conceptions of the liberty for which he was created. Doubtless there is much folly, even madness, and much aimless endeavor, in these movements; as no popular movement, nor even much earnest individual striving after an object worth striving for, is without a portion, more or less, of such. I am not now characterizing the present movements by their degree of wisdom or folly, insight or blindness. I refer to them as the working of a principle deep planted in the inmost being of man, and pointing to a state of higher attainment and more perfect freedom; of which we can, at present, conceive but the faintest foreshadowings; higher than mere political freedom, and perfecting of institutions; which institutions can in no wise represent or embody; which all uttered and unuttered prophecy indicates; when Christ, in all his true, divine significance, shall reign upon the earth.

Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the race has advanced thus far towards its destiny. Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the remainder of its course is doubtless appointed. Through suffering alone can the race, as the individual, be perfected. The progress and the result are to be obtained by man's endeavor. To the race, too, as to the individual, is it appointed to work out its own salvation, in coöperation with Him, who is also working in man's purposes. For this was man endowed with the faculty of prophecy and insight, that he might be a prophet and a seer. But it is to be remembered, that only the *power* is given to man, with freedom of will. The rest must be all his own work. The Lord's people are not all prophets; and doubtless most of the evils humanity has suffered and is suffering, the crimes and follies which disfigure its history, are the consequences of his want of faith in his intuitions. Man's true life is in the unseen. His truest culture is of those faculties, which connect him with the invisible, and disclose to him the meaning, which lies in the material forms by which he is surrounded. The highest science is that, "which treats of, and practically addresses the primary, unmodified forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of love, and fear, and wonder, and enthusiasm, poetry, religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character." For this culture the spirit of man has its own exhaustless resources within, and the

material creation speaks to it in thousand-voiced prophecy. The heavens and the earth, the stars and the flowers, the winds and the waves, all that is seen, and felt, and heard, contain revelations. Infancy is a prophecy, with its unclouded eye, over which the shadows of earth have not yet passed, to dim the hues of its celestial birthplace. Childhood, yet bright in its beautiful unfolding; manhood, with its dissatisfaction, its busy restlessness, ever seeking, never finding, its scheming activity, with or without an end, or conscious aim; age, approaching the summing up of life, and recounting its chequered experience; history, as it traces the eventful progress of the race; science, unfolding the immensity of the material universe; the great and good of the past, revealing the wondrous possibilities of man's nature; the good he enjoys, no less than the evil he suffers; even his follies and crimes; all phenomena, and all events in his experience; all suggest inquiry into the problem of life, and man's destiny, and at the same time furnish him the means of solving it.

SONNET TO ——.

Thou art like that which is most sweet and fair,
A gentle morning in the youth of Spring,
When the few early birds begin to sing,
Within the delicate depths of the fine air;
Yet shouldst thou these dear beauties much impair,
Since thou art better, than is everything
Which or the woods, or skies, or green fields bring,
And finer thoughts hast thou than they can wear.
In the proud sweetness of thy grace, I see
What lies within, — a pure and steadfast mind,
Which its own mistress is, of sanctity,
And to all gentleness hath it been refined,
So that thy least thought falleth upon me
As the soft breathing of midsummer-wind.

LETTER.

Zoar, Ohio, Aug. 9, 1838.

"HAVE you ever been to Zoar?" said a gentleman to a lady in our presence the other evening. "Where is Zoar?" said I, and then followed the description which induced us to take the canal boat for this place at four o'clock, Tuesday afternoon. About the same hour, Wednesday, we perceived an enormous edifice, new and beautifully white, contrasting with the green of the woods, built on each side of the canal, and forming a pretty arched bridge over it; this we were told was the new mill at Zoar, the largest to be seen in the country. Here committing our luggage to the barrow of a stout little German boy, we wound our way up the bank, and through shady lanes planted with rows of trees on each side for half a mile, to the inn of the community, which, with its red sloping roof and pretty piazzas shaded with locusts, stands in the midst of the settlement. But I will give some little history of this place, before I describe our visit to it. About twenty years since two hundred individuals, men, women, and children, who had separated themselves sometime before from the Lutheran church, and resemble the Quakers more than any other sect, and who had selected a teacher by the name of Baumler for their teacher and leader, came out to this country to seek a retreat where they might enjoy undisturbed their own faith. They selected this lovely valley on the banks of the Tuscarawas, and side by side with the river the canal now runs. The valley contains some of the most fertile land in the State. It was then uncleared forest. They encamped under a wide spreading oak, whose stump they yesterday showed us, and went to work. Three trustees were appointed to counsel their leader and limit his power, and the little band formed themselves into a society, which should have all things in common, the land to be held in the name of Baumler, and all the responsibility and headwork to devolve upon him.

They were in debt for their land when they began, and now are said to have a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, and the interest of this they do not encroach upon, unless

some great enterprise is to be undertaken, as the building of a mill, &c. They cleared the land, built houses regularly arranged in squares, separated by pretty shady lanes, surrounded by little grass plats and ornamented by vines, and at first adopted the Shaker method of men and women living separately, those who were already married relinquishing their husbands and wives, and the young persons forbidden to form any connexions. This regulation was observed for fourteen years, and then was abolished, each man returning to his former wife, and those who had none selecting them. They also relinquish the use of pork, on account of the evil spirits which they suppose still have possession of the swine, and the exquisite neatness of their lanes and yards may be attributed in great part to the absence of these filthy animals, which overrun every town and village of the western country. The population of Zoar has diminished rather than increased. Fifty inhabitants died of the cholera, and all the young persons, who were bound to them, at the end of their apprenticeship prefer the risk of self-support with independence, to the safe and tranquil but constrained mode of life of the community; and as they are permitted to leave if they choose, are many of them enjoying their flourishing farms in other parts of the State, probably prizing the little word *mein*, more than any in their native tongue. The children of the settlers usually remain, and there are at present in the society about a hundred and forty individuals. They have a justice of the peace who attends to their little legal business, but no physician and no minister. Baumler attends to their few and simple maladies, and preaches to them on Sundays; not, as one of them told us, that the elder ones did not know how to behave and conduct according to the golden rule as well as he, but the young folks need to be taught.

When we had taken possession of the neat and airy parlor of the inn, whose plain white walls were adorned with a few colored engravings, in good taste, imported by B—— for the purpose, our landlady was summoned by her husband to welcome us; and a more beautiful face I never saw in her class of life, so kind and benignant in its expression. Her dress was precisely that of every individual of the society on working days. An indigo blue calico, such

as is worn by many of our people, tight sleeves, a white, homespun, twilled cotton shirtee with a square collar, a large long tire coming down to the bottom of the dress, white as snow, and a little cap on the back of the head without a frill, of the same material as the dress, and very becoming to old and young, with the hair carried strait back from the forehead. The field hands, who are principally young girls, wear in addition enormous hats of coarse straw, with very low crowns. All have small, colored handkerchiefs round their necks crossed before. These and the calico are purchased and distributed in the society; but everything else is of domestic manufacture. While our gute frau had gone to make ready our room, the guter mann brought us a bottle of the pure juice of the grape, nine years old, made from their own wine garden; this with water was a cool and refreshing beverage for us, who were almost frantic with heat. We were soon shown to our room, a white-washed one, neat as possible, with its snow-white curtains, green blinds, and window looking out upon the piazza, overhung with the branches of the large locust trees, through which a glimpse could be caught of the lovely country at a distance. We were refreshed with the coolest spring water. The bed was of sweet corn husks, covered with home-made check clothes and home-made linen sheets of the purest whiteness.

When we went below our supper was ready in the neat back parlor, and we found it the perfection of rural fare, the richest of milk and butter, the best of cheese, the whitest and lightest of bread, and simple cake, with dried beef. After tea the gentlemen of our party sent to see if Baumler was disengaged, for he receives visits like a king, and it is evidently his policy to keep at a dignified distance both from his own people and strangers; but he was occupied with his three trustees, who meet him every evening to make arrangements and plan work for the community for the next day. The only carriage and horses in the village, though nominally belonging to the community, are kept in Baumler's barn. The people choose their leader should have the best house in the place; accordingly the palace opposite the inn is the best built dwelling we have seen in the country, spacious, and in thorough order. After our

breakfast, at which we found a few more guests than the night before, Mr. —— went over to pay his respects to B., whom he found rather advanced in years, dressed in a plain blue sailor's jacket and trowsers, with a straw hat, which he doffs for no one. His address was polite, but very distant. No compliments were offered by him, and no interest expressed in what was going on abroad. His countenance is striking, decided but calm, with a full grey eye, very mild in its expression. He evidently is nothing of a philanthropist, and this lessens our interest in the community. His business talents are great, and he bears lightly the responsibility of all the pecuniary transactions of the society, which are extensive. He loves influence, and has consummate skill in the exercise of it, and we could see oppression nowhere, abundance every where, but the most rigid discipline connected with it. The punishments are very simple. If persons conduct ill, they are sometimes sent to the opposite side of the river, to reside for a few months on probation, and if they are found incorrigible, they are banished entirely from the society. Intemperance is unknown, strong drink being forbidden, and idleness quite unheared of. No one is hurried or busy, though all are employed.

After Mr. —— returned from his visit, we went to see the garden which was very near, intending to extend our walk farther, if the extreme heat of the day was not too overpowering; but our interest was so great, and the places where we stopped so exquisitely neat and cool, that we seemed to feel the heat less and less as we advanced, and we were out the whole morning, without suffering from it. First we went through the garden of two acres with its turfed walks, grape-vine arbors, with seats under the shade, and came to the green-house, surrounded with large lemon and orange trees. The collection of plants is small, but in high order; and as it is the only establishment of the kind in the vicinity, persons come a hundred miles, to purchase flowers and seeds from it. A few shillings repaid the gardener for our pleasant walk and cool seat in the shade, and induced him cheerfully to show us some of the most interesting parts of the establishment. We passed down a shady lane to the cool baking house (which seems a contradiction in terms) where two single wo-

men, in their picturesque dress, do all the baking for the community; each family sending morning and night for its allowance, which consists of five loaves, or one according to its size. After this we went to the dairy, where all the butter and cheese are made, cool as an ice house, with running water passing through it. Pots of milk, with the cream rising, were ranged around. Small new cheeses were piled on the shelves, and large tubs of butter in the centre. The gardener's introduction, and the information that we had come "eighty mile" to see their settlement, and were from "Boston tausend mile off" on a "lust-reise," filled them with wonder and delight, and was a sure passport to their good graces. So many smiling, benevolent, and intelligent faces I never saw in so short a time; and it was amazing to find how our German vocabulary expanded under the influence of the kind reception we met with, and by the effort to repay these words of kindness by intelligible language; for there is hardly any English spoken here, particularly among the women.

The dairy women treated us to a clean mug of buttermilk, and we went to the weavers, where we found the good-man and his wife, who supply the society with woollen cloth, working in their pleasant airy rooms, while a child of twelve tended the baby. The women here are as much at leisure, so far as household affairs and tending children is concerned, as the most fashionable lady could desire; for the cooking is done at one large establishment, where they go to eat, and have every variety of country fare, but are allowed meat only twice a week, and their children are taken from them at three, and put under the care of matrons, the boys in one house, and the girls in another, till they are old enough to be of use, when they tend cattle, mow, reap, or do any other kind of field work. They have no task set, at least among the older members; but each does the most he can out of doors and in. The gardener consigned us to the care of the weaver, who devoted the whole morning to us. We found him a very intelligent man, who spoke English well, and gave us all the information we desired. He first took us to the boys' dwelling, where we found fifteen or twenty healthy, happy little urchins braiding coarse straw hats; for they have no

school in summer, and I rather think receive very little education at any season. We went up to their sleeping apartment, a large airy room with clean beds, and a furnace by which it can be heated in winter. By the time we came down, some of the field hands had come to the piazza to take their lunch of bread and home-made beer, of which we felt no reluctance to partake. We then went to the house for little girls, where there seemed to be more play going on than work, and where I was particularly charmed with their clean and abundant wardrobes, arranged in partitions against the walls of their sleeping room, with a closet full of little colored muslin, and white linen caps, with white frills for their Sunday wear.

Their church is a simple apartment, where they assemble on Sunday, carefully dressed, and commence with music, which is said to be remarkably good. They have no devotional exercises but those of the heart. After a short period of silence, Baumler addresses a discourse to them, and music closes the service. He plays on the piano, and others on the flute and bass viol. Attendance on worship among the elder people is entirely voluntary. They have no ceremony at their weddings but assembling two or three witnesses, who sign a paper, that they have been present at this union; and their funerals are without any form whatever, except that the family follows the body of their friend to the grave. We next visited the carding room, where we found machinery similar to that in our manufactories, tended by old people and children. We visited the mill used by the community, after we had examined the landscapes and flowerpieces of the head man at the last place, a very old person and self-taught, whose devotion of his leisure hours to the fine arts, and the triumphant exhibition of them by our guide, were productive of more pleasure to us; as indicating some love of culture, amid all the toil of their active lives, than we could obtain from the works themselves. We next visited the cabinet maker, who, like all the other persons we saw, was laboring tranquilly and leisurely without any appearance of task work. From the cabinet maker's we ascended half way a beautifully wooded hill with the orchard on top, passing through a wicket gate and up a little winding path among the trees, we came to the cottage of Katrina and

her old assistant, who take care of the poultry. A large hen barn, duck and turkey house comprise this establishment, and we found the mistress of it with her big hat on supplying their little troughs with fresh water. After looking at her poultry, she took us to the room where she keeps the pottery made in the community, which is of the plainest and neatest kind, and out of one of her little mugs she fed us, as she does her poultry, with a cool draught of spring water. We returned to our inn to dinner, where we found a large company from the neighboring towns. At four P. M., after a delightful shower, that made all nature radiant, though it did not diminish the intense heat, we took *the carriage*, and drove through a romantic country to Bolivar, to visit the furnace and iron works which belong to the settlement, though out of it, and carried on by hired persons not of the community. Returning we stopped at the wine garden. It covers the slope of a sunny hill, half a mile from the village. The vines are trained on short poles like hops, and bear the fruit principally on the lower part. We rode home by the way of the extensive hop garden, luxuriant and fragrant, and more graceful and beautiful than all the vineyards in the world.

After tea we went out to see the milking, the most interesting scene of the place. Down a lane, just opposite the inn, is an immense barn-yard and barn, with a house at one end for the cow girls and another at the other for cow boys. There are three houses. At early morning they go out to their milking, and after it they may be seen with their leathern wallets containing their food for the day, slung under one arm, sallying forth, some with their detachments of cows and sheep, and others with the young cattle, to their respective grazing spots; while you meet women with large tubs of milk on their heads taking it to the village dairy. About seven in the evening the whole herd is back again; you hear the cow bells far off in the distance, and then commences the evening milking. After this the horn is blown, and one may see the lads and lasses, each by themselves, collecting in the piazzas of their houses for their evening meal. Our trunks are packed, and in a few minutes we are to leave this lovely spot, probably never to realize the wish, that we might pass a season in the midst of its rural pleasures and country fare. We may see fine

scenery, but nowhere in our country such easy countenances, free from care, and so picturesque a population. Every individual gives a smiling greeting, and even the young girl driving her team speaks in a gentle musical tone.

LINES.

You go to the woods — what there have you seen?
Quivering leaves glossy and green;
Lights and shadows dance to and fro,
Beautiful flowers in the soft moss grow.
Is the secret of these things known to you?
Can you tell what gives the flower its hue?
Why the oak spreads out its limbs so wide?
And the graceful grape-vine grows by its side?
Why clouds full of sunshine are piled on high?
What sends the wind to sweep through the sky?
No! the secret of Nature I do not know —
A poor groping child, through her marvels I go!

SONNET.

"To die is gain."

Where are the terrors that escort King Death,
That hurl pale Reason from her trembling throne?
Why should man shudder to give up his breath?
Why fear the path, though naked and alone,
That *must* lead up to scenes more clear and bright,
Than bloom amid this world's dim clouded night?
Is not his God beside, around, above,
Shall he not trust in His unbounded love?
Oh, yes! Let others dread thee if they will,
I 'll welcome thee, O death, and call thee friend,
Come to release me from these loads of ill,
These lengthened penances I here fulfil,
To give me wings, wherewith I may ascend,
And with the soul of God my soul may blend!

Hugh Peters.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Essays and Poems. By JONES VERY. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown.

THIS little volume would have received an earlier notice, if we had been at all careful to proclaim our favorite books. The genius of this book is religious, and reaches an extraordinary depth of sentiment. The author, plainly a man of a pure and kindly temper, casts himself into the state of the high and transcendental obedience to the inward Spirit. He has apparently made up his mind to follow all its leadings, though he should be taxed with absurdity or even with insanity. In this enthusiasm he writes most of these verses, which rather flow through him than from him. There is no *composition*, no elaboration, no artifice in the structure of the rhyme, no variety in the imagery; in short, no pretension to literary merit, for this would be departure from his singleness, and followed by loss of insight. He is not at liberty even to correct these unpremeditated poems for the press; but if another will publish them, he offers no objection. In this way they have come into the world, and as yet have hardly begun to be known. With the exception of the few first poems, which appear to be of an earlier date, all these verses bear the unquestionable stamp of grandeur. They are the breathings of a certain entranced devotion, which one would say, should be received with affectionate and sympathizing curiosity by all men, as if no recent writer had so much to show them of what is most their own. They are as sincere a litany as the Hebrew songs of David or Isaiah, and only less than they, because indebted to the Hebrew muse for their tone and genius. This makes the singularity of the book, namely, that so pure an utterance of the most domestic and primitive of all sentiments should in this age of revolt and experiment use once more the popular religious language, and so show itself secondary and morbid. These sonnets have little range of topics, no extent of observation, no playfulness; there is even a certain torpidity in the concluding lines of some of them, which reminds one of church hymns; but, whilst they flow with great sweetness, they have the sublime unity of the Decalogue or the Code of Menu, and

if as monotonous, yet are they almost as pure as the sounds of surrounding Nature. We gladly insert from a newspaper the following sonnet, which appeared since the volume was printed.

THE BARBERRY BUSH.

The bush that has most briars and bitter fruit,
Wait till the frost has turned its green leaves red,
Its sweetened berries will thy palate suit,
And thou may'st find e'en there a homely bread.
Upon the hills of Salem scattered wide,
Their yellow blossoms gain the eye in Spring;
And straggling e'en upon the turnpike's side,
Their ripened branches to your hand they bring,
I 've plucked them oft in boyhood's early hour,
That then I gave such name, and thought it true;
But now I know that other fruit as sour
Grows on what now thou callest *Me* and *You;*
Yet, wilt thou wait the autumn that I see,
Will sweeter taste than these red berries be.

On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. 1841.

Although the name of Thomas Carlyle is rarely mentioned in the critical journals of this country, there is no living writer who is more sure of immediate attention from a large circle of readers, or who exercises a greater influence than he in these United States. Since the publication of his article on the characteristics of our time in the Edinburgh Review, and afterwards of the Sartor, this influence has been deepening and extending year by year, till now thousands turn an eager ear to the most distant note of his clarion. To *be* and not to *seem;* to know that nothing can become a man which is not manlike; that no silken trappings can dignify measures of mere expediency; and no hootings of a mob, albeit of critics and courtiers, can shame the truth, or keep Heaven's dews from falling in the right place; that all conventions not founded on eternal law are valueless, and that the life of man, will he or no, must tally with the life of nature; — this creed indeed is none of the newest! No! but as old and as new as truth itself, and ever needing to be reënforced. It is so by Carlyle with that depth of "truthful earnestness" he appreciates so fully in his chosen heroes, as also with a sarcastic keenness, an overflow of genial wit, and a picturesque skill in the delineation of examples, rarely equalled in any age of English literature.

How many among ourselves are his debtors for the first assurance that the native disdain of a youthful breast for the shams and charlatanries that so easily overgrow even our free society was not without an echo. They listened for the voice of the soul and heard on every wind only words, words. But when this man spoke every word stood for a thing. They had been taught that man belonged to society, the body to the clothes. They thought the reverse, and this was the man to give distinct expression to this thought, which alone made life desirable.

Already he has done so much, that he becomes of less importance to us. The rising generation can scarcely conceive how important Wordsworth, Coleridge, and afterwards Carlyle were to those whose culture dates farther back. A numerous band of pupils already, each in his degree, dispense bread of their leaven to the children, instead of the stones which careful guardians had sent to the mill for their repast.

But, if the substance of his thought be now known to us, where shall we find another who appeals so forcibly, so variously to the common heart of his contemporaries. Even his Miscellanies, though the thoughts contained in them have now been often reproduced, are still read on every side. The French Revolution stands alone as a specimen of the modern Epic. And the present volume will probably prove quite as attractive to most readers.

Though full of his faults of endless repetition, hammering on a thought till every sense of the reader aches, and an arrogant bitterness of tone which seems growing upon him (as alas! it is too apt to grow upon Reformers; the odious fungus that deforms the richest soil), though, as we have heard it expressed, he shows as usual "too little respect for respectable people," and like all character-hunters, attaches an undue value to his own discoveries in opposition to the verdict of the Ages, the large residuum of truth we find after making every possible deduction, the eloquence, the wit, the pathos, and dramatic power of representation, leave the faults to be regarded as dust on the balance.

Among the sketches, Odin is much admired, and is certainly of great picturesque beauty. The passages taken from the Scandinavian Mythology are admirably told. Mahomet is altogether fine. Dante not inaccurate, but of little depth. Apparently Mr. Carlyle speaks in his instance from a slighter acquaintance than is his wont. With his view of Johnson and Burns we were already familiar; both are excellent, as is that of Rousseau, though less impressive than are the few touches given him somewhere in the Miscellanies. Cromwell is not one of his

best, though apparently much labored. He does not adequately sustain his positions by the facts he brings forward.

This book is somewhat less objectionable than the French Revolution to those not absolutely unjust critics, who said they would sooner "dine for a week on pepper, than read through the two volumes." Yet it is too highly seasoned, tediously emphatic, and the mind as well as the style is obviously in want of the verdure of repose. An acute observer said that the best criticism on his works would be his own remark, that a man in convulsions is not proved to be strong because six healthy men cannot hold him. We are not consoled by his brilliancy and the room he has obtained for an infinity of quips and cranks and witty turns for the corruption of his style, and the more important loss of chasteness, temperance, and harmony in his mind observable since he first was made known to the public.

Yet let thanks, manifold thanks, close this and all chapters that begin with his name.

A Year's Life. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown. 1841.

We are late in a notice of this volume. But not only do we consider this delay complimentary as intimating that we suppose the book still fresh in the public mind, but, in truth, we are timid with regard to all comments upon youthful bards. We doubt the utility whether of praise or blame. No criticism from without is of use to the true songster; he sings as the bird sings, for the sake of pouring out his eager soul, and needs no praise. If his poetic vein be abundant enough to swell beyond the years of youthful feeling, every day teaches him humility as to his boyish defects; he measures himself with the great poets; he sighs at the feet of beautiful Nature; his danger is despair. The proper critic of this book would be some youthful friend to whom it has been of real value as a stimulus. The exaggerated praise of such an one would be truer to the spiritual fact of its promise, than accurate measurement of its performance. To us it has spoken of noble feelings, a genuine love of beauty, and an uncommon facility of execution. Neither the imagery nor the music are original, but the same is true of the early poems of Byron; there is too much dwelling on minute yet commonplace details, so was it with Coleridge before he served a severe apprenticeship to his art. The great musicians composed much that stands in the same relation to their immortal works that those productions perhaps may

to those of Mr. Lowell's riper age; superficial, full of obvious cadences and obvious thoughts; but sweet, fluent, in a large style, and breathing the life of religious love.

We have never acknowledged the receipt from Mr. Bixby of Lowell, of copies from his editions of Hayward's Faust, and Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. It is ungrateful not to express the pleasure we felt in such works being made accessible to innumerable inquirers who were ever pursuing the fortunate owners of the English copies. All translations of Faust can give no better idea of that wonderful work than a Silhouette of one of Titian's beauties; but we much prefer the prose translation to any of the numerous metrical attempts which are an always growing monument to the power of the work, which kindles its admirers to attempt the impossible. We cannot but wonder that any one who aims at all at literary culture can remain ignorant of German, the acquisition of which language is not a year's labor with proper instruction, and would give them access to such wide domains of thought and knowledge. But if they *will* remain, from indolence, beggars, this translation will give them the thought, if not the beauty, of Goethe's work.

The Correspondence is as popular here as in Germany, but we intend in the next number of the Dial to give a brief notice of Bettina Brentano, and the correspondence with Günderode, which she is now publishing in Germany. It is to be hoped she will translate that also into the same German English of irresistible naiveté, of which she has already given us a specimen.

The Hour and the Man. By Harriet Martineau.

This work, whose very existence tells a tale of heroic cheerfulness, such as its author loves to celebrate, would do honor to her best estate of health and hopeful energy. It has all the vivacity, vigor of touch, and high standard of character, which commanded our admiration in Ella of Garveloch; the sweetness and delicate sentiment of the Sabbath Musings; the lively feeling of Nature and descriptive talent which were displayed in her work on this country. The book is overladen with incident and minute traits of character, yet is in these respects a great improvement on Deerbrook. As an artist Miss Martineau wants skill in selection among her abundant materials, and in effective grouping of her figures; but this, should life be prolonged, she seems likely to attain. The conception of

Toussaint's character is noble and profound; its development and execution by new circumstances on the whole managed with skill, though the impression is somewhat marred where an attempt is made to heighten it by surrounding him with objects of luxury. This part is not well managed, and produces an effect, probably very different from what the writer intended. The men are not real live men, but only paper sketches of such; but in this Miss Martineau only shares the failure of all her contemporaries. Scott was the only heir of Fielding's wand. This novel deserves a place in the next rank to those which made the modern novel no unworthy successor to the ancient drama.

Tennyson's Poems. — Stirling's Poems. — Festus.

The pleasure we have derived from all of these books is such that we are most desirous they may be made accessible to readers in general. The rivers of song have dwindled to rills, and the ear is very impatient during the long intervals, that it misses entirely the melody of living waters. Tennyson is known by heart, is copied as Greek works were at the revival of literature; nothing has been known for ten years back more the darling of the young than these two little volumes. "If you wish to know the flavor of strawberries or cherries, ask children and birds." We understand he is preparing for a new edition, which will, we hope, be extensively circulated in this country.

The Sexton's Daughter is better known than Stirling's other poems. Many of them claim a tribute which we hope to render in the next number.

Of Festus, too, we shall give some account and make many extracts, as we understand the first edition is already sold in England, and we do not hope to see one here as yet.

We recommend a little paper published in Providence, The Plain Speaker, to the attention of those who, instead of wishing to close their eyes to every movement not quite congenial to their tastes and views, think that nothing which busies the heart of man is foreign to them, and that very crude thought may be worth attention from pure lips and a sincere soul. The numbers we have seen give clearer indications than most printed papers of the under-current of feeling among our people. Of their views of the uses of life the following lines by one of the contributors may serve as an index; may they be true to such desires for individual growth! we will then

consider them Radicals not in the way of cutting away the root of the fair tree of civilization, but as striving to clear from it the earthworms, which, if left undisturbed, would drain life at the source.

LINES.

We grope in dimness of light, seeing not ourselves,
We sleep, and dreams come to us of something better,
We wake, and find that our life is not of Truth.
We strive, and the powers of darkness contend with our Hope.
We pray, and the availance is great in our own souls.
We trust, and the light breaks promising the day.
We act, the day dawns, how beauteously bright!
We love in faith, — casting out fear; so we Live.
We see God, and our eyes are no more closed.
God is in us — our souls are Life — our bodies die.
We ascend to the Father and are one with Deity.

S. A. C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We trust that our unknown friends are not greatly disappointed that so many of their requests are neglected, and their gifts apparently unheeded. Our space is limited, and much that is not without merit must lie unpublished. As we observe that those who find themselves unanswered do not honor us again, we would urge them not to be deterred by the omission of their articles. It was our hope that the perfect freedom guaranteed for the Dial would make it the means of developing young talent. We should like to hear from our friends again and again, and be the means of their serving an apprenticeship to the pen. Whenever any contribution combines, in our view, individuality of character with vigor and accuracy of style, it will be inserted. Those which do not satisfy us can be returned if such be the writer's desire, provided the address is given us. Several persons have requested to be answered through the post-office on points which interest them. They will find in the Dial expressions of sentiment and opinion on those points probably more satisfactory than any which could be rendered in a private correspondence, to which there are many objections. Communications are to be addressed, For the Dial, 121, Washington Street.

THE DIAL.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1841. No. II.

CUPID'S CONFLICT.

BY DR. HENRY MORE.

1647.

[This poem is inserted at the request of a friend, in place of the contribution requested from himself, as the best prologue to any work that could be offered to men in the present time. Apart from its pertinence to thoughts that are continually presenting themselves among us, it is a privilege to meet with a production of Henry More's, copies of whose works are rarely to be found here.]

MELA. — CLEANTHES.

CLE. — MELA, my dear! why been thy looks so sad
As if thy gentle heart were sunk with care?
Impart thy case; for be it good or bad,
Friendship in either will bear equall share.
MEL. — Not so, Cleanthes, for if bad it be,
Myself must bleed afresh by wounding thee:

But what it is, my slow, uncertain wit
Cannot well judge. But thou shalt sentence give
How manfully of late myself I quit,
When with that lordly lad by chance I strive.
CLE. — Of friendship, Mela! let 's that story hear.
MEL. — Sit down, Cleanthes, then, and lend thine ear.

Upon a day as best did please my mind,
Walking abroad amidst the verdant field,

Scattering my carefull thoughts i' th' wanton wind,
The pleasure of my path so farre had till'd
My feeble feet, that without timely rest,
Uneath it were to reach my wonted nest.

In secret shade farre moved from mortalls' sight,
In lowly dale my wandering limbs I laid,
On the cool grasse where nature's pregnant wit
A goodly bower of thickest trees had made.
Amongst the leaves the chearful birds did fare
And sweetly carol'd to the echoing air.

Hard at my feet ran down a crystall spring,
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarsly chide
For standing in the way. Though murmuring,
The broken stream his course did rightly guide,
And strongly pressing forward with disdain
The grassy flore divided into twain.

The place awhile did feed my foolish eye,
As being new, and eke mine idle ear
Did listen oft to that wild harmonie,
And oft my curious phansie would compare
How well agreed the brook's low muttering base
With the birds' trebbles perch'd on higher place.

But sense's objects soon do glut the soul,
Or rather weary with their emptinesse;
So I, all heedless how the waters roll
And mindless of the mirth the birds expresse,
Into myself 'gin softly to retire
After hid heavenly pleasures to enquire.

While I this enterprise do entertain,
Lo! on the other side in thickest bushes,
A mighty noise! with that a naked swain
With blew and purple wings streight rudely rushes,
He leaps down light upon the floury green,
Like sight before mine eyes had never seen.

At 's snowy back the boy a quiver wore,
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold;
A silver bow in his left hand he bore,
And in his right a ready shaft did hold.
Thus armed stood he, and betwixt us tway,
The labouring brook did break its toilsome way.

The wanton lad, whose sport is others' pain,
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,
And drawing to the head with might and main,
With fell intent he aimed to hit my heart.

But ever as he shot his arrows still
In their mid course dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been,
Is needlesse to rehearse, all brooks do sing
Of those strange rarities. But ne're was seen
Such virtue as resided in this spring.
The noveltie did make me much admire,
But stirr'd the hasty youth to ragefull ire.

As heedlesse fowls that take their per'lous flight
Over that bane of birds, Averno lake,
Do drop down dead; so dead his shafts did light
Amid the stream, which presently did slake
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet,
Which made the youngster Godling inly fret.

Thus lustfull Love (this was that love I ween,)
Was wholly changed to consuming ire,
And eath it was, sith they 're so near of kin,
They be both born of one rebellious fire.
But he suppresst his wrath, and by and by
For feathered darts he winged words let flie.

Vain man! said he, and would thou wer'st not vain,
That hid'st thyself in solitary shade,
And spil'st thy precious youth in sad disdain,
Hating this life's delights. Hath God thee made
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake
Of this world's pleasure for its maker's sake?

Unthankfull wretch! God's gifts thus to reject,
And maken nought of nature's goodly dower,
That milders still away through thy neglect,
And dying fades like unregarded flower.
This life is good, what 's good thou must improve,
The highest improvement of this life is love.

Had I, (but O that envious destanie,
Or Stygian vow, or thrice accursed charm,
Should in this place free passage thus denie
Unto my shafts as messengers of harm!)
Had I but once transfixt thy forward breast,
How wouldst thou then — I staid not for the rest;

But thus half angry to the boy replide;
How would'st thou then my soul of sense bereave!
I blinded, thee more blind should choose my guide!
How would'st thou then my muddied mind deceive,
With fading shows, that in my error vile
Base lust, I love should tearm; vice, virtue stile.

How should my wicked rhymes then idolize
Thy wretched power, and with impious wit
Impute thy base-born passions to the skies,
And my soul's sickness count an heavenly fit,
My weaknesse strength, my wisdom to be caught,
My bane my blisse, mine ease to be o're wraught.

How often through my fondly feigning mind
And frantick phansie, in my mistris' eye,
Should I a thousand fluttering cupids find,
Bathing their busy wings? How oft espie
Under the shadow of her eyebrows fair,
Ten thousand graces sit all naked bare.

Thus haunted should I be with such fell fiends,
A pretty madnesse were my portion due;
Foolish myself, I would not hear my friends,
Should deem the true for false, the false for true;
My way all dark, more slippery than ice;
My attendants, anger, pride, and jealousies.

Unthankfull then to God, I should neglect
All the whole world for one poor sorry wight,
Whose pestilent eye into my heart project,
Would burn like poysonous comet in my spight.
Aye me! how dismall then would prove that day
Whose only light sprang from so fatall ray.

Who seeks for pleasure in this mortall life
By diving deep into the body base,
Shall loose true pleasure; but who gainly strive
Their sinking soul above this bulk to place,
Enlarged delight they certainly shall find,
Unbounded joyes to fill their boundlesse mind.

When I myself from mine own self do quit,
And each thing else, then an all-spreden love
To the vast universe my soul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to all-seeing Jove;
My mightie wings, high stretch'd then clapping light,
I brush the starres and make them shine more bright.

Then all the works of God with close embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid paths of heavenly love I trace,
And boldly listen to his secret charms.
Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,
And where eternall Night low pressed lies.

Thus lose I not by leaving small delight,
But gain more joy, while I myself suspend

From this and that; for then with all unite
I all enjoy, and love that love commends,
  That all is more then loves the partiall soul
  Whose petty love th' impartiall fates controll.

Ah, son! said he, (and laughed very loud,)
That trickst thy tongue with uncouth, strange disguise,
Extolling highly that with speeches proud
To mortall men that humane state denies,
  And rashly blaming what thou never knew;
  Let men experienced speak, if they 'll speak true.

Had I once lanced thy froward, flinty heart,
And cruddled bloud had thawn with living fire,
And prickt thy drowsie sprite with gentle smart,
How would'st thou wake to kindle sweet desire!
  Thy soul fill'd up with overflowing pleasures
  Would dew thy lips with honey'd, topping measures.

Then would thou caroll loud and sweetly sing
In honour of my sacred Deity,
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring
Reëchoing thy heavenly harmony;
  And eke the tardy rocks with full rebounds
  Would faithfully return thy silver sounds.

Next unto me would be thy mistresse fair,
Whom thou might setten out with goodly skill
Her peerlesse beauty and her virtues rare,
That all would wonder at thy graceful quill,
  And lastly in us both thyself should'st raise
  And crown thy temples with immortal bayes.

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,
Thy rugged lines of all do ly forlorn;
Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect
The reader's ignorance. Men holden scorn
  To be so often non-plus'd, or to spell,
  And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

Besides this harsh and hard obscurity,
Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous,
And strangely new, and yet too frequently,
Return, as usuall, plain and obvious,
  So that the snow of the new thick-set patch
  Marres all the old with which it ill doth match.

But if thy haughty mind, forsooth would deign
To stoop so low, as t' hearken to my lore,
Then wouldst thou with trim lovers not disdeign
To adorn th' outside, set the best before;

Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil;
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl.

If that be all, said I, thy reasons slight
Can never move my well established mind;
Full well I note always the present sprite,
Or life that doth possesse the soul, doth blind,
Shutting the windows 'gainst broad open day,
Lest fairer sights its uglinesse bewray.

The soul then loves that disposition best
Because no better comes into her view;
The drunkard drunkennesse, the sluggard rest,
Th' ambitious honour and obeysance due;
So all the rest do love their vices base,
Cause virtue's beauty comes not into place.

And looser love 'gainst chastity divine,
Would shut the door, that he might sit alone;
Then wholly should my mind to him incline,
And woxen strait, (since larger love was gone,)
That paltry spirit of low contracting lust
Would fit my soul as if 't were made for 't just.

Then should I with my fellow bird or brute,
So strangely metamorphosed, either ney,
Or bellow loud; or if 't may better sute,
Chirp out my joy pearch'd upon higher spray,
My passions fond with impudence rehearse,
Immortalize my madnesse in a verse.

This is the summe of thy deceiving boast,
That I vain rudenesse highly should admire,
When I the sense of better things have lost,
And changed my heavenly heat for hellish fire;
Passion is blind; but virtue's piercing eye,
Approaching danger can from farre espie.

And what thou dost pedantickly object,
Concerning my rude, rugged, uncouth style,
As childish toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden snares do inly smile;
How ill alas! with wisdome it accords
To sell my living sense for livelesse words.

My thoughts the fittest measure of my tongue,
Wherefore I 'll use what 's most significant,
And rather than my inward meaning wrong,
Or my full-shining notion trimly skant,
I 'll conjure up old urns out of their grave,
Or call fresh forrein force in if need I crave.

And these attending to my moving mind
Shall only usher in the fitting sense.
As oft as meet occasion I find,
Unusuall words oft used give lesse offence;
  Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
  For often used they're next to old thred-bare.

And if the old seem in too rusty hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them shine like gold,
And glister all with colour gayly new;
Wherefore to use them both we will be bold,
  Thus lists me fondly with fond folk to toy,
  And answer fools with equal foolery.

The meaner mind works with more nicetie
As spiders wont to weave their idle web,
But braver spirits do all things gallantly,
Of lesser failings nought at all affred.
  So Nature's careless pencill dipt in light
  With sprinkled starres hath spattered the night.

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown,
And loosely scattered in my poesie,
May lend new light till the dead night be gone,
And morning fresh with roses strew the sky;
  It is enough, I meant no trimmer frame,
  Nor by nice needle-work to seek a name.

Vain man! that seekest name 'mongst earthly men,
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lore,
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken,
But mad with griping care their souls so tore,
  Or burst with hatred, or with envie pine,
  Or burn with rage, or melt out at their eyne.

Thrice happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly;
  Whose worth is in himself, and onely blisse
  In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse.

Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul,
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem;
Who can his passions master and controll,
And that true lordly manlinesse doth deem,
  Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,
  Counts nought his own but what lives in his spright.

So when his spright from this vain world shall flit,
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear

Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' ear,
Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

But the retinue of proud Lucifer,
Those blustering poets that fly after fame,
And deck themselves like the bright morning starre,
Alas! it is but all a crackling flame,
For death will strip them of that glorious plume,
That airie blisse will vanish into fume.

For can their carefull ghosts from Limbo Lake
Return, or listen from the bowed skie,
To heare how well their learned lines do take?
Or if they could, is Heaven's felicitie
So small, as by man's praise to be encreased,
Hell's pain no greater than hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain shall I transmit
My shadow to gazing posterity,
Cast far behind me I shall never see 't,
On heaven's fair sunne having fast fixt mine eye,
Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praise
Or underprise mine unaffected layes.

What moves thee then, said he, to take the pains
And spenden time if thou contemn'st the fruit?
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the poet's brains
With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit;
How pleasant 't is in honours here to live,
And dead, thy name forever to survive!

Or is thy abject mind so basely bent,
As of the muse to maken merchandise?
(And well I note this is no strange intent)
The hopeful glimpse of gold from chattering pies,
From daws and crows and parrots, oft hath wrong
An unexpected Pegaseian song.

Foul shame on him, quoth I, that shameful thought
Doth entertain within his dunghill breast,
Both God and nature hath my spirits wrought
To better temper, and of old hath blest
My loftie soul with more divine aspires,
Than to be touched with such vile, low desires.

I hate and highly scorn that cestrell kind
Of bastard scholars that subordinate
The precious, choice induements of the mind
To wealth and worldly good. Adulterate

And cursed brood! Your wit and wile are born
Of the earth and circling thither do return.

Profit and honour be those measures scant
Of your slight studies and endeavours vain,
And when you once have got what you did want
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain;
Your brains grow low, your bellies swell up high,
Foul sluggish fat ditts up your dulled eye.

Thus, what the earth did breed to th' earth is gone,
Like fading hearb or feeble drooping flower,
By feet of men and beast quite trodden down,
The mucksprung learning cannot long endure,
Back she returns lost in her filthy source,
Drown'd, choked, or slocken by her cruel nurse.

True virtue to herself 's the best reward,
Rich with her own and full of lively spirit,
Nothing cast down for want of due regard,
Or cause rude men acknowledge not her merit;
She knows her worth, and stock from where she sprung
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dewed with the drops of heaven shall flourish long;
As long as day and night do share the skie,
And though that day and night should fail, yet strong
And steddie, fixed on eternitie,
Shall bloom forever. So the soul shall speed,
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though sooth to say, the worldly meed is due
To her more than to all the world beside;
Men ought do homage with affections true,
And offer gifts, for God doth there reside;
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat,
To such what 's given God himself doth get.

But worldly minds, whose sight seal'd up with mud,
Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,
Ne do acknowledge any other good
Than what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie,
By groping touch; (thus worth of them unseen,)
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

Wherefore the prudent lawgivers of old,
Even in all nations, with right sage foresight,
Discovering from farre how clums and cold
The vulgar wight would be to yield what 's right
To virtuous learning, did the law designe
Great wealth and honor to that worth divine.

But nought 's by law to poesy due, said he,
Ne doth the solemn statesman's head take care
Of those that such impertinent pieces be
Of commonweals. Thou 'd better then to spare
Thy useless vein. Or tell else, what may move
Thy busie muse such fruitlesse pains to prove.

No pains but pleasure to do th' dictates dear
Of inward living nature. What doth move
The nightingale to sing so sweet and clear,
The thrush or lark, that mounting high above
Chants her shrill notes to heedlesse ears of corn
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

When life can speak, it cannot well withhold
T' expresse its own impressions and hid life,
Or joy or grief that smothered lie untold
Do vex the heart and wring with restless strife,
Then are my labors no true pains but ease,
My soul's unrest they gently do appease.

Besides, that is not fruitlesse that no gains
Brings to myself. I others' profit deem
Mine own; and if at these my heavenly flames
Others receiven light right well I ween
My time 's not lost. Art thou now satisfide?
Said I; to which the scoffing boy replide;

Great hope indeed, thy rhymes should men enlight,
That be with clouds and darknesse all o'ercast,
Harsh style and harder sense void of delight
The reader's wearied eye in vain do wast;
And when men win thy meaning with much pain,
Thy uncouth sense they coldly entertain.

For wot'st thou not that all the world is dead
Unto that genius that moves in thy vein
Of poetrie? But like by like is fed;
Sing of my trophies in triumphant strain,
Then correspondent life thy powerful verse
Shall strongly strike and with quick passions pierce.

The tender frie of lads and lasses young,
With thirstie care thee compassing about,
Thy nectar-dropping muse, thy sugar'd song
Will swallow down with eager, hearty draught,
Relishing truly what thy rhymes convey,
And highly praising thy soul-smiting lay.

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,
Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,

Grave matrons will wax wanton and betray
Their unresolv'dnesse in their wonted grace;
Young boys and girls would feel a forward spring,
And former youth to old thou back wouldst bring.

All sexes, ages, orders, occupations,
Would listen to thee with attentive ear,
And eas'ly moved with sweet persuasions,
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear;
While thou thy lively voice didst loud advance
Their tickled blond for joy would inly dance.

But now, alas! poor solitarie man!
In lonesome desert thou dost wander wide,
To seek and serve thy disappearing Pan,
Whom no man living in the world hath eyde;
Sir Pan is dead, but I am still alive,
And live in men who honor to me give.

They honour also those that honour me
With sacred songs. But thou now sing'ts to trees,
To rocks, to hills, to caves, that senselesse be
And mindless quite of thy hid mysteries,
In the void air thy idle voice is spread,
Thy muse is musick to the deaf or dead.

Now out alas! and well-away,
The tale thou tellest I confess too true,
Fond man so doteth on this living clay,
His carcase dear, and doth its joys pursue,
That of his precious soul he takes no keep
Heaven's love and reason's light lie fast asleep.

This bodies life vain shadow of the soul
With full desire they closely do embrace,
In fleshly mud like swine they wallow and roll,
The loftiest mind is proud but of the face
Or outward person; if men but adore
That walking sepulchre, cares for no more.

This is the measure of man's industry,
To wexen somebody and gather grace
For outward presence; though true majestie,
Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes
Of holy wisdome and seraphick love
From his deformed soul he farre remove.

Slight knowledge and lesse virtue serves his turn
For this designe. If he hath trod the ring
Of pedling arts; in usuall pack-horse form
Keeping the rode; O! then 't's a learned thing;

If any chanc'd to write or speak what he
Conceives not, 't were a foul discourtesie.

To cleanse the soul from sinne and still diffide
Whether our reason's eye be clear enough,
To intromit true light, that fain would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way 's too harsh and rough,
Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark,
When sloathfull men have eyes so dimme and stark.

These be our times. But if my minds' presage
Bear any moment, they can ne're last long,
A three-branch'd flame will soon sweep clear the stage
Of this old dirty drosse and all wex young.
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocal at that generall thraw.

Nay, now thou 'rt perfect mad, said he, with scorn,
And full of foul derision quit the place;
The skie did rattle with his wings ytorn
Like to rent silk. But I in the mean space
Sent after him this message by the wind;
Be 't so I 'm mad, yet sure I am thou 'rt blind.

By this the outsretch'd shadows of the trees
Pointed me homeward, and with one consent
Foretold the daye's descent. So straight I rise
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement,
Behind me leaving the sloping light.
CLE. — And now let's up. Vesper brings in the night.

LIVES OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS, HAYDN, MOZART, HANDEL, BACH, BEETHOVEN.

THE lives of the musicians are imperfectly written for this obvious reason. The soul of the great musician can only be expressed in music. This language is so much more ready, flexible, full, and rapid than any other, that we can never expect the minds of those accustomed to its use to be expressed by act or word, with even that degree of adequacy, which we find in those of other men. They are accustomed to a higher stimulus, a more fluent existence. We must read them in their works; this, true of

artists in every department, is especially so of the high-priests of sound.

Yet the eye, which has followed with rapture the flight of the bird till it is quite vanished in the blue serene, reverts with pleasure to the nest which it finds of materials and architecture, that, if wisely examined, correspond entirely with all previously imagined of the songster's history and habits. The biography of the artist is a scanty gloss upon the grand text of his works, but we examine it with a deliberate tenderness, and could not spare those half-effaced pencil marks of daily life.

In vain the healthy reactions of nature have so boldly in our own day challenged the love of greatness, and bid us turn from Boswellism to read the record of the village clerk. These obscure men, you say, have hearts also, busy lives, expanding souls. Study the simple annals of the poor, and you find there, only restricted and stifled by accident, Milton, Calderon, or Michel Angelo. Precisely for that, precisely because we might be such as these, if temperament and position had seconded the soul's behest, must we seek with eagerness this spectacle of the occasional manifestation of that degree of development which we call hero, poet, artist, martyr. A sense of the depths of love and pity in our obscure and private breasts bids us demand to see their sources burst up somewhere through the lava of circumstance, and Peter Bell has no sooner felt his first throb of penitence and piety, than he prepares to read the lives of the saints.

Of all those forms of life which in their greater achievement shadow forth what the accomplishment of our life in the ages must be, the artist's life is the fairest in this, that it weaves its web most soft and full, because of the material most at command. Like the hero, the statesman, the martyr, the artist differs from other men only in this, that the voice of the demon within the breast speaks louder, or is more early and steadily obeyed than by men in general. But colors, and marble, and paper scores are more easily found to use, and more under command, than the occasions of life or the wills of other men, so that we see in the poet's work, if not a higher sentiment, or a deeper meaning, a more frequent and more perfect fulfilment than in him who builds his temple from the world day by day, or makes a nation his canvass and his pallette.

It is also easier to us to get the scope of the artist's design and its growth as the area where we see it does not stretch vision beyond its power. The Sybil of Michel Angelo indeed shares the growth of centuries, as much as Luther's Reformation, but the first apparition of the one strikes both the senses and the soul, the other only the latter, so we look most easily and with liveliest impression at the Sybil.

Add the benefits of rehearsal and repetition. The grand Napoleon drama could be acted but once, but Mozart's Don Giovanni presents to us the same thought seven times a week, if we wish to yield to it so many.

The artists too are the young children of our sickly manhood, or wearied out old age. On us life has pressed till the form is marred and bowed down, but their youth is immortal, invincible, to us the inexhaustible prophecy of a second birth. From the naive lispings of their uncalculating lives are heard anew the tones of that mystic song we call Perfectibility, Perfection.

Artist biographies, scanty as they are, are always beautiful. The tedious cavil of the Teuton cannot degrade, nor the sultry superlatives of the Italian wither them. If any fidelity be preserved in the record, it always casts new light on their works. The exuberance of Italian praise is the better extreme of the two, for the heart, with all its blunders, tells truth more easily than the head. The records before us of the great composers are by the patient and reverent Germans, the sensible, never to be duped Englishman, or the sprightly Frenchman; but a Vasari was needed also to cast a broader sunlight on the scene. All artist lives are interesting. And those of the musicians, peculiarly so to-day, when Music is *the* living, growing art. Sculpture, Painting, Architecture are indeed not dead, but the life they exhibit is as the putting forth of young scions from an old root. The manifestation is hopeful rather than commanding. But music, after all the wonderful exploits of the last century, grows and towers yet. Beethoven, towering far above our heads, still with colossal gesture points above. Music is pausing now to explain, arrange, or explore the treasures so rapidly accumulated; but how great the genius thus employed, how vast the promise for the next revelation! Beethoven seems to

have chronicled all the sobs, the heart-heavings, and god-like Promethean thefts of the Earth-spirit. Mozart has called to the sister stars, as Handel and Haydn have told to other spheres what has been actually performed in this; surely they will answer through the next magician.

The thought of the law that supersedes all thoughts, which pierces us the moment we have gone far in any department of knowledge or creative genius, seizes and lifts us from the ground in Music. "Were but this known all would be accomplished" is sung to us ever in the triumphs of Harmony. What the other arts indicate and Philosophy infers, this all-enfolding language declares, nay publishes, and we lose all care for to-morrow or modern life in the truth averred of old, that all truth is comprised in music and mathematics.

> By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
> As sages taught where *faith* was found to merit
> Initiation in that mystery old.
> WORDSWORTH. *"Stanzas on the power of sound."*

A very slight knowledge of music makes it the best means of interpretation. We meet our friend in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb; we explain by the corresponding tone in an instrument that trait in our admired picture, for which no sufficiently subtle analogy had yet been found. Botany had never touched our true knowledge of our favorite flower, but a symphony displays the same attitude and hues; the philosophic historian had failed to explain the motive of our favorite hero, but every bugle calls and every trumpet proclaims him. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

Of course we claim for music only a greater rapidity, fulness, and, above all, delicacy of utterance. All is in each and each in all, so that the most barbarous stammering of the Hottentot indicates the secret of man, as clearly as the rudest zoophyte the perfection of organized being, or the first stop on the reed the harmonies of heaven. But music, by the ready medium, the stimulus and the upbearing elasticity it offers for the inspirations of thought, alone seems to present a living form rather than a dead monument to the desires of Genius.

The feeling naturally given by an expression so facile of the identity and universality of all thought, every thought, is beautifully expressed in this anecdote of Haydn.

When about to compose a symphony he was in the habit of animating his genius by imagining some little romance. An interesting account of one of these is given in Bombet's life of Haydn, p. 75.

"But when his object was not to express any particular affection, or to paint any particular images, all subjects were alike to him. '*The whole art consists*,' said he, '*in taking up a subject and pursuing it*.' Often when a friend entered as he was about to compose a piece, he would say with a smile, 'Give me a subject,' — 'Give a subject to Haydn! who would have the courage to do so?' 'Come, never mind,' he would say, 'give me anything you can think of,' and you were obliged to obey."

"Many of his astonishing quartetts exhibit marks of this (piece of dexterity, the French Chevalier is pleased to call it.) They commence with the most insignificant idea, but, by degrees, this idea assumes a character; it strengthens, increases, extends itself, and the dwarf becomes a giant before our wondering eyes."

This is one of the high delights received from a musical composition more than from any other work of art, except perhaps the purest effusions of lyric poetry, that you feel at once both the result and the process. The musician enjoys the great advantage of being able to excite himself to compose by his instrument. This gives him a great advantage above those who are obliged to execute their designs by implements less responsive and exciting. Bach did not consider his pupils as at all advanced, till they could compose from the pure mental harmony, without the outward excitement of the instrument; but, though in the hours of inspiration the work grows of itself, yet the instrument must be of the greatest use to multiply and prolong these hours. We find that all these great composers were continually at the piano. Haydn seated himself there the first thing in the morning, and Beethoven, when so completely deaf, that he could neither tune his violin and piano, nor hear the horrible discords he made upon them, stimulated himself continually by the manual utter-

ance to evolution of the divine harmonies which were lost forever to his bodily ear.

It is mentioned by Bombet, as another advantage which the musician possesses over other artists, that —

"His productions are finished as soon as imagined. Thus Haydn, who abounded in such beautiful ideas, incessantly enjoyed the pleasure of creation. The poet shares this advantage with the composer; but the musician can work faster. A beautiful ode, a beautiful symphony, need only be imagined, to cause, in the mind of the author, that secret admiration, which is the life and soul of artists. But in the studies of the military man, of the architect; the sculptor, the painter, there is not invention enough for them to be fully satisfied with themselves; further labors are necessary. The best planned enterprise may fail in the execution; the best conceived picture may be ill painted; all this leaves in the mind of the inventor an obscurity, a feeling of uncertainty, which renders the pleasure of creation less complete. Haydn, on the contrary, in imagining a symphony, was perfectly happy; there only remained the physical pleasure of hearing it performed, and the moral pleasure of seeing it applauded."

Plausible as this comparison appears at first; the moment you look at an artist like Michel Angelo, who, by deep studies and intensity of survey, had attained such vigor of conception and surety of hand, that forms sprang forth under his touch as fresh, as original, and as powerful, as on the first days when there was light upon the earth, so that he could not turn his pencil this way or that, but these forms came upon the paper as easily as plants from the soil where the fit seed falls, — at Raphael, who seemed to develop at once in his mind the germ of all possible images, so that shapes flowed from his hand plenteous and facile as drops of water from the open sluice, we see that the presence of the highest genius makes all mediums alike transparent, and that the advantages of one over the other respect only the more or less rapid growth of the artist, and the more or less lively effect on the mind of the beholder. All high art says but one thing; but this is said with more or less pleasure by the artist, felt with more or less pleasure by the beholder, according to the flexibility and fulness of the language.

As Bombet's lives of Haydn and Mozart are accessible

here through an American edition, I shall not speak of these masters with as much particularity as of the three other artists. Bombet's book, though superficial, and in its attempts at criticism totally wanting in that precision which can only be given by a philosophical view of the subject, is lively, informed by a true love for beauty, and free from exaggeration as to the traits of life which we most care for. The life of Haydn is the better of the two, for the calm and equable character of this great man made not much demand on insight. It displays throughout the natural decorum and freedom from servile and conventional restraints, the mingling of dignity and tenderness, the singleness of aim, and childlike simplicity in action proper to the artist life. It flowed a gentle, bounteous river, broadening ever beneath the smiles of a "calm pouring sun." A manly uniformity makes his life intelligible alike to the genius and the citizen. Set the picture in its proper frame, and we think of him with great pleasure, sitting down nicely dressed, with the diamond on his finger given him by the King of Prussia, to compose the Creation, or the Seven Words. His life was never little, never vehement, and an early calm hallowed the gush of his thoughts. We have no regret, no cavil, little thought for this life of Haydn. It is simply the fitting vestibule to the temple of his works.

The healthy energy of his nature is well characterized by what is said of his "obstinate joy."

"The magic of his style seems to me to consist in a predominating character of liberty and joy. This joy of Haydn is a perfectly natural, pure, and continual exaltation; it reigns in the *allegros*, it is perceptible even in the grave parts, and pervades the *andantes* in a sensible degree.

"In these compositions where it is evident from the rhythm, the tone, and the general character, that the author intends to inspire melancholy, this obstinate joy, being unable to show itself openly, is transformed into energy and strength. Observe, this sombre gravity is not pain; it is joy constrained to disguise itself which might be called the concentrated joy of a savage; but never sadness, dejection, or melancholy. Haydn has never been really melancholy more than two or three times; in a verse of his *Stabat Mater*, and in two of the adagios of the *Seven Words*.

"This is the reason why he has never excelled in dramatic

music. Without melancholy, there can be no impassioned music."

All the traits of Haydn's course, his voluntary servitude to Porpora, his gratitude shown at so dear a rate to his Mæcenas, the wig-maker, his easy accommodation to the whims of the Esterhazies, and his wise views of the advantage derived to his talent from being forced to compose nightly a fresh piece for the baryton of Prince Nicholas, the economy of his time, and content with limited means, each and all show the man moderate because so rich, modest because so clear-sighted, robust, ample, nobly earnest, rather than fiery and aspiring. It is a great character, one that does not rouse us to ardent admiration, but always commands, never disappoints. Bombet compares him in his works to Ariosto, and the whole structure of his character reminds us of the "Ariosto of the North," Walter Scott. Both are examples of that steady and harmonious action of the faculties all through life, so generally supposed inconsistent with gifts like theirs; both exhibit a soil fertile from the bounties of its native forests, and unaided by volcanic action.

The following passage is (to say nothing of its humor) very significant on the topic so often in controversy, as to whether the descriptive powers of music are of the objective or subjective character.

Of an opera, composed by Haydn to Curtz's order, at the age of nineteen —

"Haydn often says, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode of representing the waves in a tempest in this opera, than he afterwards had in writing fugues with a double subject. Curtz, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle. Neither of the two authors had ever seen either sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the piano forte. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after another, with rapidity, and at every moment, alps and abysses succeed each other.'

"This fine description was of no avail. In vain did harle-

quin add the thunder and lightning. 'Come describe for me all these horrors,' he repeated incessantly, 'but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and valleys.'

"Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and, bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed 'The devil take the tempest.' 'That's it, that's it,' cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck and nearly stifling him. Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage in thinking of the storm in *The Devil on two Sticks.*

"'But how,' said I to him, 'is it possible, by sounds, to describe a tempest, and that *distinctly* too? As this great man is indulgence itself, I added, that, by imitating the peculiar tones of a man in terror or despair, *an author of genius may communicate to an auditor the sensations which the sight of a storm would cause;* but,' said I, 'music can no more represent a tempest, than say 'Mr. Haydn lives near the barrier of Schonbrann.' 'You may be right,' replied he, 'but recollect, nevertheless, that words and especially scenery guide the imagination of the spectator.'"

Let it be an encouragement to the timidity of youthful genius to see that an eaglet like Haydn has ever groped and flown so sidewise from the aim.

In later days, though he had the usual incapacity of spontaneous genius, as to giving a reason for the faith that was in him, he had also its perfect self-reliance. He, too, would have said, when told that the free expression of a thought was contrary to rule, that he would make it a rule then, and had no reason to give why he put a phrase or note here, and thus, except "It was best so. It had the best effect so." The following anecdote exhibits in a spirited manner the contrast between the free genius and the pedant critic.

"Before Haydn had lost his interest in conversation, he related with pleasure many anecdotes respecting his residence in London. A nobleman passionately fond of music, according to his own account, came to him one morning, and asked him to give him some lessons in counterpoint, at a guinea a lesson. Haydn, seeing that he had some knowledge of music,

accepted his proposal. 'When shall we begin?' 'Immediately, if you please,' replied the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket a quartett of Haydn's. 'For the first lesson continued he, 'let us examine this quartett, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules.'

'Haydn, a little surprised, said, that he was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and, from the very first bar, found something to remark upon every note. Haydn, with whom invention was a habit, and who was the opposite of a pedant, found himself a good deal embarrassed, and replied continually, 'I did so because it has a good effect; I have placed this passage here, because I think it suitable.' The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still returned to his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly, that his quartett was good for nothing. 'But, my Lord, arrange this quartett in your own way; hear it played, and you will then see which of the two is best.' 'How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?' 'Because it is the most agreeable.' My Lord still returned to the subject. Haydn replied as well as he was able; but, at last, out of patience, 'I see, my Lord,' said he, 'that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess, that I do not merit the honor of having such a master.' The advocate of the rules went away, and cannot to this day understand how an author, who adheres to them, should fail of producing a Matrimonio Segreto."

I must, in this connexion, introduce a passage from the life of Handel. "The highest effort of genius here (in music) consists in direct violations of rule. The very first answer of the fugue in the overture to Mucius Scævola affords an instance of this kind. Geminiani, the strictest observer of rule, was so charmed with this direct transgression of it, that, on hearing its effect, he cried out *Quel semitono* (meaning the f sharp) *vale un mondo.* That semitone is worth a world."

I should exceedingly like to quote the passage on Haydn's quartetts, and the comparison between the effect produced by one of his and one of Beethoven's. But room always fails us in this little magazine. I cannot however omit a passage, which gave me singular pleasure, referring to Haydn's opinion of the importance of the air. For the air is the *thought* of the piece, and ought never

to be disparaged from a sense of the full flow of concord.

"Who would think it? This great man, under whose authority our miserable pedants of musicians, without genius, would fain shelter themselves, repeated incessantly; 'Let your *air* be good, and your composition, whatever it be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly please.'

"'It is the soul of music,' continued he, 'it is the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition. Without this, Tartini may find out the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard but a labored sound; which, though it may not offend the ear, leaves the head empty and the heart cold.'"

The following passage illustrates happily the principle. "Art is called *Art*, because it is not Nature."

"In music the best physical imitation is, perhaps, that which only just indicates its object; which shows it to us through a veil, and abstains from scrupulously representing nature exactly as she is. This kind of imitation is the perfection of the descriptive department. You are aware, my friend, that all the arts are founded to a certain degree on what is not true; an obscure doctrine, notwithstanding its apparent clearness, but from which the most important principles are derived. It is thus that from a dark grotto springs the river, which is to water vast provinces. You have more pleasure in seeing a beautiful picture of the garden of the Tuilleries, than in beholding the same garden, faithfully reflected from one of the mirrors of the chateau; yet the scene displayed in the mirror has far more variety of coloring than the painting, were it the work of Claude Lorraine; the figures have motion; everything is more true to nature; still you cannot help prefering the picture. A skilful artist never departs from that degree of falsity which is allowed in the art he professes. He is well aware, that it is not by imitating nature to such a degree as to produce deception, that the arts give pleasure; he makes a distinction between those accurate daubs, called eye-traps, and the St. Cecilia of Raphael. Imitation should produce the effect which the object imitated would have upon us, did it strike us in those fortunate moments of sensibility and enjoyment, which awaken the passions."

The fault of this passage consists in the inaccurate use of the words *true* and *false*. Bombet feels distinctly that truth to the ideal is and must be above truth to the actual; it is only because he feels this, that he enjoys the music

of Haydn at all; and yet from habits of conformity and complaisance he well nigh mars his thought by use of the phraseology of unthinking men, who apprehend no truth beyond that of facts apparent to the senses.

Let us pass to the life of Handel. We can but glance at these great souls, each rich enough in radiating power to be the centre of a world; and can only hope to indicate, not declare, their different orbits and relations. Haydn and Mozart both looked to Handel with a religious veneration. Haydn was only unfolded to his greatest efforts after hearing, in his latest years, Handel's great compositions in England.

"One day at Prince Schwartzenberg's, when Handel's Messiah was performed, upon expressing my admiration of one of the sublime choruses of that work, Haydn said to me thoughtfully, *This man is the father of us all.*

"I am convinced, that, if he had not studied Handel, he would never have written the *Creation;* his genius was fired by that of this master. It was remarked by every one here, that after his return from London, there was more grandeur in his ideas; in short, he approached, as far as is permitted to human genius, the unattainable object of his songs. Handel is simple; his accompaniments are written in three parts only; but, to use a Neapolitan phrase of Gluck's, *There is not a note that does not draw blood.*" — Bombet, p. 180.

"Mozart most esteemed Porpora, Durante, Leo, and Alessandro Scarlatti, but he placed Handel above them all. He knew the principal works of that great master by heart. He was accustomed to say, Handel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like the thunderbolt." — Ibid. p. 291.

Both these expressions, that of Gluck and that of Mozart, happily characterize Handel in the vigor and grasp of his genius, as Haydn, in the amplitude and sunny majesty of his career, is well compared to the gazing, soaring eagle.

I must insert other beautiful tributes to the genius of Handel.

After the quarrel between Handel and many of the English nobles, which led to their setting up an opera in opposition to his, they sent to engage Hasse and Porpora, as their composers. When Hasse was invited over, the

first question he asked was, whether Handel was dead. Being answered in the negative, he long refused to come, thinking it impossible that a nation, which might claim the benefit of Handel's genius could ask aid from any other.

When Handel was in Italy, Scarlatti saw him first at the carnival, playing on the harpsichord, in his mask. Scarlatti immediately affirmed it could be none but the famous Saxon or the devil.

Scarlatti, pursuing the acquaintance, tried Handel's powers in every way.

"When they came to the organ, not a doubt remained as to which the preference belonged. Scarlatti himself declared the superiority of his antagonist, and owned that until he had heard him upon this instrument, he had no conception of his powers. So greatly was he struck with his peculiar way of playing, that he followed him all over Italy, and was never so happy as when he was with him. And ever afterwards, Scarlatti, as often as he was admired for his own great execution, would mention Handel, and cross himself in token of veneration." — *Life of Handel.*

These noble rivalries, this tender enthusiastic conviction of the superiority of another, this religious

"joy to feel
A foeman worthy of our steel,"

one instance of which delights us more than all the lonely achievements of intellect, as showing the two fold aspect of the soul, and linking every nature, generous enough for sympathy, in the golden chain, which upholds the earth and the heavens, are found everywhere in the history of high genius. Only the little men of mere talent deserve a place at Le Sage's supper of the authors. Genius cannot be forever on the wing; it craves a home, a holy land; it carries reliquaries in the bosom; it craves cordial draughts from the goblets of other pilgrims. It is always pious, always chivalric; the artist, like the preux, throws down his shield to embrace the antagonist, who has been able to pierce it; and the greater the genius the more do we glow with delight at his power of feeling, — need of feeling reverence not only for the creative soul, but for its manifestation through fellow men. What melody of

Beethoven's is more melodious, than his letter of regal devotion to Cherubini, or the transport with which he calls out on first hearing the compositions of Schubert; "Wahrlich in dem Schubert wohnt ein göttlicher Funke." Truly in Schubert dwells a divine fire.*

But to return to Handel. The only biography of him I have seen is a little volume from the library of the University at Cambridge, as brief, and, in the opinion of the friend who brought it to me, as dry and scanty as possible. I did not find it so. It is written with the greatest simplicity, in the style of the days of Addison and Steele; and its limited technology contrasts strongly with the brilliancy of statement and infinite "*nuances*" of the present style of writing on such subjects. But the writer is free from exaggeration, without being timid or cold; and he brings to his work the requisites of a true feeling of the genius of Handel, and sympathy with his personal character. This lies, indeed, so deep, that it never occurs to him to give it distinct expression; it is only implied in his selection, as judicious as simple, of anecdotes to illustrate it.

For myself, I like a dry book, such as is written by men who give themselves somewhat tamely to the task in hand. I like to read a book written by one who had no higher object than mere curiosity, or affectionate sympathy, and never draws an inference. Then I am sure of the facts more nakedly true, than when the writer has any theory of his own, and have the excitement all the way of putting them into new relations. The present is the gentle, faithful narrative of a private friend. He does not give his name, nor pretend to anything more than a slight essay towards giving an account of so great a phenomenon as Handel.

The vigor, the ready decision, and independence of Handel's character are displayed in almost every trait of his youthful years. At seven years old he appears as if really inspired by a guardian genius. His father was going

* As Schubert's music begins to be known among ourselves, it may be interesting to record the names of those songs which so affected Beethoven. They are Ossian's Gesänge, Die Burgschaft, Die junge Nonne, and Die Grenze der Menschheit.

to Weissenfels, to visit an elder son, established at court there. He refused to take the little Handel, thinking it would be too much trouble. The boy, finding tears and entreaties of no avail, stole out and followed the carriage on foot. When his father perceived him persist in this, he could resist no longer, but took him into the carriage and carried him to Weissenfels. There the Duke, hearing him play by accident in the chapel, and finding it was but a little child, who had been obliged too to cultivate his talent by stealth, in opposition to the wishes of his father, interfered, and removed all obstruction from the course of his destiny.

Like all the great musicians he was precocious. This necessarily results from the more than usually delicate organization they must possess, though, fortunately for the art, none but Mozart has burnt so early with that resplendence that prematurely exhausted his lamp of life. At nine years of age Handel composed in rule, and played admirably on more than one instrument. At fifteen he insisted on playing the first harpsichord at the Hamburg opera house, and again his guardian genius interfered in a manner equally picturesque and peculiar.

"The elder candidate was not unfit for the office, and insisted on the right of succession. Handel seemed to have no plea, but that of natural superiority, of which he was conscious, and from which he would not recede."

Parties ran high; the one side unwilling that a boy should arrogate a place above a much older man, one who had a prior right to the place, the other maintaining that the opera-house could not afford to lose so great a composer as Handel gave promise of becoming, for a punctilio of this kind. Handel at last obtained the place.

"Determined to make Handel pay dear for his priority, his rival stifled his rage for the present, only to wait an opportunity of giving it full vent. One day, as they were coming out of the orchestra, he made a push at Handel with a sword, which being aimed full at his heart, would forever have removed him from the office he had usurped, but for the friendly score which he accidentally carried in his bosom, and through which to have forced the weapon would have demanded the might of Ajax himself. Had this happened in the early ages, not a

mortal but would have been persuaded that Apollo himself had interfered to preserve him, in the shape of a music-book."

The same guardian demon presided always over his outward fortunes. His life, like that of Haydn, was one of prosperity. The only serious check he ever experienced (at a very late day in England) was only so great as to stimulate his genius to manifest itself by a still higher order of efforts, than before (his oratorios.) And these were not only worthy of his highest aspirations, but successful with the public of his own day.

It is by no means the case in the arts, that genius must not expect sympathy from its contemporaries. Its history shows it in many instances, answering as much as prophesying. And Haydn, Handel, and Mozart seemed to culminate to a star-gazing generation.

While yet in his teens, Handel met the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was very desirous to send him to Italy, at his own expense, that he might study the Italian music in its native land. "But he refused to accept the Duke's offer, though determined to go as soon as he could make up a privy purse for the purpose. And this noble independency he preserved through life," and we may add the twin sister, liberality, for we find scattered through his life numerous instances of a wise and princely beneficence.

When he at last went to Italy, he staid six years, a period of inestimable benefit to his growth. I pause with delight at this rare instance of a mind obtaining the food it craves, just at the time it craves it. The *too early* and *too late*, which prevent so many "trees from growing up into the heavens," withered no hour of Handel's life. True, the compensating principle showed itself in his regard, for he had neither patience nor fortitude, which the usual training might have given. But it seems as if what the man lost, the genius gained, and we cannot be displeased at the exception which proves the rule.

The Italians received him with that affectionate enthusiasm, which they show as much towards foreign as native talent. The magnanimous delight, with which they greeted West, and, as it is said, now greet our countryman Powers, which not many years since made their halls resound with the cry, "there is no tenor like Braham," was heard in

shouts of, "Viva il caro Sassone!" at every new composition given by Handel on their stage. The people followed him with rapture; the nobles had musical festivals prepared in his honor; Scarlatti's beautiful homage has been mentioned above; and the celebrated Corelli displayed the same modest and noble deference to his instructions. He, too, addressed him as "*Caro Sassone.*"

A charming anecdote of Corelli is not irrelevant here.

"A little incident relating to Corelli shows his character so strongly, that I shall be excused for reciting it, though foreign to our present purpose. He was requested one evening to play, to a large and polite company, a fine Solo which he had lately composed. Just as he was in the midst of his performance, some of the number began to discourse together a little unseasonably; Corelli gently lays down his instrument. Being asked whether anything was the matter with him; nothing, he replied, he was only afraid that he interrupted the conversation. The elegant propriety of this silent censure, joined with his genteel and good-humored answer, afforded great pleasure, even to the persons who occasioned it. They begged him to resume his instrument, assuring him at the same time, that he might depend on all the attention which the occasion required, and which his merit ought before to have commanded."—*Life of Handel.*

His six years' residence in Italy educated Handel's genius into a certainty, vigor, and command of resources that made his after career one track of light. The forty years of after life are one continued triumph, a showering down of life and joy on an expectant world.

Although Germany offered every encouragement both from people and princes, England suited him best, and became the birth-place of his greatest works. For nine years after he began to conduct the opera-house his success with the public and happiness in his creative life appears to have been perfect. Then he came for brief space amid the breakers. It is, indeed, rather wonderful that he kept peace so long with those most refractory subjects, the singers, than that it should fail at last. Fail at last it did! Handel was peremptory in his requisitions, the singing birds obstinate in their disobedience; the public divided, and the majority against Handel. The following little recital of one of his many difficulties, with

his prima-donnas, exhibits his character with amusing fidelity.

"Having one day some words with Cuzzoni on her refusing to sing *Cara Immagine* in *Ottone*. 'Oh Madame,' said he, 'je sais bien que vous êtes une veritable Diable, mais je vous ferai sçavoir, moi, que je suis Beelzebub le *Chef* des Diables.' With this he took her up by the waist, swearing that, if she made any more words, he would fling her out of the window. It is to be noted, (adds the biographer with Counsellor Pleydel-like facetiousness,) that this was formerly one of the methods of executing criminals in Germany, a process not unlike that of the Tarpeian rock, and probably derived from it."—*Life of Handel.*

Senesino, too, was one of Handel's malcontent aids, the same of whom the famous anecdote is told, thus given in the Life of Haydn.

"Senesino was to perform on a London theatre the character of a tyrant, in I know not what opera; the celebrated Farinelli sustained that of an oppressed prince. Farinelli, who had been giving concerts in the country, arrived only a few hours before the representation, and the unfortunate hero and the cruel tyrant saw one another for the first time on the stage. When Farinelli came to his first air, in which he supplicates for mercy, he sung it with such sweetness and expression, that the poor tyrant, totally forgetting himself, threw himself upon his neck and repeatedly embraced him."

The refined sensibility and power of free abandonment to the life of the moment, displayed in this anecdote, had made Senesino the darling, the spoiled child of the public, so that they were ungrateful to their great father, Handel. But he could not bow to the breeze. He began life anew at the risk of the wealth he had already acquired, and these difficulties only urged him to new efforts. The Oratorio dawned upon his stimulated mind, and we may, perhaps, thank the humors of Senesino and Faustina for the existence of the Messiah.

The oratorios were not brought forward without opposition. That part of the public, which, in all ages, walks in clogs on the greensward, and prefers a candle to the sun, which accused Socrates of impiety, denounced the Tartuffe of Moliere as irreligious, which furnishes largely the Oxford press in England, and rings its little alarm bell

among ourselves at every profound and universal statement of religious experience, was exceedingly distressed, that Handel should profane the details of Biblical history by wedding them to his God-given harmonies. Religion, they cried, was lost; she must be degraded, familiarized; she would no longer speak with authority after she had been sung. But, happily, owls hoot in vain in the ear of him whose soul is possessed by the Muse, and Handel, like all the great, could not even understand the meaning of these petty cavils. Genius is fearless; she never fancies herself wiser than God, as Prudence does. She is faithful, for she has been trusted, and feels the presence of God in herself too clearly to doubt his government of the world.

Handel's great exertions at this period brought on an attack of paralysis, which he cured by a course that shows his untamed, powerful nature, and illustrates in a homely way the saying, Fortune favors the brave.

Like Tasso, and other such fervid and sanguine persons, if he could at last be persuaded to use a remedy for any sickness, he always overdid the matter. As for this palsied arm, —

"It was thought best for him to have recourse to the vapor baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, over which he sat three times as long as hath ever been the practice. Whoever knows anything of the nature of these baths, will, from this instance, form some idea of his surprising constitution. His sweats were profuse beyond what can well be imagined. His cure, from the manner as well as from the quickness with which it was wrought, passed with the nuns for a miracle. When, but a few hours from the time of his leaving the bath, they heard him at the organ in the principal church, as well as convent, playing in a manner so much beyond what they had ever heard or even imagined, it is not wonderful, that they should suppose the interposition of a higher power."

He remained, however, some weeks longer at the baths to confirm the cure, thus suddenly effected by means that would have destroyed a frame of less strength and energy. The more cruel ill of blindness fell upon his latest years, but he had already run an Olympian course, and could sit still with the palm and oak crowns upon his brows.

Handel is a Greek in the fulness and summer glow of

his nature, in his directness of action and unrepentant steadfastness. I think even with a pleasure, in which I can hardly expect sympathy, since even his simple biographer shrinks from it with the air of "a Person of Quality," on the fact that he was fond of good eating, and also ate a great deal. As he was neither epicure nor gourmand, I not only accept the excuse of the biographer, that a person of his choleric nature, vast industry, and energy, needed a great deal of sustenance; but it seems to me perfectly in character for one of his large heroic mould. I am aware that these are total abstinence days, especially in the regions of art and romance; but the Greeks were wiser and more beautiful, if less delicate than we; and I am strongly reminded by all that is said of Handel, of a picture painted in their golden age. The subject was Hercules at the court of Admetus; in the back ground handmaids are mourning round the corpse of the devoted Alceste, while in the foreground the son of Jove is satisfying what seems to his attendants an interminable hunger. They are heaping baskets, filling cans, toiling up the stairs with huge joints of meat; the hero snaps his fingers, impatient for the new course, though many an empty trencher bears traces of what he has already devoured. For why; a journey to Tartarus and conquest of gloomy Dis would hardly, in the natural state of society, be undertaken on a biscuit and a glass of lemonade. And when England was yet fresh from her grand revolution, and John Bull still cordially enjoyed his yule logs and Christmas feasts, "glorious John Dryden" was not ashamed to write thus of the heroes, —

"And when the *rage of hunger* was appeased."

Then a man was not ashamed of being not only a man in mind, but every inch a man. And Handel surely did not neglect to labor after he had feasted. Beautiful are the upward tending, slender stemmed plants! Not less beautiful and longer lived, those of stronger root, more powerful trunk, more spreading branches! Let each be true to his law; concord, not monotony, is music. We thank thee, Nature, for Handel, we thank thee for Mozart! — Yet one story from the Life of Handel ere we pass on. It must interest all who have observed the same phenomenon of a person exquisitely alive to the music of verse, stupified and bewildered by other music.

"Pope often met Handel at the Earl of Burlington's. One day after Handel had played some of the finest things he ever composed, Mr. Pope declared that they gave him no sort of pleasure; that his ears were of that untoward make, and reprobate cast, as to receive his music, which he was persuaded was the best that could be, with as much indifference as the airs of a common ballad. A person of his excellent understanding, it is hard to suspect of affectation. And yet it is as hard to conceive how an ear, so perfectly attentive to all the delicacies of rhythm and poetical numbers, should be totally insensible to the charm of musical sounds. An attentiveness, too, which was as discernible in his manner of reading, as it is in his method of writing." — *Life of Handel.*

The principal facts of that apparition which bore the name of Mozart, are well known. His precocious development was far more precocious than that of any other artist on record. (And here let us observe another correspondence between music and mathematics, that is, the early prodigies in childish form, which seem to say that neither the art nor the science requires the slow care of the gardener, Experience, but are plants indigenous to the soil, which need only air and light to lure them up to majestic stature.) Connected with this is his exquisite delicacy of organization, unparalleled save in the history of the fairy Fine Ear, so that at six years old he perceived a change of half a quarter of a note in the tuning of a violin, and fainted always at sound of the trumpet. The wonderful exploits which this accurate perception of and memory for sounds enabled him to perform, are known to every one, but I could read the story a hundred times yet, so great is its childish beauty. Again, allied with this are his extreme tenderness and loving nature. In this life (Schlichtegroll's translated by Bombet,) it is mentioned, "He would say ten times a day to those about him, 'Do you love me well?' and whenever in jest they said 'No,' the tears would roll down his cheeks.' I remember to have read elsewhere an anecdote of the same engaging character. "One day, when Mozart, (then in his seventh year,) was entering the presence chamber of the empress; he fell and hurt himself. The other young princesses laughed, but Marie Antoinette took him up, and consoled him with many caresses. The little Mozart said to her, "You are

good; I will marry you." Well for the lovely princess, if common men could have met and understood her lively and genial nature as Genius could, in its childlike need of love.

With this great desire for sympathy in the affections was linked, as by nature it should be, an entire self-reliance in action. Mozart knew nothing but music; on that the whole life of his soul was shed, but there he was as unerring and undoubting, as fertile and aspiring.

"At six years of age, sitting down to play in presence of the emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his majesty and asked; 'Is not M. Wagenseil here? We must send for *him*; *he* understands the thing.' The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. 'Sir,' said Mozart, to the composer, 'I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me.' The emperor said, in jest, to the little Wolfgang; 'It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers, but to play with only one, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary.' Without manifesting the least surprise at this strange proposal, the child immediately began to play with a single finger, and with the greatest possible precision and clearness. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner, as if he had long practised it.

From his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He only performed insignificant trifles when he had to do with people unacquainted with music. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, in order to make the great men, before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him."

Here, in childlike soft unconsciousness, Mozart acts the same part that Beethoven did, with cold imperial sarcasm, when the Allied Sovereigns were presented to him at Vienna. "I held myself 'vornehm,'" said Beethoven, that is, treated them with dignified affability; and his smile is one of saturnine hauteur, as he says it; for the nature, so deeply glowing towards man, was coldly disdainful to those who would be more than men, merely by the aid of money and trappings. Mozart's attitude is the lovelier and more

simple; but Beethoven's lion tread and shake of the mane are grand too.

The following anecdote shows, that Mozart (rare praise is this) was not less dignified and clear-sighted as a man than in his early childhood.

"The Italians at the court of the Emperor, Joseph the Second, spoke of Mozart's first essays (when he was appointed chapel-master) with more jealousy than fairness, and the emperor, who scarcely ever judged for himself, was easily carried away by their decisions. One day after hearing the rehearsal of a comic opera, which he had himself demanded of Mozart, he said to the composer, 'My dear Mozart, that is too fine for my ears; there are too many notes there.' 'I ask your majesty's pardon,' replied Mozart dryly; 'there are just as many notes as there should be.' The emperor said nothing, and appeared rather embarrassed by the reply; but when the opera was performed, he bestowed on it the greatest encomiums."

This anecdote certainly shows Joseph the Second to be not a mean man, if neither a sage nor a connoisseur.

Read in connexion with the foregoing, the traits recorded of the artist during his wife's illness, (Life of Mozart, p. 309,) and you have a sketch of a most beautiful character

Combined with this melting sweetness, and extreme delicacy, was a prophetic energy of deep-seated fire in his genius. He inspires while he overwhelms you. The vigor, the tenderness, and far-reaching ken of his conceptions were seconded by a range, a readiness, and flexibility in his talents for expression, which can only be told by the hackneyed comparison between him and Raphael. A life of such unceasing flow and pathetic earnestness must at any rate have early exhausted the bodily energies. But the high-strung nerves of Mozart made him excessive alike in his fondness for pleasure, and in the melancholy which was its reaction. His life was too eager and keen to last. The gift of presentiment, as much developed in his private history as in his works, offers a most interesting study to the philosophic observer, but one of too wide a scope for any discussion here.

I shall not speak of Mozart as a whole man, for he was not so; but rather the exquisite organ of a divine inspiration. He scarcely took root on the soil; not knowing

common purposes, cares, or discretions, his life was all crowded with creative efforts, and vehement pleasures, or tender feelings between. His private character was that of a child, as ever he loved to be stimulated to compose by having fairy tales told to him by the voice of affection. And when we consider how any art tends to usurp the whole of a man's existence, and music most of all to unfit for other modes of life, both from its stimulus to the senses and exaltation of the soul, we have rather reason to wonder that the other four great ones lived severe and manlike lives, than that this remained a voluptuary and a fair child. The virtues of a child he had, — sincerity, tenderness, generosity, and reverence. In the generosity with which he gave away the precious works of his genius, and the princely sweetness with which he conferred these favors, we are again reminded of Raphael. There are equally fine anecdotes of Haydn's value for him, and his for Haydn. Haydn answered the critics of "Don Giovanni," "I am not a judge of the dispute; all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer now existing." Mozart answered the critic on Haydn, "Sir, if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin!

We never hear the music of Mozart to advantage, yet no one can be a stranger to the character of his melodies. The idea charms me of a symbolical correspondence, not only between the soul of man and the productions of nature, but of a like harmony, pervading every invention of his own. It seems he has not only "builded better than he knew," when following out the impulse of his genius, but in every mechanical invention, so that all the furniture of man's life is necessarily but an aftergrowth of nature. It seems clear that not only every hue, every gem, every flower, every tree, has its correspondent species in the race of man, but the same may be said of instruments, as obviously of the telescope, microscope, compass. It is clearly the case with the musical instruments. As a child I at once thought of Mozart as the Flute, and to this day, cannot think of one without the other. Nothing ever occurred to confirm this fancy, till a year or two since, in the book now before me, I found with delight the following passage.

"The most remarkable circumstance in his music, independently of the genius displayed in it, is the novel way in which he employs the orchestra, especially the wind instruments. He draws surprising effect, from *the flute*, an instrument of which Cimarosa hardly ever made any use."

Ere bidding adieu to Mozart, to whom I have only turned your eyes, as the fowler directs those of the by-standers to the bird glancing through the heavens, which he had not skill to bring down, and consoles himself with thinking the fair bird shows truer, if farther, on the wing, I will insert three sonnets, so far interesting as showing the degree of truth with which these objects appear to one, who has enjoyed few opportunities of hearing the great masters, and is only fitted to receive them by a sincere love of music, which caused a rejection of the counterfeits that have been current among us. They date some years back, and want that distinctness of expression, so attainable to-day; but, if unaided by acquaintance with criticism on these subjects, have therefore the merit of being a pure New England growth, and deserve recording like Sigismund Biederman's comparison of Queen Margaret to his favorite of the Swiss pasture. "The queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands to the chalet, has not a statelier pace." — *Anne of Guerstein.*

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The charms of melody, in simple airs,
  By human voices sung, are always felt;
  With thoughts responsive, careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills, which our frail nature bears.
  We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great Master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach
  By laws which to the spirit-world belong, —
When several parts, to tell one mood combined,
  Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express,
Giving to matter subtlest powers of Mind,
  Superior joys attentive souls confess.
The Harmony which suns and stars obey,
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions
  of supernal day. —

BEETHOVEN.

Most intellectual master of the art,
  Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man
  The universe in all its varied plan, —
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
  There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;
  Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er knows;
There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,
  Float into wildest breezy interludes;
The past is all forgot, — hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows, — when lo! beneath
  The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we strive to free us from the chain, —
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

MOZART.

If to the intellect and passions strong
  Beethoven speak, with such resistless power,
  Making us share the full creative hour,
When his wand fixed wild Fancy's mystic throng,
Oh nature's finest lyre! to thee belong
  The deepest, softest tones of tenderness,
  Whose purity the listening angels bless,
With silvery clearness of seraphic song.
Sad are those chords, oh heavenward striving soul!
  A love, which never found its home on earth,
  Pensively vibrates, even in thy mirth.
And gentle laws thy lightest notes control;
Yet dear that sadness! Spheral concords felt
Purify most those hearts which most they melt.

We have spoken of the widely varying, commanding, yet bright and equable life of Haydn; of the victorious procession, and regal Alexandrine aspect of Handel; of the tender, beloved, overflowing, all too intense life of Mozart. They are all great and beautiful; look at them from what side you will, the foot stands firm, the mantle falls in wide and noble folds, and the eye flashes divine truths. But now we come to a figure still more Roman, John Sebastian Bach, all whose names we give to distinguish him from a whole family of geniuses, a race through which musical inspiration had been transmitted, without a break, for six generations; nor did it utterly fail, after coming to its full flower in John Sebastian; his sons, though

not equal to their father, were not unworthy their hereditary honors.

The life of Bach which I have before me, (translated from the German of J. N. Forkel, author also of the "Complete History of Music,") is by far the best of any of these records. It is exceedingly brief and simple, very bare of facts, but the wise, quiet enthusiasm of its tone, and the delicate discrimination of the remarks on the genius of Bach, bring us quite home to him and his artist-life. Bach certainly shines too lonely in the sky of his critic, who has lived in and by him, till he cannot see other souls in their due places, but would interrupt all hymns to other deities with "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" But his worship is true to the object, if false to the all, and the pure reverence of his dependence has made him fit to reproduce the genius which has fed his inmost life. All greatness should enfranchise its admirers, first from all other dominions, and then from its own. We cannot but think that Forkel has seen, since writing this book, that he deified Bach too exclusively, but he can never feel the shame of blind or weak obsequiousness. His, if idolatry, was yet in the spirit of true religion.

The following extract from the preface, gives an idea of the spirit in which the whole book is written.

"How do I wish I were able to describe, according to its merit, the sublime genius of this first of all artists, whether German or foreign! After the honor of being so great an artist, so preëminent above all as he was, there is perhaps no greater than that of being able duly to appreciate so entirely perfect an art, and to speak of it with judgment. He who can do the last must have a mind not wholly uncongenial to that of the artist himself, and has therefore, in some measure, the flattering probability in his favor, that he might perhaps have been capable of the first, if similar external relations had led him into the proper career. But I am not so presumptuous as to believe, that I could ever attain to such an honor. I am, on the contrary, thoroughly convinced, that no language in the world is rich enough to express all that might and should be said of the astonishing extent of such a genius. The more intimately we are acquainted with it, the more does our admiration increase. All our eulogiums, praises, and admiration will always be, and remain no more than well-meant prattle. Whoever has had an opportunity of comparing together the

works of art, of several centuries, will not find this declaration exaggerated; he will rather have adopted the opinion, that Bach's works cannot be spoken of, by him who is fully acquainted with them, except with rapture, and some of them even with a kind of sacred awe. We may indeed conceive and explain his management of the internal mechanism of the art; but how he contrived at the same time to inspire into this mechanic art, which he alone has attained in such high perfection, the living spirit which so powerfully attaches us even in his smallest works, will probably be always felt and admired only, but never conceived."

Of the materials for his narrative he says,

"I am indebted to the two eldest sons of J. S. Bach. I was not only personally acquainted with both, but kept up a constant correspondence with them for many years, chiefly with C. Ph. Emanuel. The world knows that they were both great artists; but it perhaps does not know that to the last moment of their lives they never spoke of their father's genius without enthusiasm and admiration. As I had from my early youth felt the same veneration for the genius of their father, it was a frequent theme of discussion with us, both in our conversations and correspondence. This made me by degrees so acquainted with everything relative to J. S. Bach's life, genius, and works, that I may now hope to be able to give to the public not only some detailed, but also useful information on the subject.

"I have no other object whatever than to call the attention of the public to an undertaking, the sole aim of which is to raise a worthy monument to German art, to furnish the true artist with a gallery of the most instructive models, and to open to the friends of musical science an inexhaustible source of the sublimest enjoyment."

The deep, tender repose in the contemplation of genius, the fidelity in the details of observation, indicated in this passage, are the chief requisites of the critic. But he should never say of any object, as Forkel does, it is the greatest that ever was or ever will be, for that is limiting the infinite, and making himself a bigot, gentle and patient perhaps, but still a bigot. All are so who limit the divine within the boundaries of their present knowledge.

The founder of the Bach family (in its musical phrase) was a Thuringian miller. "In his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into

the mill, and played upon it amidst all the noise and clatter." The same love of music, for its own sake, continued in the family for six generations. After enumerating the geniuses who illustrated it before the time of John Sebastian, Forkel says,

"Not only the above-mentioned, but many other able composers of the earlier generations of the family might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, and a more brilliant fortune, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, and to make themselves known in other countries. But we do not find that any one of them ever felt an inclination for such an emigration. Temperate and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live; and the intellectual enjoyment, which their art procured them, enabled them not only to be content without the gold chains, which used at that time to be given by great men to esteemed artists, as especial marks of honor, but also without the least envy to see them worn by others, who perhaps without these chains would not have been happy."

Nothing is more pleasing than the account of the jubilee which this family had once a year. As they were a large family, and scattered about in different cities, they met once a year and had this musical festival.

"Their amusements during the time of their meeting were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chanters, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the Church, and as it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did, when they were assembled, was to sing a hymn in chorus. From this pious commencement they proceeded to drolleries, which often made a very great contrast with it. They sang, for instance, popular songs, the contents of which are partly comic and partly licentious, all together, and extempore, but in such a manner that the several songs thus extemporized made a kind of harmony together, the words, however, in every part being different. They called this kind of extemporary chorus 'a Quodlibet,' and not only laughed heartily at it themselves, but excited an equally hearty and irresistible laughter in every body that heard them. Some persons are inclined to consider these facetiæ as the beginning of comic operettas in Germany; but such quodlibets were usual in Germany at a much earlier period. I possess myself a printed collection of them, which was published at Vienna in 1542."

In perfect harmony with what is intimated of the family, of their wise content, loving art, purely and religiously for its own sake, unallured by ambition or desire for excitement, deep and true, simple and modest in the virtues of domestic life, was the course of the greatest of them, John Sebastian. No man of whom we read has lived more simply the grand, quiet, manly life, "without haste, without rest." Its features are few, its outline large and tranquil. His youth was a steady aspiration to the place nature intended him to fill; as soon as he was in that place, his sphere of full, equable activity, he knew it, and was content. After that he was known by his fruits. As for outward occasions and honors, it was with him as always with the "Happy Warrior," who must

> "In himself possess his own desire;
> Who *comprehends his trust*, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all."

A pretty story of his childhood shows that he was as earnest in the attainment of excellence, as indifferent to notoriety.

"J. S. Bach was left an orphan at ten years of age, and was obliged to have recourse to an elder brother, John Christopher, who was organist at Ordruff. From him he received the first instructions in playing on the clavichord. But his inclination and talent for music must have been already very great at that time, since the pieces which his brother gave him to learn were so soon in his power, that he began with much eagerness to look out for some that were more difficult. He had observed that his brother had a book, in which were pieces by the most famous composers of the day, such as he wanted, and earnestly begged him to give it him. But it was constantly denied. His desire to possess the book was increased by the refusal, so that he at length sought means to get possession of it secretly. As it was kept in a cupboard, which had only a lattice door, and his hands were still small enough to pass through, so that he could roll up the book, which was merely stitched in paper, and draw it out, he did not long hesitate to make use of these favorable circumstances. But, for want of a candle, he could only copy it in moonlight nights; and it took six whole months

before he could finish his laborious task. At length, when he thought himself safely possessed of the treasure, and intended to make good use of it in secret, his brother found it out, and took from him, without pity, the copy which had cost him so much pains; and he did not recover it till his brother's death, which took place soon after."

Without pity indeed! What a tale is told by these few words of all the child suffered from disappointment of the hopes and plans, which had been growing in his heart all those six months of secret toil; hopes and plans too, so legitimate, on which a true parent or guardian would have smiled such delighted approval! One can scarcely keep down the swelling heart at these instances of tyranny to children, far worse than the knouts and Siberia of the Russian despot, in this, that the domestic tyrant cannot be wholly forgetful of the pain he is inflicting, though he may be too stupid or too selfish to foresee the consequences of these early wrongs, through long years of mental conflict. A nature so strong and kindly as that of Bach could not be crushed in such ways. But with characters of less force the consequences are more cruel. I have known an instance of life-long injury from such an act as this. An elder brother gave a younger a book; then, as soon as the child became deeply interested in reading it, tore out two or three leaves. Years after the blood boiled, and the eyes wept bitter tears of distrust in human sympathy, at remembrance of this little act of wanton wrong. And the conduct of Bach's brother is more coldly cruel.

The facts of his life are simple. Soon his great abilities displayed themselves, so as to win for him all that he asked from life, a moderate competency, a home, and a situation in which he could cultivate his talents with uninterrupted perseverance. A silent happiness lit up his days, deliberately, early he grew to giant stature, deeply honored wherever known, only not more widely known because indifferent to being so. No false lure glitters on his life from any side. He was never in a hurry, nor did he ever linger on the syren shore, but passed by, like Orpheus, not even hearing their songs, so enwrapt was he in the hymns he was singing to the gods.

Haydn is the untouched green forest in the fulness of a

June day; Handel the illuminated garden, where splendid and worldly crowds pause at times in the dark alleys, soothed and solemnized by the white moonlight; with Mozart the nightingale sings, and the lonely heron waves his wings, beside the starlit, secret lake, on whose bosom gazes the white marble temple. Bach is the towering, snowy mountain, "itself earth's Rosy Star," and the green, sunny, unasking valley, all in one. Earth and heaven are not lonely while such men live to answer to their meaning.

I had marked many passages which give a clear idea of Bach's vast intellectual comprehension, of the happy balance between the intuitive and the reasoning powers in his nature, the depth of his self-reliance, the untiring severity of his self-criticism, and the glad, yet solemn religious fulness of his mental life. But already my due limits are overstepped, and I am still more desirous to speak at some length of Beethoven. I shall content myself with two or three passages, which not only indicate the peculiar scope of this musician, but are of universal application to whatever is good in art or literature.

Bombet mentions this anecdote of Jomelli.

"On arriving at Bologna, he went to see the celebrated Father Martini, without making himself known, and begged to be received into the number of his pupils. Martini gave him a subject for a *fugue;* and finding that he executed it in a superior manner, 'Who are you?' said he, 'are you making game of me? It is I who need to learn of you.' 'I am Jomelli, the professor, who is to write the opera to be performed here next autumn, and I am come to ask you to teach me the great art of never being embarrassed by my own ideas.'"

There seems to have been no time in Bach's life when he needed to ask this question, the great one which Genius ever asks of Friendship. He did not need to flash out into clearness in another atmosphere than his own. Always he seems the master, possessing, not possessed by, his idea. These creations did not come upon him as on the ancient prophets, dazzling, unexpected, ever flowing from the centre of the universe. He was not possessed by the muse; he had not intervals of the second sight. The thought and the symbol were one with him, and like Shakspeare, he evolved from his own centre, rather than

was drawn to *the* centre. He tells the universe by living a self-centred world.

As becomes the greatest, he is not hasty, never presumptuous. We admired it in the child Mozart, that he executed at once the musical tour de force prepared by the Emperor Francis. We admire still more Bach's manly caution and sense of the importance of his art, when visiting, at an advanced age, the great Frederic, who seems to have received him king-like.

"The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the King to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately, without any preparation. The King admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the King."

The following anecdote shows the same deeply intellectual modesty and candor, and when compared with the inspired rapidity of Mozart, marks the distinction made by the French between "une savante originalité" and "une rayonnante originalité."

"He at length acquired such a high degree of facility, and, we may almost say, unlimited power over his instrument in all the modes, that there were hardly any more difficulties for him. As well in his unpremeditated fantasies, as in executing his other compositions, in which it is well known that all the fingers of both hands are constantly employed, and have to make motions which are as strange and uncommon as the melodies themselves; he is said to have possessed such certainty that he never missed a note. He had besides such an admirable facility in reading and executing the compositions of others, (which, indeed, were all easier than his own,) that he once said to an acquaintance, that he really believed he could play everything, without hesitating, at the first sight. He was, however, mistaken; and the friend, to whom he had thus expressed his opinion, convinced him of it before a week was passed. He invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which at the first

glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing them, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach got to the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. 'No,' he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the instrument, 'one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible.'"

A few more extracts which speak for themselves.

"The clavichord and the organ are nearly related, but the style and mode of managing both instruments are as different as their respective destination. What sounds well, or expresses something on the clavichord, expresses nothing on the organ, and vice versâ. The best player on the clavichord, if he is not duly acquainted with the difference in the destination and object of the two instruments, and does not know constantly how to keep it in view, will always be a bad performer on the organ, as indeed is usually the case. Hitherto I have met with only two exceptions. The one is John Sebastian himself, and the second his eldest son, William Friedemann. Both were elegant performers on the clavichord; but, when they came to the organ, no trace of the harpsichord player was to be perceived. Melody, harmony, motion, all was different; that is, all was adapted to the nature of the instrument and its destination. When I heard Will Friedemann on the harpsichord, all was delicate, elegant, and agreeable. When I heard him on the organ, I was seized with reverential awe. There, all was pretty, here, all was grand and solemn. The same was the case with John Sebastian, but both in a much higher degree of perfection. W. Friedemann was here but a child to his father, and he most frankly concurred in this opinion. The organ compositions of this extraordinary man are full of the expression of devotion, solemnity, and dignity; but his unpremeditated voluntaries on the organ, where nothing was lost in writing down, are said to have been still more devout, solemn, dignified, and sublime. What is it that is most essential in this art? I will say what I know; much, however, cannot be said, but must be felt."

Then after some excellent observations upon the organ, he says,

"Bach, even in his secular compositions, disdained everything common; but in his compositions for the organ, he kept himself far more distant from it; so that here he does not appear like a man, but as a true disembodied spirit, who soars above everything mortal."

It does indeed seem, from all that is said of Bach on this score, that, as the organ was his proper instrument, and represents him, as the flute or violin might Mozart, so he that heard him on it enjoyed the sense of the true Miltonic Creation, thought too plenteous to be spoken of as rill, or stream, or fountain, but rolling and surging like a tide, marking its course by the large divisions of seas and continents.

I wish there was room to quote the fine story of the opera house at Berlin, p. 34, which shows how rapid and comprehensive was his intellectual sight in his own department; or the remarks on the nature of his harmony in that it was a multiplied melody, p. 42, 43, or on the severe truth and dignity of his conduct to his pupils and the public, p. 76. But I must content myself with the following passages, which beside lose much by mutilation.

"The ideas of harmony and modulation can scarcely be separated, so nearly are they related to each other. And yet they are different. By harmony we must understand the concord or coincidence of the various parts; by modulation, their progression.

"In most composers you find that their modulation, or if you will, their harmony, advances slowly. In musical pieces to be executed by numerous performers, in large buildings, as, for example, in churches, where a loud sound can die away but slowly, this arrangement indisputably shows the prudence of a composer, who wishes to have his work produce the best possible effect. But in instrumental or chamber music, that slow progress is not a proof of prudence, but, far oftener, a sign that the composer was not sufficiently rich in ideas. Bach has distinguished this very well. In his great vocal compositions, he well knew how to repress his fancy, which, otherwise, overflowed with ideas; but, in his instrumental music this reserve was not necessary. As he, besides, never worked for the crowd, but always had in his mind his ideal of perfection, without any view to approbation or the like, he had no reason whatever for giving less than he had, and could give, and in fact he has never done this. Hence in the modulation of his

instrumental works, every advance is a new thought, a constantly progressive life and motion, within the circle of the modes chosen, and those nearly related to them. Of the harmony which he adopts he retains the greatest part, but, at every advance he mingles something related to it; and in this manner he proceeds to the end of a piece, so softly, so gently, and gradually, that no leap, or harsh transition is to be felt; and yet no bar (I may almost say, no part of a bar,) is like another. With him, every transition was required to have a connexion with the preceding idea, and appears to be a necessary consequence of it. He knew not, or rather he disdained those sudden sallies, by which many composers attempt to surprise their hearers. Even in his chromatics, the advances are so soft and tender, that we scarcely perceive their distances, though often very great."

"In other departments he had rivals; but in the fugue, and all the kinds of canon and counterpoint related to it, he stands quite alone, and so alone, that all around him is, as it were, desert and void. * * * It (his fugue) fulfils all the conditions which we are otherwise accustomed to demand, only of more free species of composition. A highly characteristic theme, an uninterrupted principal melody, wholly derived from it, and equally characteristic from the beginning to the end; not mere accompaniment in the other parts, but in each of them an independent melody, according with the others, also from the beginning to the end; freedom, lightness, and fluency in the progress of the whole, inexhaustible variety of modulation combined with perfect purity; the exclusion of every arbitrary note, not necessarily belonging to the whole; unity and diversity in the style, rhythmus, and measure; and lastly, a life diffused through the whole, so that it sometimes appears to the performer or hearer, as if every single note were animated; these are the properties of Bach's fugue, — properties which excite admiration and astonishment in every judge, who knows what a mass of intellectual energy is required for the production of such works. I must say still more. All Bach's fugues, composed in the years of his maturity, have the above-mentioned properties in common; they are all endowed with equally great excellencies, but each in a different manner. Each has his own precisely defined character; and dependent upon that, its own turns in melody and harmony. When we know and can perform *one*, we really know only *one*, and can perform but *one;* whereas we know and can play whole folios full of fugues by other composers of Bach's time, as soon as we have comprehended and rendered familiar to our hand, the turns of a single one."

He disdained any display of his powers. If they were made obvious otherwise than in the beauty and fulness of what was produced, it was in such a way as this.

"In musical parties, where quartettes or other fuller pieces of instrumental music were performed, he took pleasure in playing the tenor. With this instrument, he was, as it were, in the middle of the harmony, whence he could both hear and enjoy it, on both sides. When an opportunity offered, in such parties, he sometimes accompanied a trio or other pieces on the harpsichord. If he was in a cheerful mood, *and knew that the composer of the piece, if present, would not take it amiss*, he used to make extempore out of the figured bass a new trio, or of three single parts a quartette. These, however, are the only cases in which he proved to others how strong he was.

"He was fond of hearing the music of other composers. If he heard in a church a fugue for a full orchestra, and one of his two eldest sons stood near him, he always, as soon as he had heard the introduction to the theme, said beforehand what the composer ought to introduce, and what possibly might be introduced. If the composer had performed his work well, what he had said happened; then he rejoiced, and jogged his son to make him observe it."

He did not publish a work till he was forty years of age. He never laid aside the critical file through all his life, so that an edition of his works, accompanied by his own corrections, would be the finest study for the musician.

This severe ideal standard, and unwearied application in realizing it, made his whole life a progress, and the epithet *old*, which too often brings to our minds associations of indolence or decay, was for him the title of honor. It is noble and imposing when Frederic the Second says to his courtiers, "with a kind of agitation, 'Gentlemen, Old Bach has come.'"

"He labored for himself, like every true genius; he fulfilled his own wish, satisfied his own taste, chose his subjects according to his own opinion, and lastly, derived the most pleasure from his own approbation. The applause of connoisseurs could not then fail him, and, in fact, never did fail him. How else could a real work of art be produced? The artist, who endeavors to make his works so as to suit some particular class of amateurs, either has no genius, or abuses it. To follow the prevailing taste of the many, needs, at the most, some dexterity in a very partial manner of treating tones. Artists of this

description may be compared to the mechanic, who must also make his goods so that his customers can make use of them. Bach never submitted to such conditions. He thought the artist may form the public, but that the public does not form the artist."

But it would please me best, if I could print here the whole of the concluding chapter of this little book. It shows a fulness and depth of feeling, objects are seen from a high platform of culture, which make it invaluable to those of us who are groping in a denser atmosphere after the beautiful. It is a slight scroll, which implies ages of the noblest effort, and so clear perception of laws, that its expression, if excessive in the particular, is never extravagant on the whole; a true and worthy outpouring of homage, so true that its most technical details suggest the canons by which all the various exhibitions of man's genius are to be viewed, and silences, with silver clarion tone, the barking of partial and exclusive connoisseurship. The person who should republish such a book in this country would be truly a benefactor. Both this and the Life of Handel I have seen only in the London edition. The latter is probably out of print; but the substance of it, or rather the only pregnant traits from it have been given here. This life of Bach should be read, as its great subject should be viewed, as a whole.

The entertaining memoir of Beethoven by Ries and Wegeler has been, in some measure, made known to us through the English periodicals. I have never seen the book myself. That to which I shall refer is the life of Beethoven by Schindler, to whom Beethoven confided the task of writing it, in case of the failure of another friend, whom he somewhat preferred.

Schindler, if inadequate to take an observation of his subject from any very high point of view, has the merit of simplicity, fidelity, strict accuracy according to his power of discerning, and a devout reverence both for the art, and this greatest exemplar of the art. He is one of those devout Germans who can cling for so many years to a single flower, nor feel that they have rifled all its sweets. There are in Rome Germans who give their lives to copy the great masters in the art of painting, nor ever feel that they can get deep enough into knowledge of the beauty already produced

to pass out into reproduction. They would never weary through the still night of tending the lights for the grand mass. Schindler is of this stamp; a patient student, most faithful, and, those of more electric natures will perhaps say, a little dull.

He is very indignant at the more sprightly sketches of Ries and Bettina Brentano. Ries, indeed, is probably inaccurate in detail; yet there is a truth in the whole impression received from him. It was in the first fervor of his youth that he knew Beethoven; he was afterwards long separated from him; in his book we must expect to see rather Ries, under the influence of Beethoven, than the master's self. Yet there is always deeper truth in this manifestation of life through life, if we can look at it aright, than in any attempt at an exact copy of the original. Let only the reader read poetically, and Germany *by* Madame de Staël, Wallenstein *by* Schiller, Beethoven *by* Ries, are not the less true for being inaccurate. It is the same as with the Madonna *by* Guido, or *by* Murillo.

As for Bettina, it was evident to every discerning reader hat the great man never talked so; the whole narration is overflowed with Bettina rose-color. Schindler grimly says, the good Bettina makes him appear as a *Word Hero;* and we cannot but for a moment share his contempt, as we admire the granite laconism of Beethoven's real style, which is, beyond any other, the short hand of Genius. Yet "the good Bettina" gives us the soul of the matter. Her description of his manner of seizing a melody and then gathering together from every side all that belonged to it, and the saying, "other men are touched by something good. Artists are fiery; they do not weep," are Beethoven's, whether he really said them or not. "You say that Shakspeare never meant to express this! What then? his genius meant it!"

The impression Schindler gives of Beethoven differs from that given by Ries and Bettina only in this, that the giant is seen through uncolored glass; the lineaments are the same in all the three memoirs.

The direction left by Beethoven himself to his biographer is as follows. "Tell the truth with severe fidelity of me and all connected with me, without regard to whom it may hit, whether others or myself."

He was born 17th Dec., 1770. It is pleasing to the fancy to know that his mother's name was Maria Magdalena. She died when he was 17, so that a cabalistic number repeats itself the magical three times in the very first statement of his destiny.

The first thirty years of his life were all sunshine. His genius was early acknowledged, and princely friends enabled him to give it free play, by providing for his simple wants in daily life. Notwithstanding his uncompromising democracy, which, from the earliest period, paid no regard to rank and power, but insisted that those he met should show themselves worthy as men and citizens, before he would have anything to do with them, he was received with joy into the highest circles of Vienna. Van Swieten, the Emperor's physician, one of those Germans, who, after the labors of the day, find rest in giving the whole night to music, and who was so situated that he could collect round him all that was best in the art, was one of his firmest friends. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky constituted themselves his foster-parents, and were not to be deterred from their wise and tender care by the often perverse and impetuous conduct of their adopted son, who indeed tried them severely, for he was (ein gewaltig natur) "a vehement nature" that broke through all limits and always had to run his head against a barrier, before he could be convinced of its existence. Of the princess, Beethoven says; "With love like that of a grandmother, she sought to educate and foster me, which she carried so far as often to come near having a glass-bell put over me, lest somewhat unworthy should touch or even breathe on me." Their house is described as "eine freihafen der Humanitat und feinem sitte," the home of all that is genial, noble, and refined.

In these first years, the displays of his uncompromising nature affect us with delight, for they have not yet that hue of tragedy, which they assumed after he was brought more decidedly into opposition with the world. Here wildly great and free, as afterwards sternly and disdainfully so, he is, waxing or waning, still the same orb; here more fairly, there more pathetically noble.

He early took the resolution, by which he held fast through life, "against criticisms or attacks of any kind, so long as they did not touch his honor, but were aimed solely at his

artist-life, never to defend himself. He was not indifferent to the opinion of the good, but ignored as much as possible the assaults of the bad, even when they went so far as to appoint him a place in the mad-house." For that vein in human nature, which has flowed unexhausted ever since the days of "I am not mad, most noble Festus," making men class as magic or madness all that surpasses the range of their comprehension and culture, manifested itself in full energy among the contemporaries of Beethoven. When he published one of his greatest works, the critics declared him "*now* (in the very meridian of his genius) ripe for the mad-house." For why? "WE do not understand it; WE never had such thoughts; we cannot even read and execute them." Ah men! almost your ingratitude doth at times convince that you are wholly unworthy the visitations of the Divine!

But Beethoven "was an artist-nature"; he had his work to do, and could not stop to weep, either pitying or indignant tears. "If it amuses those people to say or to write such things of me, do not disturb them," was his maxim, to which he remained true through all the calamities of his "artist-life."

Gentleness and forbearance were virtues of which he was incapable. His spirit was deeply loving, but stern. Incapable himself of vice or meanness, he could not hope anything from men that were not so. He could not try experiments; he could not pardon. If at all dissatisfied with a man, he had done with him forever. This uncompromising temper he carried out even in his friendliest relations. The moment a man ceased to be important to him or he to the man, he left off seeing him, and they did not meet again, perhaps for twenty years. But when they *did* meet, the connexion was full and true as at first. The inconveniences of such proceedings in the conventional world are obvious, but Beethoven knew only the world of souls.

"In man he saw only the man. Rank and wealth were to him mere accidents, to which he attached no importance. To bow before Mammon and his ministers he considered absolute blasphemy; the deepest degradation to the man who had genius for his dower. The rich man must show himself noble and beneficent, if he would be honored by the least attention from Beethoven." "He thought that the Spirit, the Divine in man,

must always maintain its preëminence over the material and temporary; that, being the immediate gift of the Creator, it obliged its possessor to go before other men as a guiding light."

How far his high feeling of responsibility, and clear sight of his own position in the universe were from arrogance, he showed always by his aversion to servile homage. He left one of his lodging houses because the people would crowd the adjacent bridge to gaze on him as he went out; another because the aristocratic proprietor, abashed before his genius, would never meet him without making so many humble reverences, as if to a domesticated god. He says in one of the letters to Julietta, "I am persecuted by kindness, which I think I wish to deserve as little as I really do deserve it. Humility of man before man, — it pains me; — and when I regard myself in connexion with the universe, what am I? and what is he whom they name Greatest? And yet there *is* the Godlike in man."

"Notwithstanding the many temptations to which he was exposed, he, like each other demigod, knew how to preserve his virtue without a stain. Thus his inner sense for virtue remained ever pure, nor could he suffer anything about him of dubious aspect on the moral side. In this respect he was conscious of no error, but made his pilgrimage through life in untouched maidenly purity. The serene muse, who had so highly gifted and elected him to her own service, gave in every wise to his faculties the upward direction, and protected him, even in artistical reference, against the slightest contact with vulgarity, which, in life as in art, was to him a torture." — "Ah, had he but carried the same clearness into the business transactions of his life!"

So sighs the friend, who thinks his genius was much impeded by the transactions, in which his want of skill entangled him with sordid, contemptible persons.

Thus in unbroken purity and proud self-respect; amid princely bounties and free, manly relations; in the rapid and harmonious development of his vast powers, passed the first thirty years of his life. But towards the close of that period, crept upon him the cruel disorder, to him of all men the most cruel, which immured him a prisoner in the heart of his own kingdom, and beggared him for the rest of his life of the delights he never ceased to lavish on others.

After his fate was decided he never complained, but what lay in the secret soul is shown by the following paper.

"During the summer he lived at Heiligenstadt, by the advice of his physician, and in the autumn wrote the following testament.

"For my brothers Carl and —— Beethoven.

"O ye men, who esteem or declare me unkind, morose, or misanthropic, what injustice you do me; you know not the secret causes of that which so seems. My heart and my mind were from childhood disposed to the tender feelings of good will. Even to perform great actions was I ever disposed. But think only that for six years this ill has been growing upon me, made worse by unwise physicians; that from year to year I have been deceived in the hope of growing better; finally constrained to the survey of this as a permanent evil, whose cure will require years, or is perhaps impossible. Born with a fiery, lively temperament, even susceptible to the distractions of society, must I early sever myself, lonely pass my life. If I attempted, in spite of my ill, intercourse with others, O how cruelly was I then repulsed by the doubly gloomy experience of my bad hearing; and yet it was not possible for me to say to men, speak louder, scream, for I am deaf! Ah, how would it be possible for me to make known the weakness of a sense which ought to be more perfect in me than in others, a sense which I once possessed in the greatest perfection, in a perfection certainly beyond most of my profession. O I cannot do it. Therefore pardon, if you see me draw back when I would willingly mingle with you. My misfortune is a double woe, that through it I must be misunderstood. For me the refreshment of companionship, the finer pleasures of conversation, mutual outpourings can have no place. As an exile must I live! If I approach a company, a hot anguish falls upon me, while I fear to be put in danger of exposing my situation. So has it been this half year that I have passed in the country. The advice of my friendly physician, that I should spare my hearing, suited well my present disposition, although many times I have let myself be misled by the desire for society. But what humiliation, when some one stood near me, and from afar heard the flute, and I heard *nothing*, or *heard the Shepherd sing*,* and I heard nothing. Such occurrences brought me near to despair; little was wanting that I should, myself, put an end to my life. Only she, Art, she held me back! Ah! it seemed to me impossible to leave the world before I had brought to light all

* See Ries.

which lay in my mind. And so I lengthened out this miserable life, so truly miserable, as that a swift change can throw me from the best state into the worst. *Patience*, it is said, I must now take for my guide. I have so. Constant, I hope, shall my resolution be to endure till the inexorable Fates shall be pleased to break the thread. Perhaps goes it better, perhaps not; I am prepared. Already in my twenty-eighth year constrained to become a philosopher. It is not easy, for the artist harder than any other man. O God, thou lookest down upon my soul, thou knowest that love to man and inclination to well-doing dwell there. O men, when you at some future time read this, then think that you have done me injustice, and the unhappy, let him be comforted by finding one of his race, who in defiance of all hindrances of nature has done all possible to him to be received in the rank of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and ——*, so soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt is yet living, pray him in my name that he will describe my disease, and add this writing to the account of it, that at least as much as possible the world may be reconciled with me after my death. At the same time I declare you two the heirs of my little property, (if I may call it so). Divide it honorably, agree, and help one another. What you have done against me has been, as you know, long since pardoned. Thee, brother Carl, I especially thank for thy lately shown attachment. My wish is that you may have a better life, freer from care than mine. Recommend to your children virtue, that alone can make happy, not gold. I speak from experience. For this it was that raised up myself from misery; this and my art I thank, that I did not end my life by my own hand. Farewell and love one another. All friends I thank, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish the instruments given me by Prince L. to be preserved with care by one of you, yet let no strife arise between you on that account. So soon as they are needed for some more useful purpose, sell them. Joyful am I that even in the grave I may be of use to you. Thus with joy may I greet death; yet comes it earlier than I can unfold my artist powers, it will, notwithstanding my hard destiny, come too early, and I would wish it delayed; however I would be satisfied that it freed me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I go courageously to meet thee. Farewell, and forget me not wholly in death; I have deserved that you should not, for in my life I thought often of you, and of making you happy; be so.

"LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"Heiligenstadt, 6th October, 1802"

* He seems to have forgotten at the moment the name of his younger brother.

"Postcript. 10th October, 1802.

"So take I then a sad farewell of thee. Yes! the beloved hope, which I brought hither, to be cured at least to a certain point, must now wholly leave me. As the leaves fall in autumn, are withered, so has also this withered for me. Almost as I came hither, so go I forth, even the high courage, which inspired me oft in the fair summer days, is vanished. O Providence, let once again a clear day of joy shine for me, so long already has the inward echo of true joy been unknown to me. When, when, O God, can I feel it again in the temple of nature and of man?—Never? No! that would be too cruel!"

The deep love shown in these words, love such as only proud and strong natures know, was not only destined to be wounded in its general relations with mankind through this calamity. The woman he loved, the inspiring muse of some of his divinest compositions, to whom he writes, "Is not our love a true heavenly palace, also as firm as the fortress of heaven," was unworthy. In a world where millions of souls are pining and perishing for want of an inexhaustible fountain of love and grandeur, this soul, which was indeed such an one, could love in vain. This eldest son, this rightful heir of nature, in some secret hour, writes at this period, "Only love, that alone could give thee a happier life. O my God, let me only find at last that which may strengthen me in virtue, which to me is lawful. A love which is permitted, (erlaubt)."

The prayer was unheard. He was left lonely, unsustained, unsolaced, to wrestle with, to conquer his fate. Pierced here in the very centre of his life, exposed both by his misfortune and a nature which could neither anticipate nor contend with the designs of base men, to the anguish of meeting ingratitude on every side, abandoned to the guardianship of his wicked brothers, Beethoven walked in night, as regards the world, but within, the heavenly light ever overflowed him more and more.

Shall lesser beings repine that they do not receive their dues in this short life with such an example before them, how large the scope of eternal justice must be? Who can repine that thinks of Beethoven? His was indeed the best consolation of life. "To him a God gave to tell what he suffered," as also the deep joys of knowledge that spring from suffering. As he descends to "the divine deeps of

sorrow," and calls up, with spells known only to those so initiated, forms so far more holy, radiant, and commanding than are known in regions of cheerful light, can we wish him a happier life? He has been baptized with fire, others only with water. He has given all his life and won the holy sepulchre and a fragment, at least, of the true cross. The solemn command, the mighty control of various forces which makes us seem to hear

> "Time flowing in the middle of the night,
> And all things (rushing) to the day of doom,"

the searching through all the caverns of life for the deepest thought, and the winged uprise of feeling when it is attained; were not these wonders much aided by the calamity, which took this great genius from the outward world, and forced him to concentrate just as he had attained command of his forces?

Friendly affection, indeed, was not wanting to the great master; but who could be his equal friend? It was impossible; he might have found a love, but could not a friend in the same century with himself. But men were earnest to serve and women to venerate him. Schindler, as well as others, devoted many of the best years of life to him. A beautiful trait of affection is mentioned of the Countess Marie Erdödy, a friend dear to Beethoven, who in the park which surrounds her Hungarian palace erected a temple which she dedicated to him.

Beethoven had two brothers. The one, Johann, seems to have been rather stupid and selfish than actively bad. The character of his mind is best shown by his saying to the great master, "you will never *succeed* as well as I have." We have all, probably, in memory instances where the reproving angel of the family, the one whose thinking mind, grace, and purity, may possibly atone for the worthless lives of all the rest, is spoken of as the unsuccessful member, because he has not laid up treasures there where moth or rust do corrupt, and ever as we hear such remarks, we are tempted to answer by asking, "what is the news from Sodom and Gomorrah?" But the farce of *Beethoven's not succeeding* is somewhat broad, even in a world where many such sayings echo through the streets. At another time Johann, having become proprietor of a little

estate, sent in to Beethoven's lodging a new year card on which was written Johann van Beethoven Gutsbesitzer, (possessor of an estate,) to which the master returned one inscribed Ludwig van Beethoven Hirnbesitzer, (possessor of a brain.) This Gutsbesitzer refused his great brother a trifling aid in his last illness, applied for by the friends who had constituted themselves his attendants, and showed towards him systematic selfishness and vulgarity of feeling. Carl, the other brother, under the mask of affectionate attention, plundered him both of his gains and the splendid presents often made him, and kept away by misrepresentations and falsehood all those who would have sincerely served him. This was the easier, in that the usual unfortunate effect of deafness of producing distrust was increased in Beethoven's case by signal instances of treachery, shown towards him in the first years of incapacity to manage his affairs as he had done before his malady. This sad distrust poisoned the rest of his life; but it was his only unworthiness; let us not dwell upon it. This brother, Carl, was Beethoven's evil genius, and his malignant influence did not cease with his life. He bequeathed to his brother the care of an only son, and Beethoven assumed the guardianship with that high feeling of the duties it involved, to be expected from one of his severe and pure temper. The first step he was obliged to take was to withdraw the boy from the society and care of his mother, an unworthy woman, under whose influence no good could be hoped from anything done for him. The law-suit, instituted for this purpose, which lasted several years, was very injurious to Beethoven's health, and effectually impeded the operations of his poetic power. For he was one "who so abhorred vice and meanness that he could not bear to hear them spoken of, much less suffer them near him; yet now was obliged to think of them, nay, carefully to collect evidence in proof of their existence, and that in the person of a near connexion." This quite poisoned the atmosphere of his ideal world, and destroyed for the time all creative glow. On account of the *van* prefixed to his name, the cause was, at first, brought before the tribunal of nobility. They called on Beethoven to show them his credentials of noble birth. "Here!" he replied, putting his hand to his head and heart. But as these nobles mostly derived their titles

from the head and heart of some remote ancestor, they would not recognise this new peerage, and Beethoven, with indignant surprise, found himself referred to the tribunal of the common burghers.

The lawsuit was spun out by the obstinate resistance of his sister-in-law for several years, and when Beethoven at last obtained possession of the child, the seeds of vice were already sown in his breast. An inferior man would have been more likely to eradicate them than Beethoven, because a kindred consciousness might have made him patient. But the stern Roman spirit of Beethoven could not demand less than virtue, less than excellence, from the object of his care. For the youth's sake he made innumerable sacrifices, toiled for him as he would not for himself, was lavish of all that could conduce to his true good, but imperiously demanded from him truth, honor, purity, and aspiration. No tragedy is deeper than the perusal of his letters to the young man, so brief and so significant, so stern and so tender. The joy and love at every sign of goodness, the profound indignation at failure and falsehood, the power of forgiving but not of excusing, the sentiment of the true value of life, so rocky calm that with all its height it never seems exalted, make these letters a biblical chapter in the protest of modern days against the backslidings of the multitude. The lover of man, the despiser of men, he who writes, "Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make happy, not gold; *I speak from experience*," is fully painted in these letters.

In a lately published novel, "Night and Morning," Bulwer has well depicted the way in which a strong character overshoots its mark in the care of a weak one. The belief of Philip that his weaker brother will abide by a conviction or a promise, with the same steadfastness that he himself could; the unfavorable action of his disinterested sacrifices on the character of his charge, and the impossibility that the soft, selfish child should sympathize with the conflicts or decisions of the strong and noble mind; the undue rapidity with which Philip draws inferences, false to the subject because too large for it; all this tragedy of common life is represented with Rembrandt power of shadow in the history of Beethoven and his nephew. The ingratitude of the youth is unsurpassed, and the nature it wronged was

one of the deepest capacity for suffering from the discovery of such baseness. Many years toiled on the sad drama; its catastrophe was the death of this great master, caused by the child of his love neglecting to call a physician, because he wanted to play at billiards.

His love was unworthy; his adopted child unworthy; his brothers unworthy. Yet though his misfortunes in these respects seem singular, they sprang from no chance. Here, as elsewhere, "mind and destiny are two names for one idea." His colossal step terrified those around him; they wished him away from the earth, lest he should trample down their mud-hovels; they bound him in confiding sleep; or, Judas-like, betrayed with a base kiss of fealty. His genius excited no respect in narrow minds; his entire want of discretion in the economy of life left him, they thought, their lawful prey. Yet across the dark picture shines a gleam of almost unparalleled lustre, for "she, Art, she held him up."

I will not give various instances of failure in promises from the rich and noble, piracy from publishers, nor even some details of his domestic plagues in which he displays a breadth of humor, and stately savage sarcasm, refreshing in their place. But I will not give any of these, nor any of his letters, because the limits forbid to give them all, and they require light from one another. In such an account as the present a mere sketch is all that can be attempted.

A few passages will speak for themselves. Goethe neglected to lend his aid to the artist for whom he had expressed such admiration, at a time when he might have done so without any inconvenience. Perhaps Beethoven's letter (quoted No. V. of the Dial, Essay on Goethe) may furnish an explanation of this. Cherubini omitted to answer Beethoven's affectionate and magnanimous letter, though he complied with the request it contained. But "the good Bettina" was faithful to her professions, and of essential use to Beethoven, by interesting her family in the conduct of his affairs.

He could not, for any purpose, accommodate himself to courts, or recognise their claims to homage. Two or three orders given him for works, which might have secured him the regard of the imperial family, he could not obey. Whenever he attempted to compose them, he found that the

degree of restriction put upon him by the Emperor's taste hampered him too much. The one he did compose for such a purpose, the "Glorreiche Augenblick," Schindler speaks of as one of the least excellent of his works.

He could not bear to give lessons to the Archduke Rudolph, both because he detested giving regular lessons at all, and because he could not accommodate himself to the ceremonies of a court. Indeed it is evident enough from a letter of the Archduke's, quoted by Schindler as showing most condescending regard, how unfit it was for the lion-king to dance in gilded chains amid these mummeries.

Individuals in that princely class he admired, and could be just to, for his democracy was very unlike that fierce vulgar radicalism which assumes that the rich and great *must* be bad. His was only vindication of the rights of man; he could see merit if seated on a throne, as clearly as if at a cobbler's stall. The Archduke Karl, to whom Körner dedicated his heroic muse, was the object of his admiration also. The Empress of Russia, too, he admired.

"Whoever wished to learn of him was obliged to follow his steps everywhere, for to teach or say anything at an appointed time was to him impossible. Also he would stop immediately, if he found his companion not sufficiently versed in the matter to keep step with him." He could not harangue; he must always be drawn out.

Amid all the miseries of his house-keeping or other disturbances, (and here, did space permit, I should like to quote his humorous notice of his "four bad days," when he was almost starved,) he had recourse to his art. "He would be fretted a little while; then snatch up the scorce and write "noten im nothen," as he was wont to call them, and forget the plague."

When quite out of health and spirits he restored himself by the composition of a grand mass. This "great, solemn mass," as he calls it in his letter to Cherubini, was offered to the different courts of Europe for fifty ducats. The Prussian ambassador in a diplomatic letter attempted to get it for an order and ribbon. Beethoven merely wrote in reply, "fifty ducats." He indeed was as disdainful of gold chains and orders as Bach was indifferent to them.

Although thus haughty, so much so that he would never

receive a visit from Rossini, because, though he admitted that the Italian had genius, he thought he had not cultivated it with that devout severity proper to the artist, and was, consequently, corrupting the public taste, he was not only generous in his joy at any exhibition of the true spirit from others, but tenderly grateful for intelligent sympathy with himself, as is shown in the following beautiful narratives.

"Countess S. brought him on her return from ——, German words by Herr Scholz, written for his first mass. He opened the paper as we were seated together at the table. When he came to the 'Qui tollis,' tears streamed from his eyes, and he was obliged to stop, so deeply was he moved by the inexpressibly beautiful words. He cried, 'Ja! so habe ich gefühlt, als ich dieses schrieb,' 'yes, this was what I felt when I wrote it.' It was the first and last time I ever saw him in tears."

They were such tears as might have been shed on the Jubilee of what he loved so much, Schiller's Ode to Joy.

"Be welcome, millions
This embrace for the whole world."

Happy the man, who gave the bliss to Beethoven of feeling his thought not only recognised, but understood. Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow-man. *Then* the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it. "The music is not the lyre nor the hand which plays upon it, but when the two meet, that arises which is neither, but gives each its place."

A pleasure almost as deep was given him on this occasion. Rossini had conquered the German world also; the public had almost forgotten Beethoven. A band of friends, in whose hearts the care for his glory and for the high, severe culture of art was still living, wrote him a noble letter, in which they entreated him to give to the public one of his late works, and, by such a musical festival, eclipse at once these superficial entertainments. The spirit of this letter is thoughtful, tender, and shows so clearly the German feeling as to the worship of the Beautiful, that it would have been well to translate it, but that it is too long. It should be a remembrancer of pride and happiness to those who signed their names to it. Schindler knew when it was to

be sent, and, after Beethoven had had time to read it, he went to him.

"I found Beethoven with the memorial in his hand. With an air of unwonted serenity, he reached it to me, placing himself at the window to gaze at the clouds drawing past. His inly deep emotion could not escape my eye. After I had read the paper I laid it aside, and waited in silence for him to begin the conversation. After a long pause, during which his looks constantly followed the clouds, he turned round, and said, in an elevated tone that betrayed his deep emotion, 'Es ist doch recht schön. Es freut mich.' 'It is indeed right fair. It rejoices me.' I assented by a motion of the head. He then said, 'Let us go into the free air.' When we were out he spoke only in monosyllables, but the spark of desire to comply with their request glimmered visibly in him."

This musical festival at last took place after many difficulties, caused by Beethoven's obstinacy in arranging all the circumstances in his own way. He could never be brought to make allowance anywhere for ignorance or incapacity. So it must be or no how! He could never be induced to alter his music on account of the incapacity of the performers, (the best, too, on that occasion, anywhere to be had,) for going through certain parts. So that they were at last obliged to alter parts in their own fashion, which was always a great injury to the final effect of his works. They were at this time unwearied in their efforts to please him, though Sontag playfully told him he was "a very tyrant to the singing organs."

This festival afforded him a complete triumph. The audience applauded and applauded, till, at one time, when the acclamations rose to their height, Sontag perceiving that Beethoven did not hear, as his face was turned from the house, called his attention. The audience then, as for the first time realizing the extent of his misfortune, melted into tears, then all united in a still more rapturous expression of homage. For once at least the man excited the tenderness, the artist the enthusiasm he deserved.

His country again forgot one who never could nor would call attention to himself; she forgot in the day him for whom she in the age cherishes an immortal reverence, and the London Philharmonic Society had the honor of ministering to the necessities of his last illness. The generous

eagerness with which they sent all that his friendly attendants asked, and offered more whenever called for, was most grateful to Beethoven's heart, which had in those last days been frozen by such ingratitude. It roused his sinking life to one last leap of flame; his latest days were passed in revolving a great work which he wished to compose for the society, and which those about him thought would, if finished, have surpassed all he had done before.

No doubt, if his situation had been known in Germany, his country would have claimed a similar feeling from him. For she was not to him a step-dame; and, though in his last days taken up with newer wonders, would not, had his name been spoken, have failed to listen and to answer.

Yet a few more interesting passages. He rose before daybreak both in winter and summer, and worked till two or three o'clock, rarely after. He would never correct, to him the hardest task, as, like all great geniuses, he was indefatigable in the use of the file, in the evening. Often in the midst of his work he would run out into the free air for half an hour or more, and return laden with new thoughts. When he felt this impulse he paid no regard to the weather.

Plato and Shakspear were his favorite authors; especially he was fond of reading Plato's Republic. He read the Greek and Roman classics much, but in translations, for his education, out of his art, was limited. He also went almost daily to coffee-houses, where he read the newspapers, going in and out by the back-door. If he found he excited observation, he changed his haunt.

"He tore without ceremony a composition submitted to him by the great Hummel, which he thought bad. Moscheles, dreading a similar fate for one of his which was to pass under his criticism, wrote at the bottom of the last page, 'Finis. With the help of God.' Beethoven wrote beneath, 'Man, help thyself.'"

Obviously a new edition of Hercules and the Wagoner.

"He was the most open of men, and told unhesitatingly all he thought, unless the subject were art and artists. On these subjects he was often inaccessible, and put off the inquirer with wit or satire." "On two subjects he would never talk, thorough bass and religion. He said they were both things complete within themselves, (in sich abgeschlossene dinge,) about which men should dispute no farther."

"As to the productions of his genius, let not a man or a nation, if yet in an immature stage, seek to know them. They require a certain degree of ripeness in the inner man to be understood.

"From the depth of the mind arisen, she, (Poesie,) is only to the depth of the mind either useful or intelligible."

I cannot conclude more forcibly than by quoting Beethoven's favorite maxim. It expresses what his life was, and what the life must be of those who would become worthy to do him honor.

"The barriers are not yet erected which can say to aspiring talent and industry, thus far and no farther."

Beethoven is the only one of these five artists whose life can be called unfortunate. They all found early the means to unfold their powers, and a theatre on which to display them. But Beethoven was, through a great part of his public career, deprived of the satisfaction of guiding or enjoying the representation of his thoughts. He was like a painter who could never see his pictures after they are finished. Probably, if he could himself have directed the orchestra, he would have been more pliable in making corrections with an eye to effect. Goethe says that no one can write a successful drama without familiarity with the stage, so as to know what can be expressed, what must be merely indicated. But in Beethoven's situation, there was not this reaction, so that he clung more perseveringly to the details of his work than great geniuses do, who live in more immediate contact with the outward world. Such an one will, indeed, always answer like Mozart to an ignorant criticism, "There are just as many notes as there should be." But a habit of intercourse with the minds of men gives an instinctive tact as to meeting them, and Michel Angelo, about to build St. Peter's, takes into consideration, not only his own idea of a cathedral, but means, time, space, and prospects.

But the misfortune, which fettered the outward energies, deepened the thought of Beethoven. He travelled inward, downward, till downward was shown to be the same as upward, for the centre was passed.

Like all princes, he made many ingrates, and his powerful lion nature, was that most capable of suffering from the amazement of witnessing baseness. But the love, the

pride, the faith, which survive such pangs are those which make our stair to heaven. Beethoven was not only a poet, but a victorious poet, for having drunk to its dregs the cup of bitterness, the fount of inward nobleness remained undefiled. Unbeloved, he could love; deceived in other men, he yet knew himself too well to despise human nature; dying from ingratitude, he could still be grateful.

Schindler thinks his genius would have been far more productive, if he had had a tolerably happy home, if instead of the cold discomfort that surrounded him, he had been blessed, like Mozart, with a gentle wife, who would have made him a sanctuary in her unwearied love. It is, indeed, inexpressibly affecting to find the "vehement nature," even in his thirty-first year, writing thus; "At my age one sighs for an equality, a harmony of outward existence," and to know that he never attained it. But the lofty ideal of the happiness which his life could not attain, shone forth not the less powerfully from his genius. The love of his choice was not "firm as the fortress of heaven," but his heart remained the gate to that fortress. During all his later years, he never complained, nor did Schindler ever hear him advert to past sorrows, or the lost objects of affection. Perhaps we are best contented that earth should not have offered him a home; where is the woman who would have corresponded with what we wish from his love? Where is the lot in which he could have reposed with all that grandeur of aspect in which he now appears to us? Where Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth, there may be a home for thee, Beethoven.

We will not shrink from the dark clouds which became to his overflowing light cinctures of pearl and opal; we will not, even by a wish, seek to amend the destiny through which a divine thought glows so clearly. Were there no Œdipuses there would be no Antigones.

Under no other circumstances could Beethoven have ministered to his fellows in the way he himself indicates.

"The unhappy man, let him be comforted by finding one of his race who, in defiance of all hindrances of nature, has done all possible to him to be received in the rank of worthy artists and men."

In three respects these artists, all true artists, resemble one another. Clear decision. The intuitive faculty speaks

clear in those devoted to the worship of Beauty. They are not subject to mental conflict, they ask not counsel of experience. They take what they want as simply as the bird goes in search of its proper food, so soon as its wings are grown.

Like nature they love the work for its own sake. The philosopher is ever seeking the thought through the symbol, but the artist is happy at the implication of the thought in his work. He does not reason about "religion or thorough bass." His answer is Haydn's, "I thought it best so." From each achievement grows up a still higher ideal, and when his work is finished, it is nothing to the artist who has made of it the step by which he ascended, but while he was engaged in it, it was all to him, and filled his soul with a parental joy.

They do not criticise, but affirm. They have no need to deny aught, much less one another. All excellence to them was genial; imperfection only left room for new creative power to display itself. An everlasting yes breathes from the life, from the work of the artist. Nature echoes it, and leaves to society the work of saying no, if it will. But it will not, except for the moment. It weans itself for the moment, and turns pettishly away from genius, but soon stumbling, groping, and lonely, cries aloud for its nurse. The age cries *now*, and what an answer is prophesied by such harbinger stars as these at which we have been gazing. We will engrave their names on the breastplate, and wear them as a talisman of hope.

F.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Light flashes on the waves, but there is none in my soul!
I have only a part and oh! I long for the whole.
Give! Give! ye mighty Gods — why do ye thus hold back?
Why torture thus my soul on the world's weary rack?
I did not seek for life — why did ye place me here? —
So mean, so small a thing e'en to myself I appear.
There lies the wide infinite, but it is nought to me!
And I must long and seek through all eternity.
And I! and I! I still must cry!
And I! oh! how I scorn this I!
Calm! they are calm the Gods above — but I
Am ever seeking that, which ever still doth fly!

FRIENDSHIP.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers."

Let such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence.

We 'll one another treat like gods,
And all the faith we have
In virtue and in truth, bestow
On either, and suspicion leave
To gods below.

Two solitary stars —
Unmeasured systems far
Between us roll,
But by our conscious light we are
Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere —
God can afford to wait,
For him no hour 's too late
That witnesseth our duty's end,
Or to another doth beginning lend.

Love will subserve no use,
More than the tints of flowers,
Only the independent guest
Frequents its bowers,
Inherits its bequest.

No speech though kind has it,
But kinder silence doles
Unto its mates,
By night consoles,
By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue?
What heareth ear of ear?
By the decrees of fate
From year to year,
Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns —
No trivial bridge of words,
Or arch of boldest span,
Can leap the moat that girds
The sincere man.

No show of bolts and bars
Can keep the foeman out,
Or 'scape his secret mine
Who entered with the doubt
That drew the line.

No warden at the gate
Can let the friendly in,
But like the sun o'er all
He will the castle win,
And shine along the wall.

There 's nothing in the world I know
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.

It waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone,
And when they stay.

Implacable is Love, —
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased
Who is on kindness bent.

H. D. T.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked being drest:
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty which limbs and flesh enough invest.

FATE.

That you are fair or wise is vain,
Or strong, or rich, or generous;
You must have also the untaught strain
That sheds beauty on the rose.
There is a melody born of melody
Which melts the world into a sea.

Toil could never compass it,
Art its height could never hit,
It came never out of wit;
But a music music-born
Well may Jove and Juno scorn.
Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,
What boots it? What the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift?
Alas! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight;—
When thou lookest on his face,
Thy heart saith, Brother! go thy ways;
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care an apple for what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden,—
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue,
Broad are his shoulders, and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening and young.
I hold it of little matter,
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.
I care not how you are drest,
In the coarsest or in the best,
Nor whether your name is base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behavior,
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,
And dress up nature in your favor.
One thing is forever good,—
That one thing is Success,
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
He carries the eagles — he masters the sword.

WOODNOTES.

NUMBER II.

As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pinetree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"
Quoth the pinetree,
"I am the giver of honor.
My garden is the cloven rock,
And my manure the snow,
And drifting sandheaps feed my stock
In summer's scorching glow.
Ancient or curious,
Who knoweth aught of us?
Old as Jove,
Old as Love,
Who of me
Tells the pedigree?
Only the mountains old,
Only the waters cold,
Only moon and star
My coevals are.
Ere the first fowl sung
My relenting boughs among;
Ere Adam wived,
Ere Adam lived,
Ere the duck dived,
Ere the bees hived,
Ere the lion roared,
Ere the eagle soared,
Light and heat, land and sea
Spake unto the oldest tree.
Glad in the sweet and secret aid
Which matter unto matter paid,
The water flowed, the breezes fanned,
The tree confined the roving sand,
The sunbeam gave me to the sight,
The tree adorned the formless light,
And once again
O'er the grave of men
We shall talk to each other again,
Of the old age behind,
Of the time out of mind,
Which shall come again.

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"

Quoth the pinetree,
"I am the giver of honor.
He is great who can live by me.
The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord;
God fills the scrip and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be:
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.
Genius with my boughs shall flourish,
Want and cold our roots shall nourish.
Who liveth by the ragged pine,
Foundeth a heroic line;
Who liveth in the palace hall,
Waneth fast and spendeth all.
He goes to my savage haunts
With his chariot and his care,
My twilight realm he disenchants,
And finds his prison there.

What prizes the town and the tower?
Only what the pinetree yields;
Sinew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
Chaunts his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the daystar urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth,
Iron arms, and iron mould,
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat,
And I will swim the ancient sea
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
Westward I ope the forest gates,
The train along the railroad skates,
It leaves the land behind like ages past,
The foreland flows to it in river fast,
Missouri, I have made a mart,
I teach Iowa Saxon art.
Who leaves the pinetree, leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with wonted grace;

But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.

Whoso walketh in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin.
Love shall he, but not adulate,
The all-fair, the all-embracing Fate;
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight.
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous,
Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous,
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down;
All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence;
The mounting sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
He shall never be old;
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall see the speeding year,
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;
He shall be happy whilst he woos
Muse-born a daughter of the Muse;
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone on the ground.
The robe of silk in which she shines,
It was woven of many sins,
And the shreds
Which she sheds
In the wearing of the same,
Shall be grief on grief,
And shame on shame.

Heed the old oracles
Ponder my spells,
Song wakes in my pinnacles
When the wind swells.
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind,

And the countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
Hearken! Hearken!
If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chaunted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;
O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
'T is the chronicle of art.
To the open ear it sings,
The early genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm;
The rushing metamorphosis,
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream.
O listen to the undersong,
The ever old, the ever young;
And far within those cadent pauses
The chorus of the ancient Causes!
Delights the dreadful Destiny,
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeats the pang
Whence the fair flock of nature sprang.
O mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones,
Which only the pure can hear;
Thou canst not catch what they recite,
Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife.

Once again the pinetree sung; —
"Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries!
Talk no more with feeble tongue,
No more the fool of space and time,
Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
Only thy Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understands the universe;
The least breath my boughs which tossed,
Brings again the Pentecost;
To every soul it soundeth clear,
In a voice of solemn cheer,

'Am I not thine? Are not these thine?'
And they reply, 'Forever mine?'
My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian,
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
To each his bosom secret say.
Come learn with me the fatal song,
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies,
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued;
For nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart.
But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?
Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
Who thee divorced, deceived, and left;
Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
And sunk the immortal eye so low?
Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
For royal man; they thee confess
An exile from the wilderness, —
The hills where health with health agrees,
And the wise soul expels disease.
Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
To thee the horizon shall express
Only emptiness and emptiness:
There is no man of nature's worth
In the circle of the earth,

And to thine eye the vast skies fall
Dire and satirical
On clucking hens, and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
And thou shalt say to the most High,
'Godhead! all this astronomy
And Fate, and practice, and invention,
Strong art, and beautiful pretension,
This radiant pomp of sun and star,
Throes that were, and worlds that are,
Behold! were in vain and in vain;—
It cannot be,— I will look again,
Surely now will the curtain rise,
And earth's fit tenant me surprise;—
But the curtain doth *not* rise,
And nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly.'

Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
Blessed nature so to see.
Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
And heal the hurts which sin has made.
I will teach the bright parable
Older than time,
Things undeclarable,
Visions sublime.
I see thee in the crowd alone;
I will be thy companion.
Let thy friends be as the dead in doom,
And build to them a final tomb;
Let the starred shade that nightly falls
Still celebrate their funerals,
And the bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory.
Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities,
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
And gives them all who all renounce.
The rain comes when the wind calls,
The river knows the way to the sea,
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity.
The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind.
The shadow sits close to the flying ball,
The date fails not on the palmtree tall,
And thou — go burn thy wormy pages,—
Shall outsee the seer, outwit the sages.

Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
To find what bird had piped the strain,—
Seek not, and the little eremite
Flies gaily forth and sings in sight.

Hearken! once more;
I will tell thee the mundane lore.
Older am I than thy numbers wot,
Change I may, but I pass not;
Hitherto all things fast abide,
And anchored in the tempest ride.
Trenchant time behoves to hurry
All to yean and all to bury;
All the forms are fugitive,
But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said, Throb; and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward and on, the eternal Pan
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race;
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
He giveth little or giveth much,
To make them several or such.
With one drop sheds form and feature,
With the second a special nature,
The third adds heat's indulgent spark,
The fourth gives light which eats the dark,
In the fifth drop himself he flings,
And conscious Law is King of kings.
Pleaseth him the Eternal Child
To play his sweet will, glad and wild;

As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste,
And this vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What recks such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?
Alike to him the better, the worse;—
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky
Than all it holds more deep, more high.

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST'S IDEA OF SOCIETY.

The common mode of studying the Idea of Jesus Christ, with respect to Society, has uniformly been, to seek its manifestation in Ecclesiastical History. It seems not to have been doubted, that what his immediate followers thought and did, must necessarily have done full justice to his views; and this has led to the most laborious investigations of the history of the times — a history peculiarly difficult to investigate, from many causes. There is only here and there an individual, even of the present day, who has seen that, supposing we understood exactly the Apostolic church, it is after all below the mark, at which Jesus aimed, and really of little consequence to us, as far as our present modes of action are concerned.

There is certainly no reasonable doubt that the apostles organized churches, for the express purpose of promulgating the history and words of Jesus; with how much, or

how little ultimate success, as to his aim of establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth, the past history and present condition of Christendom may show. What the apostles did, was, however, doubtless, the wisest thing they could do at the time; and we have received its benefits. The words and life of Jesus are promulgated to the hearing of the ear. An unfallen soul has been embalmed in the hearts, and brought down to succeeding generations on the mighty affections of those, on whom he necessarily made so prodigious a personal impression; and this development of an individual into the divine life is available for the encouragement and culture of all men. There has never yet been a criticism of those early Reminiscences, well called the Gospels, and the Epistles that accompany them, and the fine dramatic poem that concludes the New Testament, which has done any justice to them, as the divinest efflorescence of human nature through the medium of Literature. When we consider the technical reverence with which they are held sacred, loaded as they have been with the extraneous authority which councils, and popes, and synods have endeavored to give them, it is only wonderful that here and there a spirit is found so free and self-dependent as to accept them simply; as we accept the history of our native land, the poetry of our native tongue, the sweetness and magnificence of nature itself. Yet such only can appreciate them.

But while we acknowledge the natural growth, the good design, and the noble effects of the apostolic church, and wish we had it, in place of our own more formal ones, we should not do so small justice to the divine soul of Jesus of Nazareth, as to admit, that it was a main purpose of his to found it, or that when it was founded, it realized his idea of human society. Indeed we probably do injustice to the apostles themselves, in supposing that they considered their churches anything more than initiatory. Their language implies, that they looked forward to a time, when the uttermost parts of the earth should be inherited by their beloved master, — and beyond this, when even the name, which is still above every name, should be lost in the glory of the Father, who is to be all in all.

Some persons indeed refer all this sort of language to another world; but this is gratuitously done. Both Jesus

and the apostles speak of life as the same in both worlds. For themselves individually, they could not but speak principally of another world; but they imply no more, than that death is an accident, which would not prevent, but hasten, to themselves and others, the enjoyment of that divine life, which they were laboring to make possible to all men, in time as well as in eternity.

Not in the action of the followers of Jesus therefore, are we to seek the Idea of Jesus respecting Society; not even of those followers so generally admitted to have been inspired by him to a degree one man is never known to have inspired others. Like every great soul and more than any other, Jesus remands us to our own souls, which are to be forever searched with more and more purification of prayer, to find the echo, the witness, the inward sanction of his great utterances. In fine, the truth "as it is in Jesus" is not to be understood by studying Ecclesiastical History, even in the letters of the immediate disciples to their churches, but by following *his method* of Life and Thought. This method was to go to God first hand; to live faithful to the simplest principle of love; and to suffer courageously and gently whatsoever transpired in consequence of uttering what he believed to be the truth. Immediate consequences, even though they were so serious as the arming of a nation against an individual, and his being crucified, he set entirely aside; he did not even argue against a consideration of them; he ignored them wholly, and trusted to living out, without heat, but genially, all principles, — with simple earnestness.

We have been so robbed of this beautiful soul and the life it led in the flesh, by the conventional reverence in which it has been held, and which has made it weigh down our souls as a fruitless petrification laid upon them; instead of its being planted in our heart as a seed to germinate, and sprout, and flower, and bear fruit, and go to seed, to unfold again in new forms, — that when we catch the subject in a natural point of view, it seems difficult to abandon it without doing fuller justice to it. But at present the object is not to unfold the beauty of Jesus Christ's soul and conversation in the world, but to speak of his Idea of human society, which must be sought as he sought it, in the soul itself; whose light he has encouraged us to seek by showing how it brought him to the secret of God.

And what is meant, when we say we will seek the Idea of human society in the soul itself? We can mean nothing else than this; what the soul craves from the social principle, to cherish and assist its perfection, is to be "the light of all our seeing" upon the subject. The Problem of the present age is human society, not as a rubric of abstract science, but as a practical matter and universal interest; an actual reconciliation of outward organization with the life of the individual souls who associate; and by virtue of whose immortality each of them transcends all arrangements.

Hitherto two errors have prevailed, either singly or in combination; one has led men to neglect social organization wholly, or regard it as indifferent; and to treat of an isolated cultivation of the soul, as if it could be continuously independent of all extraneous influence. A noble truth is at the foundation of this error, which has prevailed among the spiritual and devout. On the other hand, minds of a more objective turn, combined with social feelings, and sensibility to the temptations of political power, have been lost in organization, by making it a supreme object, and so have overlooked the individual souls, in each of which is the depth of eternity. A combination of these errors has in some instances produced theocratic societies, of which the most available instance is the Roman Catholic Church, which was not a reconciliation of these opposite errors, but a compromise between them; retaining the two extremes in their extremity, with all the evils arising out of the fact, that men as worldly as Leo the Tenth, and men as unworldly as Ignatius de Loyola, have had full play therein for all their vices.

And this method of the Roman Catholic Church, which is shortly characterized, though roughly perhaps, as that which Jesus refused to enter upon, when Satan offered to him the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof, if he would fall down and worship him, (legitimate ends by illegitimate means,) this method has prevailed over the whole world, Protestant as well as Catholic. *Time* has been deliberately given over to the Devil, in a sort of understanding, that thus might eternity be secured for God; and by means of this separation and personification of the finite and infinite in the soul, an absurdity and lie have

been enacted in society, and have entered into the sanctuary of man's Being.

But Falsehood is finite. The Soul begins to be conscious to itself, and to reject this lie from its own depths; and the kingdom of Heaven, as it lay in the clear spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, is rising again upon vision. Nay, this kingdom begins to be seen not only in religious ecstasy, in moral vision, but in the light of common sense, and the human understanding. Social science begins to verify the prophecy of poetry. The time has come when men ask themselves, what Jesus meant when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto me."

No sooner is it surmised that the kingdom of heaven and the Christian Church are the same thing, and that this thing is not an association *ex parte* society, but a reorganization of society itself, on those very principles of Love to God and Love to Man, which Jesus Christ realized in his own daily life, than we perceive the Day of Judgment for society is come, and all the words of Christ are so many trumpets of doom. For before the judgment seat of his sayings, how do our governments, our trades, our etiquettes, even our benevolent institutions and churches look? What Church in Christendom, that numbers among its members a pauper or a negro, may stand the thunder of that one word, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto ME;" and yet the church of Christ, the kingdom of heaven, has not come upon earth, according to our daily prayer, unless not only every church, but every trade, every form of social intercourse, every institution political or other, can abide this test.

We are not extravagant. We admit that to be human implies to be finite; that to be finite implies obstruction, difficulty, temptation, and struggle; but we think it is evident that *Jesus* believed men could make it a principle to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect; that they could *begin* to love and assist each other; that these principles could and would prevail over the Earth at last; that he aimed in his social action at nothing partial; that he did not despair of society itself being organized in harmony with the two commandments, in which he generalized the

Law and the Prophets. He surely did not believe these things from experience, or observation of the world, but from the consciousness of Pure Reason. His own eye, so clear and pure, and bent inward on a complete soul, saw the immensity of it in its relation to God. Here was his witness, the Father who taught him, the all-sufficient force to be roused in the consciousness of every other man. When he bade every man, in order to this awakening, live on the principle and plan that he lived on, of unfolding and obeying the divine instinct, under the conscious protection of the Being of beings, considered as a father,—he saw that a kingdom of Heaven on Earth must necessarily follow; in other words, that the moral law would become supreme, and human nature, sanctified and redeemed, be unfolded in beauty and peace. Only at first, and because of the evil already organized in the world, would the manifestation of the Eternal Peace be a sword, and the introduction into the world of the Life, be, to the individuals who should do it, suffering and death.

We are desirous to establish this point, because it is often taken for granted, since the period of the French Revolution, that all movements towards new organization are unchristian. One would think from the tone of conservatives, that Jesus accepted the society around him, as an adequate framework for individual development into beauty and life, instead of calling his disciples "out of the world." We maintain, on the other hand, that Christ desired to reorganize society, and went to a depth of principle and a magnificence of plan for this end, which has never been appreciated, except here and there, by an individual, still less been carried out. Men, calling themselves Christians, are apt to say, that it is visionary to think of reorganizing society on better principles; that whatever different arrangements might be made, human nature would reduce them to the same level. But when we think of the effect that a few great and good men have had, what worlds of thought and power open on our minds! Leaving Jesus at the head, and ranging through such names as Moses, Confucius, Socrates, Paul, Luther, Fenelon, Washington, and whatever other men have worshipped the spirit and believed it would remove mountains, are we not authorized to hope infinitely? These men have trusted the soul in

its possible union with God, and in just such degree as they did, have they become Saviours of men. If one of them is so prominent over the rest, as to have borne away that title preëminently, it is because he alone was sublime in his faith; he alone fully realized by life, as well as thought and feeling, that the soul and its Father are one, and greatly prayed that all his disciples should be one with God also, without a doubt of the ultimate answer of this prayer. He alone went so deeply into human nature as to perceive, that what he called himself was universal. He alone, therefore, among men, is entitled to the grateful homage of all men, for he alone has *respected* all men, even the lost and dead. When it came to that extreme of circumstance still he did not despair, but said, "I am the resurrection and the life." Here indeed was the consciousness of immortality which is absolute. The finite may go no farther than this. And human nature has not been insensible to this great manifestation, but has worshipped Jesus as the absolutely divine. There was a truth in this worship, the noblest of all idolatries, though in its evil effects, we are made aware, that "the corruption of the best is the worst," and see the *rationale* of the old commandment, that we should make no image of the unimaginable God, even out of anything in heaven. Both the Church and the mass of our society are fierce to defend the position, that Jesus of Nazareth lived a divine life in the flesh. Not satisfied with the admission of the fact, they would establish the necessity of it *a priori*, by denying him that human element which makes evil a possibility. When Jesus said *I*, they would have us believe he meant to say the absolute spirit. Let us gladly admit it. When Jesus said *I*, he referred to a divine being. — Jesus is doubtless one transparent form of the *infinite* Goodness — but he is only *one form*, and there can be but one of a form in an Infinite Creation. Here is the common mistake. Jesus Christ is made the model of form and not reverenced as a quickening spirit purely. Because other men could not realize his form, they have been supposed to be essentially different natures, while another Jesus would not have been natural in any event. Oneness with God does not require any particular form. Raphael and Michel Angelo might have been one with God, no less than was Jesus, but they

would doubtless still have been painters and sculptors, and not preachers, nor moral reformers. The same method of life, which made Jesus what he was, would make every other soul different from him in outward action and place. We do infinite injustice to this noble being, when we fancy that he intended to cut men to a pattern; when we say that any special mode of activity makes a member of his Church. A member of the Church of Christ is the most individual of men. He works miracles at no man's and no woman's bidding. He ever says words not expected. He does deeds no man can foretell. His utterances are prophecies, which the future only can make significant. His intimacy with the Father isolates him even among his nearest friends. Ever and anon, like the lark, he departs even from the sight of his beloved mates on earth, into a "privacy of glorious light," where indeed his music "thrills not the less the bosom of the plain."

But if the world has always been right in seeing, that Jesus lived a divine life on the earth, the question is, what was that life? What was the principle and method of it? How did he live? Did he model himself on any form? Did he study tradition as something above himself? Did he ask for any day's man between himself and God? And did he, or did he not, teach that we should live as he did? Did he, or did he not imply, that that depth of soul to which he applied the word *I*, was an universal inheritance, when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto me?" If this will not, what can teach, that the divine element to be reverenced in himself, exists also to be reverenced in all other men?

But if there is a divine principle in man, it has a right, and it is its duty to unfold itself from itself. Justice requires that it should have liberty to do so — of men. A social organization, which does not admit of this, which does not favor, and cherish, and act with main reference to promoting it, is inadequate, false, devilish. To call a society Christendom, which is diametrically opposite in principle to Christ's idea, is an insult to the beautiful soul of Jesus. To crush the life he led wherever it appears in other men, is taking the name of Jesus in vain. Yet does any man say his soul is his own, and standing by Jesus' side, com-

mune with God first hand, calling the greatest names on earth brethren of Jesus, he is excommunicated as irreverent, by the very society which laughs to scorn, which would imprison as mad, if not as impious, whoever proposes to live himself, or to organize society on the Christian principles of coöperation. Not less fiercely than the necessity, *a priori*, of Jesus' own perfection is contended for, is also the necessity, *a priori*, of a society of competition contended for, whose highest possible excellence may be the balance of material interests; while the divine life is to be for men as they rise, but a hope, a dream, a vision to be realized beyond the grave!

There are men and women, however, who have dared to say to one another; why not have our daily life organized on Christ's own idea? Why not begin to move the mountain of custom and convention? Perhaps Jesus' method of thought and life is the Saviour, — is Christianity! For each man to think and live on this method is perhaps the second coming of Christ; — to do unto the little ones as we would do unto *him*, would be perhaps the reign of the Saints; — the kingdom of heaven. We have hitherto heard of Christ by the hearing of the ear; now let us see him, let us be him, and see what will come of that. Let us communicate with each other, and live.

Such a resolution has often been made under the light of the Christian Idea; but the light has shone amidst darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. Religious communities have ever but partially entered into the Idea of Christ. They have all been Churches, *ex parte* society, in some degree. They have been tied up and narrowed by creeds and tests. Yet the temporary success of the Hernhutters, the Moravians, the Shakers, even the Rappites, have cleared away difficulties and solved problems of social science.* It has been made plain that the material goods of life, "the life that now is," are not to be sacrificed (as by the anchorite) in doing fuller justice to the social principle. It has been proved, that with the same degree of

* We would especially refer the reader to the history of the Rappites. An interesting account of them may be found in Mellish's Travels, published in 1812; and their history since proves the triumphant superiority of community to divided labor.

labor, there is no way to compare with that of working in a community, banded by some sufficient Idea to animate the will of the laborers. A greater quantity of wealth is procured with fewer hours of toil, and without any degradation of any laborer. All these communities have demonstrated what the practical Dr. Franklin said, that if every one worked bodily three hours daily, there would be no necessity of any one's working more than three hours.

But one rock upon which communities have split is, that this very ease of procuring wealth has developed the desire of wealth, and so the hours redeemed by community of labor have been reapplied to sordid objects too much. This is especially the case with the Shakers, whose fanaticism is made quite subservient to the passion for wealth, engendered by their triumphant success. The missionary objects of the Moravians have kept them purer.

The great evil of Community, however, has been a spiritual one. The sacredness of the family, and personal individuality have been sacrificed. Each man became the slave of the organization of the whole. In becoming a Moravian, a Shaker, or whatever, men have ceased to be men in some degree. Now a man must be religious, or he is not a man. But neither is a *Religieux* a *man*. That there are other principles in human nature to be cultivated beside the religious, must be said; though we are in danger, by saying it, of being cried out upon, as of old, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The liberal principle always exposes a man to this outcry, no less than the religious principle, passionately acted out, has ever exposed the enthusiast to the charge, "He hath a Devil." *Inanes voces!*

But although Christianity is a main cause, it is not the only cause of the movements towards Reform, which are perceived all around us. In Europe and America there are opposite impelling forces, which have brought the common sense of men to the same vision, which Jesus saw in religious ecstasy or moral reason.

In Europe it is the reaction of corrupt organization. Wherever in Europe the mass are not wholly overborne by political despotism, there is a struggle after some means of coöperation for social well being. The French and English presses have teemed, during the last quarter of a cen-

tury, with systems of socialism. Many, perhaps the majority of these, have been planned on inadequate or false views of the nature of man. Some have supposed the seeds of evil were so superficial, that a change of outward circumstances would restore peace and innocence forthwith to the earth. Such persons little appreciate the harm that false organization has actually done to the race. They little appreciate the power of custom, of disobedience to the natural laws of body and mind. They take everything into consideration but the man himself. Yet the most futile of these schemers can afford some good hints, and very sharply and truly criticise society as it is, and teach all who will listen without heat or personal pique.

But in England there are degrees of coöperation which do not amount to community. Neighborhoods of poor people with very small capitals, and some with no capital but the weekly produce of their own hands, have clubbed together, to make sufficient capital to buy necessaries of life at wholesale, and deal them out from a common depot at cost to one another. These clubs have been often connected with some plan for mental cultivation, and of growth in the principles of coöperation by contemplation and consideration of its moral character. We have lately seen a little paper published by one of these clubs for the mutual edification of their various members, which was Christian in its profession and spirit, and most ably supported in all its articles. Benevolent individuals of all sects in England are looking towards such operations for relief of the present distress. We have lately seen a plan for a self-supporting institution of 300 families of the destitute poor, which was drawn up by the author of "Hampden in the 19th Century," (who has become a Christian and spiritualist, since he wrote that book). This plan numbers among its patrons some of the most respectable ministers of the Established Church, and William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount, which proves to what a pressing necessity it answers. Reaction in Europe is a signal source of a movement towards reorganization. And in America, reaction, no doubt, does something, but not all. The light here has come mainly from a better source. The theory of the Constitution of the United States, which placed the Rights of man to equal social privileges, on a deeper foundation

than ancient compact, was the greatest discovery in political science, the world had ever made. It was the dawn of a new day, which is tending fast to noonday light. It is true American life has never come up to the theory of the Constitution as it is; — and yet is that theory but a dawning ray of the Sun. The light has touched the Image of Memnon, and waked a music which does not cease to unfold new harmonies. The end of society is seen by many to be the perfection of the Individual spiritually, still more than a fair balance and growth of material good. This idea clothes itself in various forms. The Abolitionists, the Non-resistants, those so earnest against the imprisonment for debt and capital punishment, in short, every set of social reformers, come ever and anon to the great principles, that there is an infinite worth and depth in the individual soul; that it has temporal interests as well as eternal interests; that it is not only desirable that it should be saved hereafter, but that it live purely and beautifully now; that this world is not only probation, and in a large degree retribution; but it is the kingdom of heaven also, to all who apprehend God and nature truly.

There have been some plans and experiments of community attempted in this country, which, like those elsewhere, are interesting chiefly as indicating paths in which we should not go. Some have failed because their philosophy of human nature was inadequate, and their establishments did not regard man as he is, with all the elements of devil and angel within his actual constitution. Brisbane has made a plan worthy of study in some of its features, but erring in the same manner. He does not go down into a sufficient spiritual depth, to lay foundations which may support his superstructure. Our imagination before we reflect, no less than our reason after reflection, rebels against this attempt to circumvent moral Freedom, and imprison it in his Phalanx. Yet we would speak with no scorn of a work, which seems to have sprung from a true benevolence, and has in it much valuable thought. As a criticism on our society it is unanswerable. It is in his chapters on the education and *uses* of children, that we especially feel his inadequacy to his work. But he forestalls harsh criticism by throwing out what he says, as a *feeler* after something better. As such it has worth certainly.

The prospectus of a plan of a community has also been published in a religious paper, called the Practical Christian, edited at Mendon, Massachusetts, by Adin Ballou, which is worthy of more attention. With a single exception, the articles of this confederation please us. It is a business paper of great ability, and the relations of the private and common property are admirably adjusted. The moral exposition of this paper, which follows it, shows a deep insight into the Christian Idea, and no man can read it, without feeling strongly called upon to "come out from the world." But the objection to this plan is, that admittance as a member is made dependent on the taking of the temperance, abolition, nonresistance pledges, the pledge not to vote, &c. The interpretation of this in their exposition is very liberal and gentle, it is true; and as they there speak of their test rather as a pledge of faithfulness to one another, and as a means of mutual understanding, than as an impawnment of their own moral will, it is difficult for one who is a temperance man, an abolitionist, a nonresistant, and who does not at any rate vote, — to find fault. But after all is said for it that can be, they must admit that this test makes their community a church only, and not *the* church of Christ's Idea, world-embracing. *This* can be founded on nothing short of faith in the universal man, as he comes out of the hands of the Creator, with no law over his liberty, but the Eternal Ideas that lie at the foundation of his Being. Are you a man? This is the only question that is to be asked of a member of human society. And the enounced laws of that society should be an elastic medium of these Ideas; providing for their everlasting unfolding into new forms of influence, so that the man of Time should be the growth of Eternity, consciously and manifestly.

To form such a society as this is a great problem, whose perfect solution will take all the ages of time; but let the Spirit of God move freely over the great deep of social existence, and a creative light will come at His word, and after that long Evening in which we are living, the Morning of the first day shall dawn on a Christian society.

The final cause of human society is the unfolding of the individual man into every form of perfection, without let or hindrance, according to the inward nature of each. In

strict correspondence to this, the ground Idea of the little communities, which are the embryo of the kingdom to come, must be Education. When we consider that each generation of men is thrown, helpless, and ignorant even of the light within itself, into the arms of a full grown generation which has a power to do it harm, all but unlimited, we acknowledge that no object it can propose to itself is to be compared with that of educating its children truly. Yet every passion has its ideal having its temple in society, while the schools and universities in all Christendom struggle for existence, how much more than the Banks, the East India companies, and other institutions for the accumulation of a doubtful external good! how much more than even the gambling houses and other temples of acknowledged vice!

The difficulty on this subject lies very deep in the present constitution of things. As long as Education is made the object of an Institution in society, rather than is the generating Idea of society itself, it must be apart from life. It is really too general an interest to suffer being a particular one. Moral and Religious Education is the indispensable condition and foundation of a true development. But an apparatus for this of a mechanical character, in any degree, is in the nature of things an absurdity. Morals and Religion are not something induced upon the human being, but an opening out of the inner life. What is now called moral and religious education, in the best institutions, is only a part of the intellectual exercises, as likely to act against as for the end. Those laws, which should be lived before they are intellectually apprehended, are introduced to the mind in the form of propositions, and assented to by the Reason, in direct opposition to the life which the constitution of society makes irresistible. Hence is perpetually reproduced that internal disorganization of the human being, which was described of old in the fable of man's eating of the tree of Knowledge, to the blinding of his eyes to the tree of Life; the whole apparatus of education being the tempting Serpent. Moral and Religious life should be the atmosphere in which the human being unfolds, it being freely lived in the community in which the child is born. Thus only may he be permitted to freely act out what is within him; and have no temptations but necessary ones; and the intellectual apprehension follow

rather than precede his virtue. This is not to take captive the will, but to educate it. If there were no wrong action in the world organized in institutions, children could be allowed a little more moral experimenting than is now convenient for others, or safe for themselves. As the case now is, our children receive, as an inheritance, the punishment and anguish due to the crimes that have gone before them, and the Paradise of youth is curtailed of its fair proportions cruelly and unjustly, and to the detriment of the future man.

In the true society, then, Education is the ground Idea. The highest work of man is to call forth man in his fellow and child. This was the work of the Christ in Jesus, and in his Apostles; and not only in them, but in Poets and Philosophers of olden time; in all who have had immortal aims, in *all* time; whether manifested in act or word, builded in temples, painted on canvass, or chiselled in stone. All action, addressed to the immortal nature of man in a self-forgetting spirit, is of the same nature, — the divine life. The organization which shall give freedom to this loving creative spirit, glimpses of which were severally called the Law in Rome, the Ideal in Greece, Freedom and Manliness in Northern Europe, and Christ by the earnest disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, is at once the true human society, and the only university of Education worthy the name.

N. B. A Postscript to this Essay, giving an account of a specific attempt to realize its principles, will appear in the next number.

POEMS ON LIFE.

NO. I.

LIFE is onward — use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.

Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward — never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast. —
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward — try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue — buy it
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward — heed it
In each varied dress,
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward — prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through Life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the Soul.

NO. II.

Every little spring flows on,
Loving through the day to run;
Night seals never up its fountain,
Coursing still from hill and mountain,
Its glad task it follows ever,
Filling up the steadfast river.

So each little act and thought
Is with a deep meaning fraught,

In the bright and sunny morning,
Marring life or else adorning,
In the hour of night, a story
Weaving on for shame or glory.

If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies hid beneath its cover,
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.

Thus, if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night its torch unlighted,
Filled no more with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story.

W.

WINDMILL.

The tower-like mill,
High on the hill,
Tells us of many fair homesteads concealed
In the valleys around;
Where waving in sunlight, many a field
Of bright grain may be found.

The wild free wind
They have sought to bind
And make it labor like all other things;
Nought careth he;
Joyful he works, while he joyfully sings,
And wanders free.

A broad swift stream,
With glance and gleam,
Comes rolling down from the mountains afar,
Exulting in life;
It sweeps over rocks; it knows no bar;
Too mighty for strife.

Green winding lanes,
Broad sunny plains,
High hills echoing every sweet sound,
Trees stately and tall,
Glorious in beauty are seen all around. —
Where is the lord of all?

Like the eagle high,
That cleaves through the sky,
Whose keen eye glances through burning light,
Such should he be!
Seest thou yonder that poor weary wight?
Alas! it is he.

FESTUS.*

AGLAURON. Well, Laurie, I have come for you to walk; but you look very unlike doing anything so good. What portend that well-filled ink-horn, and that idle pen, and that quire of paper, blank, I see, as yet? And your face no less so. Pray what is the enterprise before you?

LAURIE. A hopeless one! To give some account of the impression produced by a great poem.

AGLAURON. Hopeless, indeed! To "drink up Issel, eat a crocodile," is not hard task enough for ambition like yours. You must measure the immeasurable; while growing calculate your growth; as the sunbeam passes, you must chronicle the miracles it has yet to perform before it is spent.

LAURIE. Such are the tasks proposed to man; he needs not propose them to himself.

AGLAURON. Nay, I cannot blame the poor infant. To be sure his little hands can never reach the moon, nor grasp the fire, but he would be a dullard, if he did not stretch them out just so boldly. But this task of yours seems to me not only bold, but perfectly idle. A man capable of criticising a great poem has something else to do.

LAURIE. And that is?—

AGLAURON. Writing another.

LAURIE. That is not a just way of thinking. It is not the order of nature for every man to express the thought that agitates the general mind, or interpret the wonders that nature offers to all alike. What matter who does it,

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* Festus; a Poem. London. William Pickering. 1839.

so it is done? When a great thought has been expressed, a proportionate receptivity should be brought out. The man who hears occupies a place as legitimate in the unfolding of the race, as he who speaks. Would you have the stem insist on flowering all along from the earth to the topmost branch, instead of contenting itself with telling its history in a few blossoms, and those half-hid amid friendly leaves?

AGLAURON. Well, even if it be so, what is the use of your giving an account of the great poem? There it is; all men can read it, according to their measure. It speaks for itself; it has no need of you to speak for it; at best you only write poetry into prose.

LAURIE. My reasons, O scornful Spartan, are three, and good, because founded in nature. Men are thus acquainted with the very existence of the work. The trumpet now goes before the lyre, or the crowd are not arrested by its tones. The bookseller's advertisement no more apprises them of the good that waits their call, than the announcement of the birth of a noble child draws a multitude to gaze on its early beauty. We tell our friends, when we have read a good book, that they may read it too; and tell our reasons for liking it, as well as we can, that they may believe us.

AGLAURON. That might be done in a simple form without any attempt at criticising what, if it be indeed a poem, is sacred, or translating its thoughts into one's own prose.

LAURIE. The lower kind of criticism, which cavils, measures, and strives to limit the scope of an author, is, when honest, merely the struggle for self-recovery. A great mind has overshadowed us, taken away our breath, paralyzed our self-esteem by its easy mastery; we strive to defy it, to get out of its range, that we may see it clearly, and settle its relations with ourselves. We say, 'you would make me believe, that you represent the universe; you are imperial; you conquer, you bind me; what good to me is your empire, if I am a slave at your feet? Better to me is a narrow life of my own, than passive reception of your vast life. You may have all; but you must not be all to me. Let me find your limits; let me draw a line from you to the centre; you indicate it, but are not it. I must be freed from you, if I would know you.'

But as the cause of this is the weakness of individual character, it bears no fruit of permanent value; it is only excusable as the means of progress. The only noble way is that of reproductive criticism. This is the natural echo of a fine and full tone; it serves to show the poet that his music has its vibration; that he is not alone in an exhausted receiver.

AGLAURON. The last I admit as a good way and a good reason. Now, which of the three is to fill that quire about "Festus?"

LAURIE. The first certainly. It is very difficult to get a copy of the work, and I wish curiosity enough might be excited to cause its republication. The last, too, is in my heart. For cavils and limitations there is no room; they follow the *conscious* triumph of genius. Where the Delphian stands, proudly conscious of sending forth the unerring dart, this reaction may follow our involuntary burst of homage. But where, as in this "Festus," the poet wanders, pale, possessed by the Muse, through tangled wilds of invention, awed and filled, half-unwillingly divine, the work is not triumphant artist-work; it does not dazzle us in the pride of the constructive faculty; it is a simple growth and no more, and in no other wise likely to "alternate attraction and repulsion," than the tall forest or the heaving wave.

AGLAURON. In a hasty perusal of the book it did not seem to me so great. Why do you think it so great?

LAURIE. I shall answer you from its pages.

> "Who can mistake great thoughts?
> They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,
> And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind;
> Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
> Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
> And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
> A rocking and a ringing,— glorious,
> But momentary; madness might it last,
> And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal."

AGLAURON. That passage has, indeed, a greatness, yet not untinctured with — bombast.

LAURIE. You say so because you see the thought out of its natural relations.

Aglauron. I should *not* say so, if I read a passage from Shakspeare or Milton out of its natural relations.

Laurie. I admit it. This is no full and pregnant work of maturity, each line of which is a sounding line into the depths of a great life. You must know the atmosphere, the circumstances; you must look at it as a whole to appreciate parts, for much of its poetry is subjective, not universal, and it is the work of a boy, but a boy-giant.

Aglauron. Why did he write, and on the only great theme too, of the soul's progress, prematurely, and therefore unworthily? Why not, like the great bards, let his great task glitter before him like a star, till he had grown tall enough to draw it down and wear it on his brow? Such haste is no mark of greatness. It is most of all unworthy in our age, where mushroom growths exhaust and deface the soil. It is the work of genius now to reprove haste by calm, patient, steady aspiration. Now, a man who has anything to say will be slower than ever to speak. These many-colored coats of glittering youth only get the wearer sold into the hands of the Egyptians. I must read you thereupon a passage left in my tablets by the diamond pen of one who practises on his own text.

> "Who turns his riches into decoration,
> To deck his glittering, motley coat withal,
> The wealth that he can owe must be full small;
> Little he knows what joy in contemplation
> Of treasuries the general may not know,
> His own peculiar profit and possession,
> That his own hand for his own use did fashion,
> Plants that beneath his hand and eye did grow;
> 'T is such alone can give; the others only show."

Laurie. All your censure would be just, if in this case the act of publication had its usual significance, that is, that the poet supposes he has now built a worthy monument of his life. Here nothing of the kind is implied. This book was indeed written with a pen, printed, and given to the world in the usual way; but it is as simply and transparently the expression of an era in the life, a mood in the mind, as if, like the holy books of the Jews, it were recorded in the hour of feeling, to be kept in the ark, secure from profane eyes, and only to be read to believers on days of solemn feasts. I know no book in our time so subordinated to nature. Do not consider it as

a book, as a work of art at all; but as a leaf from the book of life. His postscript gives a faithful account of what he has done.

> "Read this, World? He who writes is dead to thee,
> But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired;
> Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,
> Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
> Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
> He took was high; it was wise wretchedness.
> He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
> A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see
> A few bright seeds; he sowed them — hoped them truth.
> The autumn of that seed is in these pages.
> God was with him; and bade old Time, to the youth,
> Unclench his heart, and teach the Book of Ages."

Aglauron. This does not remove my objection. Why give the "bright seeds," as seeds? Why not let them lie in the life and ripen in the fulness of time? It is that very fulness that the bard should utter or predict; yours gives us but a cloudy dawn, though a sun may be behind the clouds.

Laurie. I pray thee forgive him at once, and take him from his own point of view, even if it be not the highest. I can see reasons in himself and his time why he has done what, nevertheless, you are not wrong in blaming.

This book is the first colossal sketch made by the youth upon the Isis veil, which hung before the mysteries of his eternal life. A corner of the veil was uplifted in reply, and strains of strange and solemn music answered to his thought. He felt commanded to impart to others what had caused the crisis in his own life. Beside, by writing down the facts and putting them from him in the shape of printed book, he made them stepping stones to the future. He put from him his fiery youth, and could look calmly at it.

Then he has no way profaned himself. His book with all its faults answers to the call of the age for a *sincere* book. It is as true as if it lay in his desk, a private journal, and will not be more in his way. It reminds us of the notion we get of a holy book from the way in which Michel Angelo's Persican Sibyl is reading. This one is worthy her devout intentness, for in its imperfections and beauties it is equally life, fluent, natural life; and surely the Sibyl

would find there a divine spell, for such is couched in every truly living form.

It answers the call for sincerity, and also that for homeliness, and for the majestic negligence of nature as opposed to artificial polish, and traditional graces. And here he has the merit, which scarce any other author possesses, of being as free from the pedantry of simplicity, as the tameness of convention. What Wordsworth strives to express by clothing his muse too obstinately in hoddan grey and clouted shoon; what the good Germans fancy they attain by washing the dishes before the reader they invite to dinner, he does and is without an effort; for, through all his young life, he has never wandered from the feet of nature, nor lost the sound of the lullaby to which she cradled his infancy. There is no faintest tinge of worldliness in his verse, neither obstinate ignoring of the great Babel man has reared upon the harmless earth. He perceives vice and wo, as he perceives the whirlpool and volcano, sure that there is a reason for their existence, since they are permitted by the central power which cannot err.

A friend says, "I think of the author of Festus, as an uncombed youth, standing on a high promontory, his hair blowing back in the wind; his eye ranging through all the wonders of sky and sea and land."

Look at him in this way, not as a man and an artist, but as a boy, though one of the deepest and most fervid nature, and also as a Seer, and you will appreciate the greatness of his poem, a sort of greatness which, if he had waited till a period when he might have made it more perfect, it would not have possessed. In boldness of conception, and in delicate touches of wild nature, wild passion, it is unsurpassed. It speaks from soul to soul; and claims the intervention of reflective intellect, almost as little as one of those luxuriant growths of popular genius, a Greek mythus.

Again, the work reminds me of the theory of the formation of the firmaments from nebulæ. If you look steadily through a telescope of sufficient power, great part of the milky streak, that cleaves the blue of infinite space, is resolved into star-dust. Between, lie large tracts, which, at least to our vision, seem mere nebulæ still. But we perceive in this universe, as a whole, a law

which, if it has not yet, will, in due time, evolve systems of exquisite harmony, manifold life, from the still flowing, floating, cloudlike mists.

AGLAURON. Well! I will use your telescope, and lay Milton and Dante on the shelf for to-day. I know the coral-reef is, in truth, as much a sculpture as the Jupiter of Phidias. You shall lecture to me on your poem, and I will write down what you say; thus shall we easily fill the quire of paper, and the beautiful afternoon with happy intercourse as well.

LAURIE. With all my heart. The blank sheets look formidable no longer, for, maugre all my faith in the public mind, I do confess, I am more easily drawn out by the private one, whose relations with mine are so established, that it can draw me up from deepest water, or bewildering quicksands, with one pull at the net of gold in which it holds so large a portion of my thoughts. I shall begin by making you copy extracts.

AGLAURON. I read best so; but deal more, I beg, with star-dust than the yet unresolved mists.

LAURIE. I do not know how the work was received in England; probably, if much spoken of, with the same batlike indignation usual at the entrance of a new sunbeam on this diurnal sphere. But, in Heraud's Monthly Magazine, it was warmly praised, and the author answered by publishing in that periodical an "Additional Scene to Festus," from which I shall quote largely; for it speaks both of the poet and poesy better than any other could.

It is a conversation between the Student introduced in Festus, and Festus himself, (redivivus.)

"STUDENT.

When first and last we met, we talked on studies;
Poetry only I confess is mine,
And is the only thing I think or read of.

FESTUS.

But poetry is not confined to books,
For the creative spirit which thou seekest
Is in thee, and about thee; yea, it hath
God's every-whereness.

STUDENT.

Truly it was for this
I sought to know thy thoughts, and hear the course

Thou wouldst lay out for one who longs to win
A name among the nations.

FESTUS.

First of all,
Care not about the name, but bind thyself,
Body and soul, to nature hiddenly;
Lo, the great march of stars from earth to earth,
Through heaven. The earth speaks inwardly alone.
Let no man know thy business, save some friend,
A man of mind, above the run of men;
For it is with all men and all things,
The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
He must believe the best of everything;
Love all below, and worship all above.
All animals are living hieroglyphs.
The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat,
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more
To the true eye than their shapes show; for all
Were made in love, and made to be beloved.
Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,
Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,
As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness
To everything.

HELEN.

I love to hear of such,
Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, one might do great things."

He goes on to describe himself as if telling the story of a friend.

* * * * * * *

"I mean not
To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

STUDENT.

Where and when did he study? Did he mix
Much with the world, or was he a recluse?

FESTUS.

He had no times of study, and no place;
All places and all times to him were one.
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
And sounded only when the spirit blew,
Sometime in feasts and follies, for he went
Life-like through all things; and his thoughts then rose
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still,
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words
Would wake him in the dark before his face.
All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad
To show his meaning; and the awful sun

Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers,
He spake the world's one tongue; in earth and heaven
There is but one, it is the word of truth.
To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;
And young and old made their hearts over to him;
And thoughts were told to him as unto none,
Save one who heareth, said and unsaid, all.

* * * * * * *

All things were inspiration unto him,
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was,
And the blue eye of God which is above us;
Brook-bounded pine spinnies, where spirits flit;
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;
Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheeked load;
And the blood-colored tears which yew-trees weep
O'er church-yard graves, like murderers remorseful,
The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup;
Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips
The white moon shimmering on their longing lips;
The large, o'er-loaded, wealthy looking wains
Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,
Leaving on all low branches, as they come,
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home;
He drew his light from that he was amidst,
As doth a lamp from air which hath itself
Matter of light although it show not. His
Was but the power to light what might be lit.
He met a muse in every lonely maid;
And learned a song from every lip he loved.
But his heart ripened most 'neath southern eyes,
Which sunned their sweets into him all day long,
For fortune called him southward, towards the sun.

* * * * * * *

We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us
Like grain in wood; the growth is of the skies,
Which are of nature, nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses,
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns; the thoughts we think,
Subsist the same in God, as stars in heaven,

And as those specks of light will prove great worlds,
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
So too our thoughts will become magnified
To mindlike things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God, wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.

* * * * * * *

Love, mirth, woe, pleasure, was in turn his theme,
And the great good which beauty does the soul,
And the God-made necessity of things.
And, like that noble knight in olden tale,
Who changed his armor's hue at each fresh charge
By virtue of his lady-love's strange ring,
So that none knew him save his private page,
And she who cried, God save him, every time
He brake spears with the brave till he quelled all —
So he applied him to all themes that came;
Loving the most to breast the rapid deep,
Where others had been drowned, and heeding nought
Where danger might not fill the place of fame.
And mid the magic circle of these sounds,
His lyre rayed out, spell-bound himself he stood,
Like a stilled storm. It is no task for suns
To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained,
More than inspired, of God inspirited,
Making himself like an electric rod
A lure for lightning feelings; and his words
Felt like the things which fall in thunder, which
The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state;
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.
He spake to spirits with a spirit-tongue,
Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,
And rayed them round him from the ends of heaven;
For, as he all bards, he was born of beauty,
And with a natural fitness, to draw down
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
Colors of skies, and flowers, and gems, and plumes,
And all by nature, which doth reproduce
Like loveliness in seeming opposites.
Our life is like the wizard's charmed ring,
Death's heads, and loathsome things fill up the ground;
But spirits wing about, and wait on us,
While yet the hour of enchantment is,
And while we keep in, we are safe, and can
Force them to do our bidding. And he raised
The rebel in himself, and in his mind
Walked with him through the world.

STUDENT.

He wrote of this?

FESTUS.

He wrote a poem.

STUDENT.

What was said of it?

FESTUS.

Oh, much was said — much more than understood;
One said, that he was mad, another, wise;
Another, wisely mad. The book is there,
Judge thou among them.

STUDENT.

Well; but who said what?

FESTUS.

Some said that he blasphemed, and these men lied
To all eternity, unless such men
Be saved, when God shall rase that lie from life,
And from His own eternal memory;
But still the word is lied; though it were writ
In honey-dew upon a lily-leaf,
With quill of nightingale, like love letters
From Oberon sent to the bright Titania,
Fairest of all the fays — for that he used
The name of God as spirits use it, barely,
Yet surely more sublime in nakedness,
Statuelike, than in a whole tongue of dress,
Thou knowest, God, that to the full of worship,
All things are worshipful; and Thy great name,
In all its awful brevity, hath nought
Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless
Rather the tongue that utters it; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at my feet, and cry thy name
God! through eternity. The man who sees
Irreverence in that name, must have been used
To take that name in vain, and the same man
Would see obscenity in pure white statues.
Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou Hell;
Archangel, call Archangel; and God, God.

* * * * *

HELEN.

There were some
Encouraged him with good will, surely?

FESTUS.

Many.
The kind, the noble, and the able, cheered him;
The lovely likewise: others knew he nought of.

STUDENT.

Take up the book and if thou understandest
Unfold it to me.

FESTUS.

What I can I will;
Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poetry, do we become
Like God in love and power.

STUDENT.

Under-makers.

FESTUS.

All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man;
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's,
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God.

STUDENT.

So may they ever be;
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great.

FESTUS.

It is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster dome, and show,
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God.
And for the book before us, though it were,
What it is not, supremely little, like
The needled angle of a high church spire,
Still its sole end is God the Father's glory,
From all eternity seen, making clear
His might and love in saving sinful man.
One bard shows God as He deals with states and kings;
Another as he dealt with the first man;
Another as with heaven, and earth, and hell;
Ours writes God as He orders a chance soul,
Picked out of earth at hazard, like oneself,
It is a statued mind and naked heart
Which he strikes out. Other bards draw men dressed
In manners, customs, forms, appearances,
Laws, places, times, and countless accidents
Of peace or polity; to him these are not;

He makes no mention, no account of them;
But shows, however great his doubts, sins, trials,
Whatever earth-born pleasures soil his soul,
What power soever he may gain of evil,
That still, till death, time is; that God's great heaven
Stands open day and night to man and spirit;
For all are of the race of God, and have
In themselves good. The life-writ of a heart
Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was
The hope of serving God as post-priest,
And the belief that he would not put back
Love-offerings, though brought to Him by hands
Unclean and earthy, even as fallen man's
Must be; and, most of all, the thankful show
Of his high power and goodness in redeeming
And blessing souls which love him, spite of sin
And their old earthy strain, these are the aims,
The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.
What theme sublimer than soul being saved?
'T is the bard's aim to show the mind-made world
Without, within; how the soul stands with God,
And the unseen realities about us;
It is a view of life spiritual
And earthly.

STUDENT.

Let us look upon it, then,
In the same light it was drawn and colored in.

FESTUS.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason,
Though of the brightest power of revelation,
As the snow-peaked mountain rises o'er
The lightning, and applies itself to heaven,
We know in daytime there are stars about us
Just as at night, and name them what and where
By sight of science; so by faith we know,
Although we may not see them till our night,
That spirits are about us, and believe,
That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be
As full of angels as a beam of light
Of motes. As spiritual, it shows all
Classes of life, perhaps above our kind,
Known to tradition, reason, or God's word.
As earthly, it embodies most the life
Of youth; its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings!
And, as a sketch of world-life, it begins
And ends, and rightly, in heaven, and with God;
While heaven is also in the midst thereof.
God, or all good, the evil of the world,
And man, wherein are both, are each displayed;
The mortal is the model of all men.
The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings

Of a young, hot, un-world-schooled heart, that has
Had its own way in life, and wherein all
May see some likeness of their own, 't is these
Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate
The ever-moving system of our feeling;
Like life, too, as a whole, it has a moral,
And, as in life, each scene too has its moral,
A scene for every year of his young life,
Shining upon it, like the quiet moon,
Illustrating the obscure, unequal earth:
And though these scenes may seem to careless eyes
Irregular and rough and unconnected,
Like to the stones at Stonehenge, still an use,
A meaning, and a purpose may be marked
Among them of a temple reared to God,
It has a plan, but no plot; life has none."

AGLAURON. Well; the plan is grand enough! and how far has it been fulfilled?

LAURIE. In the main, nobly.

The tendency of the poem is sublime, its execution vigorous, simple, even to negligence; but the majestic negligence of heroic forms. The page beams with thoughts; I say beams, rather than sparkles, because the lights are so full and frequent. The great thought of the poem, Evil the way to good; God glorified through sin and error, is inadequately expressed, and why? — Because the author, though in steadfast faith he follows its leading, sees, as yet, only glimmering or flashing lights. This is a constant source of disappointment. It is painful at last to find the mind, which seemed worthy to fathom the secretest caverns of this deep, content with superficial statement of the orthodox scheme of redemption through grace alone. We looked for deeper insight from such passages as these.

"There lacks
In souls like thine, unsaved, and unexalted,
The light within, the life of perfectness;
Such as there is in Heaven. The soul hath sunk
And perished, like a lighthouse in the sea;
It is for God to raise it and rebuild.
* * * * *
Evil is
Good in another way we are not skilled in.
* * * * * * *
The wildflower's tendril, proof of feebleness,
Proves strength; and so we fling our feelings out,
The tendrils of the heart to bear us up.
* * * * *

The price one pays for pride is mountain-high.
There is a curse beyond the rack of death,
A woe wherein God hath put out His strength,
A pain past all the mad wretchedness we feel,
When the sacred secret hath flown out of us,
And the heart broken open by deep care,—
The curse of a high spirit famishing,
Because all earth but sickens it.
* * * * *
It is a fire of soul in which they burn,
And by which they are purified from sin—
Rid of the grossness that had gathered round them,
And burned again into their virgin brightness;
So that often the result of Hell is Heaven."

The force of these statements of faith, and the earnestness with which the problem of Redemption is proposed, lead us to expect far more philosophical insight as to the *how*, than we find. The poet, like other fine children, is wiser than he knows, and the splinters, which his almost random blows strike from the block of truth, suggest hopes of a far nobler edifice than he has taken the trouble to build.

From Goethe he has borrowed, what Goethe borrowed from the book of Job, the grand thought of a permitted temptation. Neither poet has gone deep into the thought, which so powerfully fixed their attention. Goethe has shown the benefits of deepening individual consciousness. The author of Festus dwells rather upon an all-enfolding love, which brings a peculiar flower from the slough of Despond. Neither author has given more than intimations of the truth, which both felt, rather than saw. But Goethe left his unfinished leaves loose, as they fell from his life; the more juvenile poet borrowed from the church a cover in which he bound them. I mean he has accepted too readily a vulgar statement of a grand mystery, partially true, or it would not have been so widely accepted by religious minds, partially false, because it neglects many processes, silences many requisitions of the soul.

Aglauron. What could you expect from such a boy on heights where Angels bashful look ?

Laurie. Verily, Aglauron ! it must be some boy-David, some lyrist in the first flush of a youth anointed by the Divine Love, that could give me any hope on a theme, where the Goliahs of intellect will always fail, for they are, in their need of heavy armor, Philistines.

But though our new friend fails in this respect, the poem has given him stuff for the introduction of any thought possible to man, and his range is very wide, and often through the highest region.

He has not experience enough to lead us into many of the paths known to older pilgrims. He speaks of man, as when he nestles too close to the bosom of mother earth, and loves her warm, damp breath, better than the free but chill breeze of the sea which sternly calls him. He tells of beauty, often too passionately pursued to be found as truth, of feverish alternations, languid defiance, and thoughts better loved in the chase than the attainment.

AGLAURON. What paths does he take?

LAURIE. Only those naturally known to his age. Woman's love, and speculation on the great themes.

AGLAURON. Had he loved long and well?

LAURIE. No! The beautiful vision named to us as Angela, who inhabits the planet Venus, and shines into his soul like a call to prayer, so that after the wild banquet scene his first thought is,

> "Where is thy grave, my love?
> I want to weep,
> High as thou art this earth above,
> My woe is deep,"

seems rather the ideal of a possible love, than one that had been symbolized by a tangible form, and daily breathing, receiving, pervaded the whole nature of the man with its proper life. Yet in the beautiful picture of her, which is one of the finest passages in the poem, are touches which speak not only of all love, but a love, and have a fragrance of the past, especially where he compares her to "a house-god."

> "I loved her for that she was beautiful,
> And that to me she seemed to be all nature
> And all varieties of things in one;
> Would set at night in clouds of tears; and rise
> All light and laughter in the morning; fear
> No petty customs nor appearances;
> But think what others only dreamed about;
> And say what others did but think; and do
> What others would but say; and glory in
> What others dared but do; it was these which won me;
> And that she never schooled within her breast
> One thought or feeling, but gave holiday

To all; and that she told me all her woes
And wrongs and ills; and so she made them mine
In the communion of love; and we
Grew like each other for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring;
And I, like earth, all budding out with love.

* * * * * * *

The beautiful are never desolate;
For some one alway loves them; God or man.
If man abandons, God Himself takes them,
And thus it was. She whom I once loved died,
The lightning loathes its cloud; the soul its clay.
Can I forget that hand I took in mine,
Pale as pale violets; that eye, where mind
And matter met alike divine? ah, no!
May God that moment judge me when I do!
Oh! she was fair; her nature once all spring
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful. I see her now!
Whatever thou art thy soul is in my mind;
Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain
And peoples all its pictures with thyself,
Gone, not forgotten; passed, not lost; thou wilt shine
In heaven like a bright spot in the sun!
She said she wished to die and so she died;
For, cloudlike, she poured out her love, which was
Her life, to freshen this parched heart. It was thus;
I said we were to part, but she said nothing;
There was no discord; it was music ceased;
Life's thrilling, bursting, bounding joy. She sate
Like a house-god, her hands fixed on her knee;
And her dank hair lay loose and long behind her,
Through which her wild bright eye flashed like a flint,
She spake not, moved not, but she looked the more;
As if her eye were action, speech, and feeling.
I felt it all, and came and knelt beside her,
The electric touch solved both our souls together;
Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes;
Which tears the sealike soul up by the roots
And lashes it in scorn against the skies.
Twice did I stamp to God, swearing, hand clenched,
That not even He nor death should tear her from me.
It is the saddest and the sorest night
One's own love weeping. But why call on God?
But that the feeling of the boundless bounds
All feeling! as the welkin doth the world.
It is this which ones us with the whole and God.
Then first we wept; then closed and clung together;
And my heart shook this building of my breast
Like a live engine booming up and down.
She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.
Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,
Ravelled and twined together into madness,

As in that one wild hour to which all else,
The past, is but a picture. That alone
Is real, and forever there in front,
* * * *
After that I left her
And only saw her once again alive."

Aglauron. I admire this as much as you can desire. I have rarely seen anything like this lavish splendor of beauty fresh from its source, combined with such exquisite touches of domestic feeling. The form and the essence are both manifest to the two-fold nature of the beholder. Usually the poet detains your attention too much on the beauty of the form, and the fondness it inspires, or else, rapt towards the Ideal, he makes the spirit shine too intensely through the form, so that it no more touches your human feelings, than would an alabaster mask.

But Festus has many other loves.

Laurie. By this is merely indicated the easy yielding of a poetical nature to each beautiful influence in its kind. The poet, who wishes to weave his tapestry broad, and full of various figures, will not choose for his *motiv* a character either of the ascetic or heroical cast. Such cleave through the rest of the music with too piercing a tone, which obscures the meaning of the general harmony, and fix the attention too exclusively on their own story to let us contemplate on all sides the destiny of wider comprehension, figured in the motley page. Festus, like Faust and Wilhelm Meister, is so easily taken captive by the present, as to admit of its being brought fully before us. Had he conquered it at once, the whole poem would have been in the life of Festus himself; now it is the common tale of youth.

"He wrote of youth as passionate genius,
Its flights and follies; both its sensual ends
And common places. To behold an eagle
Batting the sunny ceiling of the world
With his dark wings, one well might deem his heart
On heaven; but no! it is fixed on flesh and blood,
And soon his talons tell it."

And though of any one of his loves Festus could say,

"When he hath had
A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
The paper that her hand had travelled over,
And her eye looked on, and would think he saw
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes.

Wandering amid the words of love she had traced
Like glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed
To bear with being but because she loved him,
She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
As hath a sword from war."

Yet with regard to *all* beauteous beings —

"He could not restrain his heart, but loved
In that voluptuous purity of taste
Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,
As night-dew, whensoe'er he met with beauty."

AGLAURON. I admit the wisdom of this course where, as in Wilhelm Meister, the aim is to suggest the various ways in which the whole nature may be educated through the experiences of this world. Were Festus throughout treated as

"A chance soul
Picked out of earth at hazard,"

no farther expectation would be raised than is gratified in the Meister. But in both Faust and Festus, by leading a soul through various processes to final redemption, we are made to expect an indication of the steps through which man passes to spiritual purification, and here our author, notwithstanding his high devotional flight, disappoints us even more than Goethe. You smile; one must always expect to be ridiculed when addressing you Æsthetics from the moral point of view. Yet you cannot deny that the scope of his poem subjects your author to the same canon, by which we judge Milton and Dante.

LAURIE. I only smiled, Aglauron, at the unwonted air of candid timidity with which you propose your objection. I admit its force. I admire my poem, not for its coherence, or organic completeness, but for intimations and suggestions of the highest dignity.

The character of Festus has two fine leadings, the delicate sense of beauty which causes these many loves, and the steadfast, fearless faith, which, if it does not always direct, never forsakes him. The golden thread of the former is shown distinctly where he speaks of Clara.

"Happy as heaven have I been with thee, love,
Thine innocent heart hath passed through a pure life,
Like a white dove, sun-tipped through the blue sky.
A better heart God never saved in Heaven.
She died as all the good die — blessing — hoping.
There are some hearts, aloe-like, flower once, and die;
And hers was of them."

In this, as in many other passages, it is shown how the sensibility to beauty, as distinguished from the desire of appropriating it, must always, even in error and excess, have a power to sweeten and hallow. It is thus that sentimental, as distinguished from noble beings, often disarm us, just as we are despising them.

The aspiration, which directs the course of Festus, with magnetic leading, through all the various obstructions, is shown, in the scene laid in Heaven, by his resolve, not to be shaken by threats from the demon or the dissuasions of angels, to look on God. The thoughts which are to enlighten his cloudy fatalism beam through the gentle pleadings of his mother's spirit.

"FESTUS. *Scene, Heaven.*

Eternal fountain of the Infinite,
On whose life-tide the stars seem strown like bubbles,
Forgive me that an atomie of being
Hath sought to see its Maker face to face.
I have seen all Thy works and wonders, passed
From star to star and space to space, and feel
That to see all which can be seen is nothing,
And not to look on Thee, the invisible;
The spirits that I met all seemed to say,
As on they sped upon their starward course,
And slackened their lightening wings one moment o'er me,
I could not look on God, whatever I was,
And thou didst give this spirit at my side
Power to make me more than them immortal;
So when we had winged through thy wide world of things,
And seen stars made and saved, destroyed and judged,
I said — and trembled lest thou shouldst not hear me,
And make thyself right ready to forgive —
I will see God, before I die, in Heaven.
Forgive me, God!

GOD.

Rise, mortal! look on me.

FESTUS.

Oh! I see nothing but like dazzling darkness."

He then, overwhelmed, is given to the care of the Genius of his life.

"FESTUS.

Will God forgive
That I did long to see him.

GENIUS.

It is the strain
Of all high spirits towards him. Thou couldst not
* * * behold God masked in dust,
Thine eye did light on darkness; but, when dead,
And the dust shaken off the shining essence,
God shall glow through thee as through living glass;
And every thought and atom of thy being
Shall lodge His glory — be over-bright with God.
Come! I will show thee Heaven and all angels.

FESTUS.

How all with a kindly wonder look on me;
Mayhap I tell of earth to their pure sense.
Some seem as if they knew me; I know none.
But how claim kinship with the glorified,
Unless with them, like glorified? — yet — yes —
It is — it must be — that angelic spirit —
My heart outruns me — mother! see thy son!

ANGEL.

Child! how art thou here?

FESTUS.

God hath let me come.

ANGEL.

Hast thou not come unbidden and unprepared?

FESTUS.

Forgive me if it be so — I am come;
And I have ever said there are two who will
Forgive me aught I do — my God and thou!

ANGEL.

I do — may He.
* * * * * *
Son of my hopes on earth and prayers in Heaven,
The love of God! oh it is infinite
Even as our imperfection. Promise, child,
That thou wilt love him more and more for this,
And for his boundless kindness thus to me.
Now, my son, hear me; for the hours of Heaven
Are not as those of earth, and all is all
But lost that is not given to God.
Oft have I seen, with joy, thy thoughts of Heaven,
And holy hopes which track the soul with light
Rise from dead doubts within thy troubled breast,
As souls of drowned bodies from the sea,
Upwards to God; and marked them so received,
That, oh! my soul hath overflowed with rapture,
As now thine eye with tears. But oh! my son,
Beloved, fear thou ever for thy soul;

It yet hath to be saved. God is all-kind;
And long time hath he made thee think of Him;
Think of Him yet in time! Ere I left earth,
With the last breath that air would spare for me,
And the last look which light would bless me with,
I prayed thou might'st be happy and be wise,
And half the prayer I brought myself to God;
And lo! thou art unhappy and unwise.

FESTUS.

* * * * * *

I am glad I suffer for my faults;
I would not, if I might, be bad and happy.

* * * * * *

God hath made but few better hearts than mine,
However much it fail in the wise ways
Of the world, as living in the dull dark streets
Of forms and follies which men brick themselves in.

ANGEL.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them.
Pain overgot gives peace, as death does Heaven.
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace.
Peace hath more might than war; high brows are calm;
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
Stir not, but many systems tend around them.
Mind's step is still as Death's; and all great things
Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good."

In these passages we see the truth of what the Genius of his life says to Festus.

"I am never seen
In the earth's low, thick light, but here in Heaven
And in the air which God breathes I am clear."

And, again, are reminded of what is said in the "Additional Scene."

"Thus have I shown the meaning of the book
And the most truthful likeness of a mind,
Which hath, as yet been limned, the mind of youth
In strengths and failings, in its over-comings,
And in its short-comings; the kingly ends,
The universalizing heart of youth;
Its love of power, heed not how had, although
With surety of self-ruin at the end;
* * * some cried out,
'T was inconsistent; so 't was meant to be.
Such is the very stamp of youth and nature;
And the continual losing sight of its aims,

> And the desertion of its most expressed,
> And dearest rules and objects, this is youth."

The poor Student, naturally enough replies,

> "I look on life as keeping me from God,
> Stars, heaven, and angels' bosoms."

AGLAURON. I feel in these passages the fault which I have heard attributed to the poem, a want of melody and full-toned rhythm.

LAURIE. I will once more defend the poet in his own words.

> "Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
> Glean after what it can. The voice of great
> And graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
> Word-music."

Yet admitting the force of this, and that he has chosen the better part, in an age which deals too much in the pleasures of mere sound, and had rather be lulled to dreams by borrowed and meretricious melodies, than roused by a rude burst of thought, we must add, the *great* poet will be great in both, sense and sound. His verses flow about oftentimes as negligent and sere as autumn-leaves upon the stream. His melodies, when sweetest, want fulness; they are not modulated on the full-sounding chords of the lyre, but on the imperfect stops of Pan's pipe. Yet they have wild charms of their own, a child-like pathos derived from pure iteration of the cadences of nature, that reminds us of passages in the Old Testament, and makes the full-wrought sweeping verse look stiff and brocaded beside its simple Pythian haste.

I hear in this verse the tones of waves and breezes, the rustling of leaves and the pleading softness of childhood. Single phrases are far more powerful than their meaning would indicate, for a throb is felt of the heart, too youthful to be conscious. It is a charm, like the outline of the half-developed form, that borrows its beauty from imperfection, the beauty of promise, as where he calls his love

> "My one blue break in the sky."

or

> "The more thou passest me the more I love thee,
> As the robin our winter window-guest,
> The colder the weather, the warmer his breast;"

or

"The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings
Wide as the skies he may not cleave;
But waking, feels them clipt, and clings
Mad to the perch 't were mad to leave.
* * * * * * *
I have turned to thee, moon, from the glance,
That in triumphing coldness was given;
And rejoiced as I viewed thee all lonely advance,
There was something was lonely in heaven.
I have turned to thee, moon, as I lay
In thy silent and saddening brightness;
And rejoiced as high heaven went shining away,
That the heart had its desolate lightness."
* * * * * *

or

"The holy quiet of the skies
May waken well the blush of shame,
Whene'er we think that thither lies
The heaven we heed not — ought not name.
Oh, Heaven! let down thy cloudy lids,
And close thy thousand eyes;
For each, in burning glances, bids
The wicked fool be wise."

AGLAURON. I recall a host of such passages. But I think their charm is not so much in the melody as in the picture they present, the personalities of look and gesture they bring before the mind. It is like the repetition of some fine phrase by a child, the unexpectedness of the tone and gesture makes it striking.

LAURIE. It may be so! I admit there is nothing that will bear a critical analysis. Yet beside this pathetic beauty of tones and cadences, there are passages that indicate a capacity for what may be more strictly styled music, as in the song of the Gipsey Girl. I wish I could quote it.

AGLAURON. The quire is almost filled already.

LAURIE. Well! the extracts speak for themselves without much aid of mine. Yet I wish to say a few words of his powerful conception of two actors on the strange ethereal scene.

The Son of God, as Redeemer, as Mediator, is more worthily conceived by this believing heart than by almost any before. Such beseeching tenderness, such celestial compassion is seen in one or two of Raphael's heads of the

Christ, is prophesied by one of the angels who announces the birth of a Saviour of mankind to his Four Sibyls. Such tones are breathed by Herbert's Muse.

"ANGEL OF EARTH.

To me earth is
Even as the boundless universe to thee;
Nay, more; for thou couldst make another. It is
My world; take it not from me, Lord! Thou Christ
Mad'st it the altar, where thou offeredst up
Thyself for the creation! Let it be
Immortal as Thy love;
Oh I have heard
World question world and answer; seen them weep
Each other if eclipsed for one red hour;
And of all worlds most generous was mine,
The tenderest and the fairest.

LUCIFER.

Knowest thou not
God's Son to be the brother and the friend
Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul
Been bound forever to thy foolish world?

SON OF GOD.

Think not I lived and died for thine alone,
And that no other sphere hath hailed me Christ;
My life is ever suffering for love.
In judging and redeeming worlds is spent
Mine everlasting being."

Nay, among the very fiends.

"FESTUS.

Look! who comes hither?

LUCIFER.

It is the Son of God!
What dost thou here not having sinned?

SON OF GOD.

For men
I bore with death — for fiends I bear with sin,
And death and sin are each the pain I pay
For the love which brought me down from heaven to save
Both men and devils; and if I have sinned,
It is but in wishing what can never be —
That all souls may be saved; for it is wrong
To wish what is not; as the Father makes
And orders every instant what is best.

FESTUS.

This is God's truth; Hell feels a moment cool.

SON OF GOD.

Hell is His justice — Heaven is His love —
Earth His long-suffering; all the world is but
A quality of God; therefore come I
To temper these — to give to justice, mercy;
And to long-suffering, longer. Heaven is mine
By birthright. Lo! I am the heir of God;
He hath given all things to me. I have made
The earth mine own, and all yon countless worlds,
And all the souls therein; yea, soul by soul,
And world by world, have I redeemed them all —
One by one through eternity, or given
The means of their salvation.

* * * * *

These souls
Whom I see here, and pity for their woes —
But for their evil more — these need not be
Inhelled forever; for although once, twice, thrice,
On earth or here they may have put God from them —
Disowned his prophets — mocked his angels — slain
His Son in his mortality — and stormed
His curses back to Him; yet God is such,
That He can pity still; and I can suffer
For them, and save them. Father! I fear not,
But by thy might I can save Hell from Hell.
Fiends! hear ye me! Why will ye burn forever?
Look! I am here all water; come and drink,
And bathe in me! baptize your burning souls
In the pure well of life — the spring of God,
I come to save all souls that will be saved.
Come, ye immortal fallen! rise again!
There is a resurrection for the dead,
And for the second dead.

* * * * *

A FIEND.

Thou Son of God! what wilt thou here with us?
Have we not Hell enough without thy presence?
Remorse, and always strife, and hate of all,
I see around me; is it not enough?
Why wilt thou double it with thy mild eyes?

SON OF GOD.

Spirit! I come to save thee.

FIEND.

How can that be?

SON OF GOD.

Repent! God will forgive thee then; and I
Will save thee; and the Holy One shall hallow."

Surely the mystery of the Trinity never yet was uttered in so sweet and pathetic a tone.

Aglauron. Does he construe it spiritually?

Laurie. Spiritually, if not in the spirit of profound philosophy.

The other powerful conception is that of the Demon, the rebel in the heart, the Lucifer. This is in perfect harmony with his great thought, which, as I said before, he has not been successful in bringing out, of evil the way to good.

Aglauron. A thought to whose greatness how few are equal! While one party would ignore and annihilate by denial the soil from which we grow, others, again, lie too near the ground, ever trailing along its surface their languid leaves, and forget that it must be penetrated with the divine rays to be transmuted into beauty and glory. How much we need a great thinker who shall reconcile these two statements! Does the poet prophesy such an one?

Laurie. He does by his fulness of faith, that what we call evil is permitted, that nothing can exist an instant which contradicts divine law. But his intimations have the beauty of sentiment only; he has not thought deeply on the subject. He understands, but does not illustrate what was so profoundly said of the joy in heaven over him who repenteth, and worships rather than interprets the divine Love. His Lucifer, however, shows the searching tendency of his nature more than anything in the poem. The demon of the man of Uz; the facetious familiar of Luther, cracking nuts on the bed-posts, put to flight by hurling an ink-horn; the haughty Satan of Milton, whose force of will is a match for all but Omnipotence; the sorrowful satire of Byron's tempter; the cold polished irony of Goethe's Mephistopheles; all mark with admirable precision the state of the age and the mental position of the writer. Man tells his aspiration in his God; but in his demon he shows his depth of experience, and casts light into the cavern through which he worked his course up to the cheerful day.

The demon of Festus finds its parallel in a deep thought of the Hindoo Mythology, its symbol in the fabulous dragon of a poetic age. The dragon is the symbol of loneliness. It guards the hidden treasures. It must live and do its office, else they would not be accumulated in

elicited from it than splendid passages in the scenes, which are overflowed by the "golden, gorgeous loveliness" of Elissa, whose eyes of "soft wet fire" do indeed closely encounter our own.

Aglauron. Yet, as we look over the portfolio of bold crayon sketches, ragged, half-finished, half-effaced; the poem of great opportunities, thrown heedless by, is more impressive than the achievement of any one great deed.

Laurie. That is not in accordance with your usual way of thinking.

Aglauron. No! but I begin to feel the starlight nights shining, and the great waves rushing through the page of this author, and agree that he can only be judged in your way.

Laurie. A conquest this, indeed! and I, on my side, will admit that, if you are sometimes too severe from looking only at the performance, I am too indulgent from taking into view the whole life of the man. Yet, as you, Aglauron, are in no danger of ceasing to demand excellence, your concession to the side of sympathy pleases me well.

My poet, negligently reclining, lost in reverie, soiled and torn by long rambles, charms my fancy, as the little fisher boys I have seen, half listlessly gazing on the great deep, seem to my eye, in their ragged garb and weather-stained features, more poetically fair, more part and parcel of nature's great song, than the young and noble minstrel, tuning his lute in the princely bower, for tale select, or dainty madrigal.

Aglauron. To return to your Lucifer; let us observe how the thought has deepened in the mind of man. If we compare the Mephistopheles and Lucifer with the buskined devil of the mob, the goblin with cloven foot and tail, we realize the vast development of inward life. What a step from slavish fears of outward injury or retribution, to representations, like these, of inward dangers, the pitfalls, and fearful dens within our nature. And he who thoughtfully sees the danger begins already to subdue.

Laurie. The poet, my friend, the poet, ah! he is indeed the only friend, and gives us for brief intervals an Olympic game, instead of the seemingly aimless contests

that fill the years between. Yet that they are only *seemingly* aimless his fulfilment shows. We date from such periods, where we saw the crown on worthy brows. We cannot adjudge the palm to the aspirant before us, yet will not many thoughts and those of sacred import take birth from this hour? We have not criticized; we have lived with him.

AGLAURON. And shall we not meet him again?

LAURIE. He forbids us to expect it. But a mind, which has poured itself forth so fully, and we must add so prematurely, claims seclusion to win back "the sacred secret that has flown out of it." Its utterance has made it realize its infinite wants so deeply, that ages of silence seem requisite to satisfy in any degree the need of repose and undisturbed growth. But the reactions of nature are speedy beyond promise. Who, that paces for the first time a strand from which the tide has ebbed, and sees the forlornness of the forsaken rocks, and the rejected shells and seaweed strown negligently along, could find in the low murmur of the unrepenting waves any promise of return; yet to-morrow will see them return, to claim the forgotten spoils, and clothe in joy and power every crevice of the desolate shore. So with our poet! Here or elsewhere we must meet again.

AGLAURON. He says,

> "The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it."

LAURIE. It claims the more aid from the poet "wont to make, unite, believe." He says too of Festus, in the "Additional Scene,"

> "Like the burning peak he fell
> Into himself, and was missing ever after."

But we do not believe that the internal heat has been exhausted by one outbreak, and must look for another, if not of higher aim, yet of more thorough fulfilment, and more perfect beauty.

F.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We sometimes meet in a stage coach in New England an erect muscular man, with fresh complexion and a smooth hat, whose nervous speech instantly betrays the English traveller; — a man nowise cautious to conceal his name or that of his native country, or his very slight esteem for the persons and the country that surround him. When Mr. Bull rides in an American coach, he speaks quick and strong, he is very ready to confess his ignorance of everything about him, persons, manners, customs, politics, geography. He wonders that the Americans should build with wood, whilst all this stone is lying in the roadside, and is astonished to learn that a wooden house may last a hundred years; nor will he remember the fact as many minutes after it has been told him; he wonders they do not make elder-wine and cherry-bounce, since here are cherries, and every mile is crammed with elder bushes. He has never seen a good horse in America, nor a good coach, nor a good inn. Here is very good earth and water, and plenty of them, — that he is free to allow, — to all other gifts of nature or man, his eyes are sealed by the inexorable demand for the precise conveniences to which he is accustomed in England. Add to this proud blindness the better quality of great downrightness in speaking the truth, and the love of fair play, on all occasions, and, moreover, the peculiarity which is alleged of the Englishman, that his virtues do not come out until he quarrels. Transfer these traits to a very elegant and accomplished mind, and we shall have no bad picture of Walter Savage Landor, who may stand as a favorable impersonation of the genius of his countrymen at the present day. A sharp dogmatic man with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all that he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning and capable of the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and yet prone to indulge a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language. His partialities and dislikes are by no means calculable, but are often whimsical and amusing; yet they are quite sincere, and, like those of Johnson and Coleridge, are easily separable from the man.

What he says of Wordsworth, is true of himself, that he delights to throw a clod of dirt on the table, and cry, "Gentlemen, there is a better man than all of you." Bolivar, Mina, and General Jackson will never be greater soldiers than Napoleon and Alexander, let Mr. Landor think as he will; nor will he persuade us to burn Plato and Xenophon, out of our admiration of Bishop Patrick, or "Lucas on Happiness," or "Lucas on Holiness," or even Barrow's Sermons. Yet a man may love a paradox, without losing either his wit or his honesty. A less pardonable eccentricity is the cold and gratuitous obtrusion of licentious images, not so much the suggestion of merriment as of bitterness. Montaigne assigns as a reason for his license of speech, that he is tired of seeing his Essays on the work-tables of ladies, and he is determined they shall for the future put them out of sight. In Mr. Landor's coarseness there is a certain air of defiance; and the rude word seems sometimes to arise from a disgust at niceness and over-refinement. Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a sess-pool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterward, he washes them in water, he washes them in wine; but you are never secure from his freaks. A sort of Earl Peterborough in literature, his eccentricity is too decided not to have diminished his greatness. He has capital enough to have furnished the brain of fifty stock authors, yet has written no good book.

But we have spoken all our discontent. Possibly his writings are open to harsher censure; but we love the man from sympathy, as well as for reasons to be assigned; and have no wish, if we were able, to put an argument in the mouth of his critics. Now for twenty years we have still found the "Imaginary Conversations" a sure resource in solitude, and it seems to us as original in its form as in its matter. Nay, when we remember his rich and ample page, wherein we are always sure to find free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an affluent and ready memory familiar with all chosen books, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which nothing has occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a scourge like that of the Furies for every oppressor, whether public or private, we

feel how dignified is this perpetual Censor in his curule chair, and we wish to thank a benefactor of the reading world.

Mr. Landor is one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature. In these busy days of avarice and ambition, when there is so little disposition to profound thought, or to any but the most superficial intellectual entertainments, a faithful scholar receiving from past ages the treasures of wit, and enlarging them by his own love, is a friend and consoler of mankind. When we pronounce the names of Homer and Æschylus, — Horace, Ovid, and Plutarch, — Erasmus, Scaliger, and Montaigne, — Ben Jonson and Isaak Walton, — Dryden and Pope, — we pass at once out of trivial associations, and enter into a region of the purest pleasure accessible to human nature. We have quitted all beneath the moon, and entered that crystal sphere in which everything in the world of matter re-appears, but transfigured and immortal. Literature is the effort of man to indemnify himself for the wrongs of his condition. The existence of the poorest play-wright and the humblest scrivener is a good omen. A charm attaches to the most inferior names which have in any manner got themselves enrolled in the registers of the House of Fame, even as porters and grooms in the courts, to Creech and Fenton, Theobald and Dennis, Aubrey and Spence. From the moment of entering a library and opening a desired book, we cease to be citizens, creditors, debtors, housekeepers, and men of care and fear. What boundless leisure! what original jurisdiction! the old constellations have set, new and brighter have arisen; an elysian light tinges all objects.

> "In the afternoon we came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

And this sweet asylum of an intellectual life must appear to have the sanction of nature, as long as so many men are born with so decided an aptitude for reading and writing. Let us thankfully allow every faculty and art which opens new scope to a life so confined as ours. There are vast spaces in a thought; a slave, to whom the religious sentiment is opened, has a freedom which makes

his master's freedom a slavery. Let us not be so illiberal with our schemes for the renovation of society and nature, as to disesteem or deny the literary spirit. Certainly there are heights in nature which command this; there are many more which this commands. It is vain to call it a luxury, and as saints and reformers are apt to do, decry it as a species of day-dreaming. What else are sanctities, and reforms, and all other things? Whatever can make for itself an element, means, organs, servants, and the most profound and permanent existence in the hearts and heads of millions of men, must have a reason for its being. Its excellency is reason and vindication enough. If rhyme rejoices us, there should be rhyme, as much as if fire cheers us, we should bring wood and coals. Each kind of excellence takes place for its hour, and excludes everything else. Do not brag of your actions, as if they were better than Homer's verses or Raphael's pictures. Raphael and Homer feel that action is pitiful beside their enchantments. They could act too, if the stake was worthy of them; but now all that is good in the universe urges them to their task. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class, and among these, few men of the present age, have a better claim to be numbered than Mr. Landor. Wherever genius or taste has existed, wherever freedom and justice are threatened, which he values as the element in which genius may work, his interest is sure to be commanded. His love of beauty is passionate, and betrays itself in all petulant and contemptuous expressions.

But beyond his delight in genius, and his love of individual and civil liberty, Mr. Landor has a perception that is much more rare, the appreciation of character. This is the more remarkable considered with his intense nationality, to which we have already alluded. He is buttoned in English broadcloth to the chin. He hates the Austrians, the Italians, the French, the Scotch, and the Irish. He has the common prejudices of an English landholder; values his pedigree, his acres, and the syllables of his name; loves all his advantages, is not insensible to the beauty of his watchseal, or the Turk's head on his umbrella; yet with all this miscellaneous pride, there is a noble nature within him, which instructs him that he is so

rich that he can well spare all his trappings, and, leaving to others the painting of circumstance, aspire to the office of delineating character. He draws his own portrait in the costume of a village schoolmaster, and a sailor, and serenely enjoys the victory of nature over fortune. Not only the elaborated story of Normanby, but the whimsical selection of his heads prove this taste. He draws with evident pleasure the portrait of a man, who never said anything right, and never did anything wrong. But in the character of Pericles, he has found full play for beauty and greatness of behavior, where the circumstances are in harmony with the man. These portraits, though mere sketches, must be valued as attempts in the very highest kind of narrative, which not only has very few examples to exhibit of any success, but very few competitors in the attempt. The word Character is in all mouths; it is a force which we all feel; yet who has analyzed it? What is the nature of that subtle, and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by personal as by the most spiritual ties? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men, or literary men, or rich men, or active men, or (in the popular sense) religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all our life's history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism, intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is a suicide. For the person who stands in this lofty relation to his fellow men is always the impersonation to them of their conscience. It is a sufficient proof of the extreme delicacy of this element, evanescing before any but the most sympathetic vision, that it has so seldom been employed in the drama and in novels. Mr. Landor, almost alone among living English writers, has indicated his perception of it.

These merits make Mr. Landor's position in the republic of letters one of great mark and dignity. He exercises with a grandeur of spirit the office of writer, and carries it with an air of old and unquestionable nobility. We do not recollect an example of more complete independence in literary history. He has no clanship, no friendships,

that warp him. He was one of the first to pronounce Wordsworth the great poet of the age, yet he discriminates his faults with the greater freedom. He loves Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Virgil, yet with open eyes. His position is by no means the highest in literature; he is not a poet or a philosopher. He is a man full of thoughts, but not, like Coleridge, a man of ideas. Only from a mind conversant with the First Philosophy can definitions be expected. Coleridge has contributed many valuable ones to modern literature. Mr. Landor's definitions are only enumerations of particulars; the generic law is not seized. But as it is not from the highest Alps or Andes, but from less elevated summits, that the most attractive landscape is commanded, so is Mr. Landor the most useful and agreeable of critics. He has commented on a wide variety of writers, with a closeness and an extent of view, which has enhanced the value of those authors to his readers. His Dialogue on the Epicurean philosophy is a theory of the genius of Epicurus. The Dialogue between Barrow and Newton is the best of all criticisms on the Essays of Bacon. His picture of Demosthenes in three several Dialogues is new and adequate. He has illustrated the genius of Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Euripides, Thucydides. Then he has examined before he expatiated, and the minuteness of his verbal criticism gives a confidence in his fidelity, when he speaks the language of meditation or of passion. His acquaintance with the English tongue is unsurpassed. He "hates false words, and seeks with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing." He knows the value of his own words. "They are not," he says, "written on slate." He never stoops to explanation, nor uses seven words where one will do. He is a master of condensation and suppression, and that in no vulgar way. He knows the wide difference between compression and an obscure elliptical style. The dense writer has yet ample room and choice of phrase, and even a gamesome mood often between his valid words. There is no inadequacy or disagreeable contraction in his sentence, any more than in a human face, where in a square space of a few inches is found room for every possible variety of expression.

Yet it is not as an artist, that Mr. Landor commends

himself to us. He is not epic or dramatic, he has not the high, overpowering method, by which the master gives unity and integrity to a work of many parts. He is too wilful, and never abandons himself to his genius. His books are a strange mixture of politics, etymology, allegory, sentiment, and personal history, and what skill of transition he may possess is superficial, not spiritual. His merit must rest at last, not on the spirit of the dialogue, or the symmetry of any of his historical portraits, but on the value of his sentences. Many of these will secure their own immortality in English literature; and this, rightly considered, is no mean merit. These are not plants and animals, but the genetical atoms, of which both are composed. All our great debt to the oriental world is of this kind, not utensils and statues of the precious metal, but bullion and gold dust. Of many of Mr. Landor's sentences we are fain to remember what was said of those of Socrates, that they are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will.

We will enrich our pages with a few paragraphs, which we hastily select from such of Mr. Landor's volumes as lie on our table.

"The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he, who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious, both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him. . . . . Him I would call the powerful man who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to show thee, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have that intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others."

"All titulars else must be produced by others; a knight by a knight, a peer by a King, while a gentleman is self-existent."

"Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity . . the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime, but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the

heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity; generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes Pity; the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling; pity is not given to children. So said he; I know not whether rightly, for the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence."

"O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them."

"The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious; I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal dried up by it into egoism and vanity, and have watched the mind, growing black and rancid in its own smoke."

GLORY.

"Glory is a light which shines from us on others, not from others on us."

"If thou lovest Glory, thou must trust her truth. She followeth him who doth not turn and gaze after her."

RICHARD I.

"Let me now tell my story . . to confession another time. I sailed along the realms of my family; on the right was England, on the left was France; little else could I discover than sterile eminences and extensive shoals. They fled behind me; so pass away generations; so shift, and sink, and die away affections. In the wide ocean I was little of a monarch; old men guided me, boys instructed me; these taught me the names of my towns and harbors, those showed me the extent of my dominions; one cloud, that dissolved in one hour, half covered them.

"I debark in Sicily. I place my hand upon the throne of Tancred, and fix it. I sail again, and within a day or two I behold, as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, mother of a religion, it is said, that lived two thousand years. Onward, and many specks bubble up along the blue Ægean; islands, every one of which, if the songs and stories of the pilots are true, is the monument of a greater man than I am. I leave them afar off . . . . and for whom? O, abbot, to join creatures of less import than the sea-mews on their cliffs; men praying to be heard, and fearing to be understood, ambitious of

another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service of their God. Is this Christianity? and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?"

DEMOSTHENES.

"While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power can affect those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger, on entering them, stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.'"

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. Ovid says, 'the girl is the least part of herself.' Of himself, certainly, the man is."

"No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground."

"I found that the principal means (of gratifying the universal desire of happiness) lay in the avoidance of those very things, which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, adventures in commerce, and extensive landed property."

"Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher."

"Praise keeps good men good."

"The highest price we can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

"There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms, and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

"Anaxagoras is the true, firm, constant friend of Pericles; the golden lamp that shines perpetually on the image I adore."

[The Letter of Pericles to Aspasia in reply to her request to be permitted to visit Xeniades.]

"Do what your heart tells you; yes, Aspasia, do *all* it tells you. Remember how august it is. It contains the temple,

not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of one to the extremity of the other.

"Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, whereunder runs the stream that passes irreversibly! let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it — but — may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm."

E.

INWORLD.

Amid the watches of the windy night
A poet sat and listened to the flow
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,
A wild and mystic lay — to which his thoughts
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran: —

All is but as it seems.
The round green earth,
With river and glen;
The din and the mirth
Of the busy busy men;
The world's great fever
Throbbing forever;
The creed of the sage,
The hope of the age,
All things we cherish,
All that live and all that perish,
These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on
To thy dreaming;
To thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
Eyes are streaming.
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray;
Thee the winter chills;
Thee the spring-time thrills;
All things nod to thee —
All things come to see
If thou art dreaming on.
If thy dream should break,
And thou shouldst awake,
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.
From thee as from a root
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all;
Thou dost hold and cover all;
Thou art Atlas — thou art Jove; —
The mightiest truth
Hath all its youth
From thy enveloping thought —
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee
With voice unbroken;
Still doth she rhyme to thee,
When thou hast spoken.
When the sun shines to thee,
'T is thy own joy
Opening mines to thee
Nought can destroy.
When the blast moans to thee,
Still doth the wind
Echo the tones to thee
Of thy own mind.
Laughter but saddens thee
When thou art glad,
Life is not life to thee
But as thou livest,
Labor is strife to thee,
When thou least strivest: —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
Most musical with inward melodies,
But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn
Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

C.

THE DIAL.

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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

LOVE.

THE stream flows between its banks, according to Love. The planets sustain and restrain themselves, in their courses, by this same principle. All nature governs itself by Love.

By this I understand, that each created thing, is gifted to act, as though it knew the properties, and ends to be attained, which belong to each of the others; and that each one so guides itself, as not to interfere with, or restrain, the workings of another; except when a clashing of properties takes place, and then, a just and equitable compromise is immediately effected.

This regard to the peculiarities, and constructions of each other, appears to be an application of the principle of justice.

The sentence, "All nature governs itself by Love," implies a power — the Power of Love. But this is not always perceived.

LOVE AND POWER.

Looking out upon nature, we find all things moving, and revolving, according to some apparently everlasting and unchanging laws, of which we have, as yet, obtained no knowledge, save that of their mere existence.

Immediately we sum up all the changes of the seasons; the summer with its overpowering heat; the winter with

its intense cold; the movement of the winds and the waves; the growth of the trees; the revolutions of the sun, and the moon, and the stars; and then we turn our eyes inward, and perceive in our own souls, that we decide concerning the performance of any action, according as the motive *for*, is stronger or weaker than the motive *against*; and because we have seen all this, we say:

There are in nature two classes of things: things which are governed, and things which govern. The things which are governed are matter and spirit. The things which govern, are the *laws* of matter and the *laws* of spirit. Then we sum up all the laws which we know, and find that they may be included in the first thought of justice or love. But the view is changed; we now perceive the element of Activity, or Power.

Power (or activity) I call *will*, (not *free* will.)

As in the word Love, Power (or activity) is implied, so in the word Power, Freedom is implied. But this is not always perceived.

APPLICATION.

There is a chain of causes and effects, which proceeds from the eternity of the past, and passes, link by link, through our little dominion of time, thence stretching onward, till it is lost in the dim eternity to come. The description of this chain, is the history of the universe.

When we have performed an action, it is no longer ours, it belongs to nature. As soon as an action goes forth, it gives birth to another action, which last gives birth to still another, and so on through all eternity. The little bustle and noise, which we have made, appears small, beside the motion of the rest of the universe; but that little bustle and noise will have their precise effect, and this effect will continue to produce and reproduce itself forever. All that has been done before my time, has left effects, to serve me as motives. All that I do, and all that nature does in my time, will serve as motives to those who come after me. All nature has been at work from the beginning of time, until this day, to produce me, and my character.

"All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the

eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that has been, is the thing that shall be; and the thing that has been done, is the thing that shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

When we see these things, we think that it is well to know, and to love, nature; for, according to her laws, are all things done, which are done, in the world. We see that from good, good arises; and that from evil, evil arises. We see that this is a law of nature.

Then we say again, with King Solomon, "God shall judge the righteous and the wicked; for there is a time for every work, and for every purpose. Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it will be well with them which fear God; but it shall not be well with the wicked; neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God."

LOVE AND POWER AND INTELLIGENCE.

Looking in upon ourselves, we find that we are not machines. We find that we are something more than mere sieves, by which nature distinguishes stronger from weaker motives.

We find that, although we always act from a choice of motives, there is no power in any motive, by which it acts irresistibly upon the mind. The degrees of strength, by which motives act upon the mind, are given to those motives, by the mind itself. The mind itself decides by what motives it will be ruled; and often it refuses to obey a motive coming from without, because of a principle which it has formed for its own government. The mind makes laws for itself, and changes those laws when it pleases so to do. Matter obeys the strongest force, and it obeys that force so far as it is stronger than all other opposite forces. But not so spirit. Spirit opposes extraneous forces, by forces formed by, and in itself.

The struggle between the soul, and extraneous force, constitutes Spiritual Life. In every human action there is an element of Liberty, and an element of Destiny. Liberty modifies destiny, and destiny modifies liberty.

Man is not wholly free, neither is he wholly enslaved; for were he wholly free, or wholly enslaved, he *might* continue to exist, but he would cease to be man. Man is a free spirit, bound in chains and fetters; but having power to throw off, one by one, the bands which fasten him to the earth. If any man strive to rise above his destiny, that man is a noble man; if any man knowingly succumb to his circumstances, that man is an ignoble man.

A man is not an ignoble man, because he does ignoble things; but he does ignoble things, because he is an ignoble man. A tree may be known by its fruits.

CONCLUSION.

The fool is driven before his destiny; but the man of understanding rideth thereon.

DESTINY.

There is a chain of causes and effects, which stretches from eternity to eternity. This chain is a bridge, which connects the past with that which is to come. Proceeding from that which is behind us, we step, link by link, along this bridge, and press onward toward the shadowy future.

We know that this chain exists, because we see its links. We know that a particular cause will never fail to bring forth its own particular effect. As cause is to effect, in the material world, so, with certain modifications, is motive to voluntary action in the human mind. No link, in the immeasurable chain, could occupy any other place than the one which it does occupy; for there is no such thing as chance.

This chain stretches forth from the eternity, which precedes our birth; and these causes, under the name of motives, will always have their precise effect, upon every operation of our minds, and upon every action of our lives.

From like causes we never fail to experience like effects. Knowledge is not vague and undetermined. The human mind is a legitimate object of science.

If we have given, the *precise character*, and motives, of a man, we can predict his conduct, under certain circum-

stances, as certainly as we can predict an eclipse of the sun, or the return of a comet.

The old farmer knows more than the young beginner, because he has had more experience. The old diplomatist knows more than the young politician, because he has seen more men.

If I plant corn, I am as certain that I can sell it in the market, as I am that it will come up in my fields. If I am the owner of a manufactory, I am as certain that I can obtain men to labor in my mill, as I am that my machinery will work.

Men do not always *see* this destiny; but if adversity lays her iron hand upon them, and they perceive that all avenues are closed, by which they would vent their activity, they acknowledge this conjunction of causes and effects, which then asserts its power. How often is it, that we would act, but cannot, because circumstances oppose us; and circumstances mark out our destiny.

FREEDOM.

"Nor would I have you mistake, in the point of your own liberty. These is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts, to do what they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty *sumus omnes deteriores;* 't is the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you will, in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted unto by all, but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke, and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honor and power of authority."

Always man sees, above himself, an image of what he ought to be. This image is not himself, but it is what he ought to be. This image comprises, in itself, *goodness, power,* and *wisdom.* As man strives to realize this idea

of what he ought to be, he rises higher and higher; but, as he rises higher and higher, this image removes from him, and also rises higher and higher, until it becomes *infinite goodness*, *infinite power*, and *infinite wisdom*. When this idea has become thus perfected, and man perceives it, he knows that the idea is the idea of God. Man says, it is not *me*, it is not *mine*; but I see it, and it is the everlasting God.

Freedom is not the power to do wrong; it is the power to do right, the power to exercise all the capacities of one's nature. There is but one being who is absolutely free; that being is God. Man is the victim of circumstances; he is never free in himself, but he can become free by partaking of the absolute liberty, by partaking of "the liberty of the sons of God."

There is no self-determining power of the will. Always the will obeys the emotions of the sensibility, as modified by the dictates of the intelligence. In other words, the precise conduct of a man may be known, if we have given, the *precise character* of the man, and the motives which are to act upon that character. Man is not accountable for the motive, neither is he accountable for the action; but he is accountable for the *character*. Man always has the idea before him of what he ought to be, and, if he contemplate and love that idea, he will ascend toward it; and if he ascend toward it, he will partake of the everlasting liberty. But, if he scorn that idea, and prefer the fleeting circumstances of time, he will fall from liberty, and become a bond slave of the Devil.

A man is not a murderer, because he commits murder; but he commits murder, because he is a murderer. *We* condemn the man, because he commits the deed; for, to us, a tree is known by its fruits only. There is One that judgeth the *heart*.

Freedom, therefore, dwells in the intelligence; because it is by the intelligence that we know God, when we perceive his manifestations. It is by the intelligence that we look inward, and discover our own limitations and weaknesses; and the knowledge of our own limitations and weaknesses is the first step toward a remodelling of our characters, according to the everlasting idea. When adverse circumstances surround us, and threaten to over-

whelm us, do we overcome them, and assert our superiority, our liberty, by an effort of the will? No. We look at these circumstances, and study them, and then, because we have obtained *knowledge*, we turn aside these adverse circumstances, one after the other, and at last, we ride over that which at first threatened to overwhelm us.

LIBERTY AND DESTINY.

Were we mere spirits, and not spirits subjected to the circumstances of the body, then *might* this idea, of what we ought to be, be sufficient to maintain our liberty.

But we are not such spirits; we are bound down by material bodies, surrounded by temptations, the victims of circumstances; and this divine idea is hardly seen by those who are obliged to toil, daily and nightly, to secure those things which are necessary to the body.

It is possible, if this idea were all that could lead us to liberty, that among whole generations of men, there *might* not be a single one, who should assert his freedom, and become the master of his destiny. For the image wanes dim, because of the world which is seen, and the things therein.

Would it not be a glorious mercy of God, if this idea, which is not man, but which comes down to man, to show him the path of liberty, the path which leads to God, should *become man*, and dwell among us, and die among us, to show us how to assert the superiority of our souls over that which is material — to show us, in fine, the way to escape the bondage of the body, and to attain to the liberty of the sons of God?

If this Idea, this Light, should come among us, if he should come as a man like ourselves, we should know him, because he would do wonderful things, which no man ever did — because he would begin a movement which would go on, growing and growing, from generation to generation; and, when men of the most remote ages perceived this movement, they would recognise Him that commenced it. We should know him, because he would testify of himself, and the light which is in us would testify of him; for he would speak the words of truth, and these words would bring out the dim and defaced image of the truth

which is in us, until it should reflect the blaze of the eternal glory.

He that believeth hath the witness in himself. The witness within and the witness without. At the mouths of two or three witnesses shall every word stand fast.

CONCERNING MATTER.

What are material objects? Material objects are the causes of impressions. We do not perceive material objects; we only perceive the impressions which they make upon us. Their different properties, smell, taste, weight, color, extension, &c., only appear to us as their different manners of acting, or of making impressions. We know material objects by their properties only. We know them, therefore, only as active beings, as *forces*. All the beings of nature, minerals, vegetables, &c., are nothing to us, but forces, or combinations of forces. These forces are not, like the soul, intelligent and free, but they are all gifted with activity. Even those which have no property but simple resistance are active, for resistance is action.

It is said that there is a simple substance, differing from, and lying behind, all these properties. This simple substance I have never perceived; I know no necessity for it; and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that any such simple substance really exists.

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

A man, and the object upon which he acts, are two separate and distinct things.

A man, and the instrument by which he acts, are also two separate and distinct things.

If I cut a piece of wood, or write upon a sheet of paper, the piece of wood and the sheet of paper are objects upon which I act; they are, therefore, not me.

The chisel with which I cut, and the pen with which I write, are instruments by which I act; they are, therefore, not me.

My hand is also an instrument by which I act; my hand, therefore, is not me.

My whole body is a combination of instruments by which I act; my body, therefore, is not me.

If I am not the object acted upon, nor the instrument by which the action is performed, what then am I? I am, evidently, *that which acts.*

CONCERNING THE SOUL.

Although there is no material body without three dimensions, we often make abstraction of one or two of them; for example, if we speak of the size of a field, or of the height of a church, we consider a surface only, or a line. But no such thing as a geometrical line, or as a surface, really exists. When we speak of length, or of length and breadth, we speak of things from which the perfection of their being has been abstracted; but, when we speak of length, breadth, *and* depth, we speak of a general formula which includes all the material bodies with which we come in contact every day.

To facilitate study, Geometry is divided into three parts; the first part treats of length; the second treats of length and breadth; the third treats of length, breadth, and depth. The first two parts treat of that from which all true being has been abstracted; the third part treats of real existing things.

Now there is no soul which does not *desire*, *think*, and *act:* in other words, there is no soul without *sensibility*, *intelligence*, and *power*. When we speak of sensibility, without intelligence, and power, or when we speak of either sensibility, intelligence, or power, alone by itself, or when we speak of any two of these, without the third, we speak of things which do not really exist, because that which forms the perfection of their being has been abstracted from them. But when we speak of sensibility, intelligence, *and* power, we speak of a general formula which includes all the souls with which we come in contact every day. In order to facilitate observation, we will endeavor to examine sensibility by itself, intelligence by itself, and power by itself.

1. By sensibility, the soul either *perceives* its own *activity;* or it reacts upon itself by an emotion.

2. By intelligence, the soul either *recognises* the *causes* of its own activity; or having recognised those causes, it proceeds to recognise their effects; or, it compares emo-

tions, received through the sensibility, with recognitions of cause and effect.

By power (activity, volition), the soul either simply produces effects upon the material world; or, by producing such effects, it acts upon other souls, through the instrumentality of language; or, it reacts upon itself by the formation of an opinion, thereby producing a harmony between the intelligence and the sensibility.

I have endeavored, in the last three paragraphs, to describe the action of the soul by sensibility alone, by intelligence alone, and by power alone; but I have not succeeded, and I cannot in my own mind conceive of any such separate action.

The soul acts, and thinks, when it *perceives*; it perceives, and acts, when it *thinks*; it perceives, and thinks, when it *acts*. An emotion involves a thought, and a volition; a thought involves an emotion, and a volition; a volition involves an emotion, and a thought.

If I attempt to examine *one* manner of acting by itself, the other two immediately present themselves; if I attempt to examine the three, I immediately perceive nothing but their unity; if I attempt to examine their unity, the unity immediately disappears, and a triplicity stands in its place.

I do not pretend to explain this *triplicity in unity*; I merely endeavor to show that it does, in fact, exist.

It is said that there is a soul differing *from*, and manifesting itself *by*, sensibility, intelligence, and power. I have never caught a glimpse of any such soul; I see no necessity for such a soul; and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that any such soul does really exist. It appears to me that if the sensibility, intelligence, and power, which belong to any man's soul, should be so separated as not to act and react upon each other, that the fact of their separation would amount to the annihilation of the man's soul.

A true soul must fulfil the following conditions; 1. It must be able to act; 2. It must be able to perceive its own activity; 3. It must be able, when it perceives its own activity, to recognise itself. These three, are reciprocally, the conditions of each other's existence; and they include the fact of consciousness.

BEAUTY, JUSTICE, AND HARMONY.

There is in every man a love, an attraction, for that which is like himself, and a dislike, a repulsion, for that which is unlike himself.

The highest characteristic of man is Life, and he loves every being in which he perceives life, or the manifestations thereof; he dislikes every being in which he perceives a tendency downwards, from life, toward non-existence.

There are many beings incomplete, half dead, which we do not love; but we do not dislike them because they partake of life, but because of their tendency toward non-existence. Man loves order, but he has a horror of chaos.

It is natural for us to love our friends more than we love any other created beings; and this is because they live, and because we have seen more of their lives than we have of the lives of any other created things.

Our sensibilities are much affected when we see a fine statue, or painting, because the statue, or painting, is a representative of life; and when we perceive a statue, we recognise the living artist that made it. We admire any piece of human labor; even a plain brick wall possesses a certain interest, when compared with a loose heap of stones. If the statue be so fine that we forget the artist, it is because the statue is lifelike in itself, and the appearance of life in the statue, renders it unnecessary for us to think of the living artist. But no man would be so much affected by the sight of a work of art, as he would be by the sight of an equally perfect living person.

If man possessed nothing but sensibility, and activity, he would be acted upon by every thing which came in contact with him; and, as each of these things would have its precise effect, his own conduct would be regulated by the exterior world, he being but a mere machine.

If man possessed nothing but intelligence and activity, he would have no emotions to induce him to think, neither would he have any subject of thought, and, although he would have the power of thought, he would not think, and therefore would not truly live.

The action of the intelligence upon the sensibility, constitutes Life, and nothing truly lives but spirit. *Our* life is

a struggle between two natures; if either were wanting, there would be no struggle, and life would cease.

Beauty, Justice, and Harmony, always accompany Life, yet they do not constitute life; but, if life be manifested, then will Beauty, Justice, and Harmony appear, because they are attributes of that manifestation. Wherever we find either Beauty, or Justice, or Peace, we recognise that there a Living Spirit either *is*, or has once *been*. Yet Beauty, Justice, and Peace, are not that Living Spirit, they are, if I may so speak, the language by which that Spirit manifests itself. We often find Beauty, and Justice, and Harmony, in the work of a Spirit, after that Spirit has left its work, and departed from it.

The love of the Beautiful, the love of the Just, and the love of the Harmonious, dwell in the sensibility; but the idea of Beauty, the idea of Justice, and the idea of Harmony, dwell in the intelligence.

Beauty itself, Justice itself, Peace itself, are neither in the sensibility, nor in the intelligence; they are with God, and are everlastingly the same; but we can discover, as we move on, more and more concerning them.

GOOD AND EVIL.

God is the only perfect Being. If we endeavor to move on toward the perfection of our being, if we strive to follow the idea of what we ought to be, which leads to infinite love, infinite wisdom, and infinite power, we shall be on the right course. Whatever tends to assist us in our journey is *good*.

If we fall from the idea of what we ought to be, and do not strive to perfect our natures, but move downward toward infinite hatred, infinite folly, and infinite weakness, we shall be on the wrong course. Whatever tends to press us downward is *evil*.

The existence of infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love, supposes the existence of something which is *not* them. The existence of the Yes, supposes the existence of the No.

CREATION.

God *thought* a being partaking of will, wisdom, and sensibility. He *thought* a body, with which this being was to be connected, and which was to be the instrument by which it should manifest itself, and by which it should maintain communion with what is without. The nature of this body is explained below.

God *thought* an infinite variety of properties combined with each other, in an infinitely diversified manner.

The being possessed of will, wisdom, sensibility, was *one thought*; the "infinite variety of properties," was another and a different thought.

God *thought* the being to be possessed of the power of causation, so far as to be able to vary the position of that portion of the "infinite diversity and combination of properties" which formed its body; and, by that means, to act on the "exterior combination of properties" and to modify them to a certain extent.

God *thought* the "combination of properties" to have the power to act upon the body of the being, and by that means, to hold a certain relation to the being itself.

The being possessed of will, wisdom, sensibility, is the soul of man. The infinite variety of properties is the world of matter. The body is that portion of the world of matter upon which the soul immediately acts. All these exist in the *thought of God*.

Thus do I explain the Universe as the *settled opinion of Almighty God*; and thus do I explain the relation which exists between the mind and what is without.

W. B. G.

YUCA FILAMENTOSA.

"The Spirit builds his house, in the least flowers,—
A beautiful mansion. How the colours live,
Intricately delicate. Every night
An angel for this purpose from the heavens,
With his small urn of ivory-like hue, drops
A globular world of the purest element
In the flower's midst, feeding its tender soul
With lively inspiration. I wonder
That a man wants knowledge; is there not here
Spread in amazing wealth, a form too rare,
A soul so inward, that with an open heart
Tremulous and tender, we all must fear,
Not to see near enough, of these deep thoughts?"—MS.

Often, as I looked up to the moon, I had marvelled to see how calm she was in her loneliness. The correspondences between the various parts of this universe are so perfect, that the ear, once accustomed to detect them, is always on the watch for an echo. And it seemed that the earth must be peculiarly grateful to the orb whose light clothes every feature of her's with beauty. Could it be that she answers with a thousand voices to each visit from the sun, who with unsparing scrutiny reveals all her blemishes, yet never returns one word to the flood of gentleness poured upon her by the sovereign of the night?

I was sure there must be some living hieroglyphic to indicate that class of emotions which the moon calls up. And I perceived that the all-perceiving Greeks had the same thought, for they tell us that Diana loved once and was beloved again.

In the world of gems, the pearl and opal answered to the moonbeam, but where was the Diana-flower? — Long I looked for it in vain. At last its discovery was accidental, and in the quarter where I did not expect it.

For several years I had kept in my garden two plants of the Yuca Filamentosa, and bestowed upon them every care without being repaid by a single blossom. Last June, I observed with pleasure that one was preparing to flower. From that time I watched it eagerly, though provoked at the slowness with which it unfolded its buds.

A few days after, happening to look at the other, which had not by any means so favorable an exposure, I perceived

flower-buds on that also. I was taking my walk as usual at sunset, and, as I returned, the slender crescent of the young moon greeted me, rising above a throne of clouds, clouds of pearl and opal.

Soon, in comparing the growth of my two plants, I was struck by a singular circumstance. The one, which had budded first, seemed to be waiting for the other, which, though, as I said before, least favorably placed of the two, disclosed its delicate cups with surprising energy.

At last came the night of the full moon, and they burst into flower together. That was indeed a night of long-sought melody.

The day before, looking at them just ready to bloom, I had not expected any farther pleasure from the fulfilment of their promise, except the gratification of my curiosity. The little greenish bells lay languidly against the stem; the palmetto-shaped leaves which had, as it were, burst asunder to give way to the flower-stalk, leaving their edges rough with the filaments from which the plant derives its name, looked ragged and dull in the broad day-light.

But now each little bell had erected its crest to meet the full stream of moonlight, and the dull green displayed a reverse of silvery white. The filaments seemed a robe, also of silver, but soft and light as gossamer. Each feature of the plant was now lustrous and expressive in proportion to its former dimness, and the air of tender triumph, with which it raised its head towards the moon, as if by worship to thank her for its all, spoke of a love, bestowed a loveliness beyond all which I had heretofore known of beauty.

As I looked on this flower my heart swelled with emotions never known but once before. Once, when I saw in woman what is most womanly, the love of a seraph shining through death. I expected to see my flower pass and melt as she did in the celestial tenderness of its smile.

I longed to have some other being share a happiness which seemed to me so peculiar and so rare, and called Alcmeon from the house. The heart and mind of Alcmeon are not without vitality, but have never been made interpreters between nature and the soul. He is one who could travel amid the magnificent displays of the tropical climates, nor even look at a flower, nor do I believe he ever drew a thought from the palm tree more than the poplar.

But the piercing sweetness of this flower's look in its nuptial hour conquered even his obtuseness. He stood before it a long time, sad, soft, and silent. I believe he realized the wants of his nature more than ever he had done before, in the course of what is called a life.

Next day I went out to look at the plants, and all the sweet glory had vanished. Dull, awkward, sallow stood there in its loneliness the divinity of the night before. — Oh Absence! — Life was in the plant; birds sang and insects hovered around; the blue sky bent down lovingly, the sun poured down nobly over it, — but the friend, to whom the key of its life had been given in the order of nature, had begun to decline from the ascendant, had retired into silence, and the faithful heart had no language for any other.

At night the flowers were again as beautiful as before. — Fate! let me never murmur more. There is an hour of joy for every form of being, an hour of rapture for those that wait most patiently. — Queen of night! — Humble Flower! — how patient were ye, the one in the loneliness of bounty, — the other in the loneliness of poverty. The flower brooded on her own heart; the moon never wearied of filling her urn, for those she could not love as children. Had the eagle waited for her, she would have smiled on him as serenely as on the nightingale. Admirable are the compensations of nature. As that flower, in its own season, imparted a dearer joy than all my lilies and roses, so does the Aloes in its concentrated bliss know all that has been diffused over the hundred summers through which it kept silent. — Remember the Yuca; wait and trust; and either Sun or Moon, according to thy fidelity, will bring thee to love and to know.

INWORLD.

[In consequence of a mistake, the first part only of this poem was inserted in the last number of the Dial. It is therefore now given entire.]

Amid the watches of the windy night
A poet sat and listened to the flow
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,

A wild and mystic lay — to which his thoughts
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran: —

All is but as it seems.
The round green earth,
With river and glen;
The din and the mirth
Of the busy, busy men;
The world's great fever
Throbbing forever;
The creed of the sage,
The hope of the age,
All things we cherish,
All that live and all that perish,
These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on
To thy dreaming;
To thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
Eyes are streaming.
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray;
Thee the winter chills;
Thee the spring-time thrills;
All things nod to thee —
All things come to see
If thou art dreaming on.
If thy dream should break,
And thou shouldst awake,
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.
From thee as from a root
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all;
Thou dost hold and cover all;
Thou art Atlas — thou art Jove; —
The mightiest truth
Hath all its youth
From thy enveloping thought —
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee
With voice unbroken;
Still doth she rhyme to thee,
When thou hast spoken.
When the sun shines to thee,
'T is thy own joy

Opening mines to thee
Nought can destroy.
When the blast moans to thee,
Still doth the wind
Echo the tones to thee
Of thy own mind.
Laughter but saddens thee
When thou art glad,
Life is not life to thee
But as thou livest,
Labor is strife to thee,
When thou least strivest: —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
Most musical with inward melodies,
But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn
Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

OUTWORLD.

The sun was shining on the busy earth,
All men and things were moving on their way —
The old, old way which we call life. The soul
Shrank from the giant grasp of Space and Time.
Yet — for it was her dreamy hour, half yielded
To the omnipotent delusion — and looked out
On the broad glare of things, and felt itself
Dwindling before the Universe. Then came unto the Bard
Another spirit with another voice,
And sang: —

Said he that all but seems?
Said he, the world is void and lonely,
A strange vast crowd of dreams
Coming to thee only?
And that thy feeble soul
Hath such a strong control
O'er sovereign Space and sovereign Time
And all their train sublime?
Said he, thou art the Eye
Reflecting all that is —
The Ear that hears while it creates
All sounds and harmonies —
The central sense that bides amid
All shows, and turns them to realities?
Listen, mortal, while the sound
Of this life intense is flowing!
Dost thou find all things around
Go as thou art going?

Dost thou dream that thou art free,
Making, destroying all that thou dost see,
In the unfettered might of thy soul's liberty?
Lo, an atom troubles thee,
One bodily fibre crushes thee,
One nerve tortures and maddens thee,
One drop of blood is death to thee.
Art thou but a withering leaf,
For a summer season brief
Clinging to the tree,
Till the winds of circumstance,
Whirling in their hourly dance,
Prove too much for thee?
Art thou but a speck, a mote
In the system universal?
Art thou but a passing note
Woven in the great Rehearsal?
Canst thou roll back the tide of Thought
And unmake the creed of the age,
And unteach the wisdom taught
By the prophet and the sage?
Art thou but a shadow
Chasing o'er a meadow?
The great world goes on
Spite of thy dreaming.
Not to thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
And tear drops streaming,
And the mighty voice of Nature
Is thy parent, not thy creature,
Is no pupil, but thy teacher;
And the world would still move on,
Were thy soul forever flown.
For while thou dreamest on, enfolded
In Nature's wide embrace,
All thy life is daily moulded
By her informing grace.
And time and space must reign
And rule o'er thee forever,
And the Outworld lift its chain
From off thy spirit never;
But in the dream of thy half-waking fever,
Thou shalt be mocked with gleam and show
Of truths thou pinest for and yet canst never know.

And then the Spirit fled and left the Bard
Still wondering — for he felt that voices twain
Had come from different spheres with different truths,
That seemed at war and yet agreed in one.

C.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

THERE are some ages when all seem to look for a great man to come up at God's call, and deliver them from the evils they groan under. Then Humanity seems to lie with its forehead in the dust, calling on Heaven to send a man to save it. There are times when the powers of the race, though working with their wonted activity, appear so misdirected, that little permanent good comes from the efforts of the gifted; times when governments have little regard for the welfare of the subject, when popular forms of Religion have lost their hold on the minds of the thoughtful, and the consecrated augurs, while performing the accustomed rites, dare not look one another in the face, lest they laugh in public, and disturb the reverence of the people, their own having gone long before. Times there are, when the popular Religion does not satisfy the hunger and thirst of the people themselves. Then mental energy seems of little value, save to disclose and chronicle the sadness of the times. No great works of deep and wide utility are then undertaken for existing or future generations. Original works of art are not sculptured out of new thought. Men fall back on the achievements of their fathers; imitate and reproduce them, but take no steps in any direction into the untrodden infinite. Though Wealth and Selfishness pile up their marble and mortar as never before, yet the chisel, the pencil, and the pen, are prostituted to imitation. The artist does not travel beyond the actual. At such times, the rich are wealthy, only to be luxurious and dissolve the mind in the lusts of the flesh. The cultivated have skill and taste, only to mock, openly or in secret, at the forms of religion and its substance also; to devise new pleasures for themselves; pursue the study of some abortive science, some costly game, or dazzling art. When the people suffer for water and bread, the king digs fish-pools, that his parasites may fare on lampreys of unnatural size. Then the Poor are trodden down into the dust. The Weak bear the burden of the strong, and they, who do all the work of the world, who spin, and weave, and delve, and drudge, who build the palace, and supply the feast, are the only men that go hungry and bare, live

uncared for, and when they die, are huddled into the dirt, with none to say GOD BLESS YOU. Such periods have occurred several times in the world's history.

At these times man stands in frightful contrast with nature. He is dissatisfied, ill-fed, and poorly clad; while all nature through, there is not an animal, from the Mite to the Mammoth, but his wants are met and his peace secured by the great Author of all. Man knows not whom to trust, while the little creature that lives its brief moment in the dew-drop, which hangs on the violet's petal, enjoys perfect tranquillity so long as its little life runs on. Man is in doubt, distress, perpetual trouble; afraid to go forward, lest he go wrong; fearful of standing still, lest he fall, while the meanest worm that crawls under his feet, is all and enjoys all its nature allows, and the stars over head go smoothly as ever on their way.

At such times, men call for a great man, who can put himself at the head of their race, and lead them on, free from their troubles. There is a feeling in the heart of us all, that as Sin came by man, and Death by Sin, so by man, under Providence, must come also Salvation from that Sin, and Resurrection from that Death. We feel, all of us, that for every wrong, there is a right somewhere, had we but the skill to find it. This call for a great man is sometimes long and loud, before he comes, for he comes not of man's calling but of God's appointment.

This was the state of mankind many centuries ago, before Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Scarce ever had there been an age, when a deliverer was more needed. The world was full of riches. Wealth flowed into the cities, a Pactolian tide. Fleets swam the ocean. The fields were full of cattle and corn. The high-piled warehouse at Alexandria and Corinth groaned with the munitions of luxury, the product of skilful hands. Delicate women, the corrupted and the corrupters of the world's metropolis, scarce veiled their limbs in garments of gossamer, fine as woven wind. Metals and precious stones vied with each other to render Loveliness more lovely, and Beauty more attractive, or oftener to stimulate a jaded taste, and whip the senses to their work. Nature, with that exquisite irony men admire but cannot imitate — used the virgin lustre of the gem, to reveal, more plain, the moral ugliness of such

as wore the gaud. The very marble seemed animate to bud and blossom into Palace and Temple. But alas for man in those days. The Strong have always known one part of their duty; — how to take care of themselves; and so have laid burthens on weak men's shoulders, but the more difficult part, how to take care of the weak, their natural clients, they neither knew nor practised so well even as now. If the history of the strong is ever written, as such, it will be the record of rapine and murder, from Cain to Cush, from Nimrod to Napoleon.

In that age men cried for a great man, and, wonderful to tell, the prophetic spirit of human nature, which detects events in their causes, and by its profound faith in the invisible, sees both the cloud and the star, before they come up to the horizon, — foretold the advent of such a man. "An ancient and settled opinion," says a Roman writer, "had spread over all the East, that it was fated at this time, for some one to arise out of Judea, and rule the world." We find this expectation in many shapes, psalm and song, poem and prophecy. We sometimes say this prediction was miraculous, while it appears, rather as the natural forecast of hearts, which believe God has a remedy for each disease, and balm for every wound. The expectation of relief is deep and certain with such, just as the evil is imminent and dreadful. If it have lasted long and spread wide, men only look for a greater man. This fact shows how deep in the soul lies that religious element, which sees clearest in the dark, when understanding cannot see at all, which hopes most, when there is least ground, but most need of hope. But men go too far in their expectations. Their Faith stimulates their Fancy, which foretells what the deliverer shall be. In this, men are always mistaken. Heaven has endowed the race of men with but little invention. So in those times of trouble, they look back to the last peril, and hope for a redeemer like him they had before; greater it may be, but always of the same kind. This same poverty of invention and habit of thinking the future must reproduce the past, appears in all human calculations. If some one had told the amanuensis of Julius Cæsar, that in eighteen centuries, men would be able in a few hours to make a perfect copy of a book twenty times as great as all his master's com-

mentaries and history, he would pronounce it impossible; for he could think of none but the old method of a Scribe forming each word with a pen letter by letter; never anticipating the modern way of printing with a rolling press driven by steam. So if some one had told Joab, that two thousand years after his day, men in war would kill one another with a missile half an ounce in weight, and would send it three or four hundred yards, driving it through a shirt of mail, or a plough share of iron, he would think but of a common bow and arrows, and say it cannot be. What would Zeuxis have thought of a portrait made in thirty seconds, exact as nature, penciled by the Sun himself? Now men make mistakes in their expectation of a deliverer. The Jews were once raised to great power by David, and again rescued from distress and restored from exile by Cyrus, a great conqueror and a just man. Therefore the next time they fell into trouble, they expected another King like David, or Cyrus, who should come, perhaps in the clouds, with a great army to do much more than either David or Cyrus had done. This was the current expectation, that when the Redeemer came, he should be a great general, commander of an army, King of the Jews. He was to restore the exiles, defeat their foes, and revive the old theocracy to which other nations should be subservient.

Their deliverer comes; but instead of a noisy general, a king begirt with the pomp of oriental royalty, there appears one of the lowliest of men. His Kingdom was of Truth, and therefore not of this world. He drew no sword; uttered no word of violence; did not complain when persecuted, but took it patiently; did not exact a tooth for a tooth, nor pay a blow with a blow, but loved men who hated him. This conqueror, who was to come with great pomp, perhaps in the clouds, with an army numerous as the locusts, at whose every word, kingdoms were to shake — appears; born in a stable, of the humblest extraction; the companion of fishermen, living in a town, whose inhabitants were so wicked, men thought nothing good could come of it. The means he brought for the salvation of his race were quite as surprising as the Saviour himself; not armies on earth, or in heaven; not even new tables of laws; but a few plain directions, copied out from the prim-

itive and eternal Scripture God wrote in the heart of man, — the true Protevangelium, — LOVE MAN; LOVE GOD; RESIST NOT EVIL; ASK AND RECEIVE. These were the weapons with which to pluck the oppressor down from his throne; to destroy the conquerors of the world; dislodge sin from high places and low places; uplift the degraded, and give weary and desperate human nature a fresh start! How disappointed men would have looked, could it have been made clear to them, that this was now the only deliverer Heaven was sending to their rescue. But this could not be; their recollection of past deliverance, and their prejudice of the future based on this recollection, blinded their eyes. They said, "This is not he; when the Christ cometh no man shall know whence he is. But we know this is the Nazarene carpenter, the Son of Joseph and Mary." Men treated this greatest of Saviours as his humble brothers had always been treated. Even his disciples were not faithful; one betrayed him with a kiss; the rest forsook him and fled; his enemies put him to death, adding ignominy to their torture, and little thinking this was the most effectual way to bring about the end he sought, and scatter the seed, whence the whole race was to be blessed for many a thousand years.

There is scarce anything in nature more astonishing to a reflective mind, than the influence of one man's thought and feeling over another, and on thousands of his fellows. There are few voices in the world, but many echos, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man's outward position be what it may, that of a slave or a King, or an apparent idler in a busy Metropolis, if he have more wisdom, Love, and Religion, than any of his fellow mortals, their Mind, Heart, and Soul are put in motion even against their will, and they cannot stand where they stood before, though they close their eyes never so stiffly. The general rule holds doubly strong in this particular case. This poor Galilean peasant, son of the humblest people, born in an ox's crib, who at his best estate had not where to lay his head; who passed for a fanatic with his townsmen, and even with his brothers, — children of the same parents; — who was reckoned a lunatic — a very madman, or counted as one possessed of a devil, by grave, re-

spectable folk about Jerusalem, who was put to death as a Rebel and Blasphemer at the instance of Pharisees, the High-priest, and other sacerdotal functionaries — he stirred men's mind, heart, and soul, as none before nor since has done, and produced a revolution in human affairs, which is even now greater than all other revolutions, though it has hitherto done but a little of its work.

He looked trustfully up to the Father of all. Because he was faithful God inspired him, till his judgment, in religious matters, seems to have become certain as instinct, infallible as the law of gravitation, and his will irresistible, because it was no longer partial, but God's will flowing through him. He gave voice to the new thought which streamed on him, asking no question whether Moses or Solomon, in old time, had thought as he; nor whether Gamaliel and Herod would vouch for the doctrine now. He felt that in him was something greater than Moses or Solomon, and he did not, as many have done, dishonor the greater, to make a solemn mockery of serving the less. He spoke what he felt, fearless as Truth. He lived in blameless obedience to his sentiment and his principle. With him there was no great gulf between Thought and Action, Duty and Life. If he saw sin in the land, — and when or where could he look and not see that last of the giants? — he gave warning to all who would listen. Before the single eye of this man, still a youth, the reverend vails fell off from antiquated falsehood; the looped and windowed livery of Abraham dropped from recreant limbs, and the child of the Devil stood there, naked but not unshamed. He saw that blind men, the leaders and the led, were hastening to the same ditch. Well might he weep for the slain of his people, and cry "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem"! Few heard his cries, for it seems fated, that when the Son of man comes he shall *not* find faith on the Earth. Pity alike for the oppressed and the oppressor, — and a boundless love, even for the unthankful and the merciless, burned in his breast, and shed their light and warmth wherever he turned his face. His thought was heavenly; his life only revealed his thought. His soul appeared in his words, on which multitudes were fed. Prejudice itself confessed — "never man spake like this." His feeling and his thought assumed a form more beauteous still, and a

whole divine life was wrought out on the earth, and stands there yet, the imperishable type of human achievement, the despair of the superstitious, but the Way, the Truth, and the Life to holy souls. His word of doctrine was uttered gently as the invisible dew comes down on the rose of Engaddi, but it told as if a thunderbolt smote the globe. It brought fire and sword to the dwelling place of hoary Sin. Truth sweeps clean off every refuge of lies, that she may do her entire work.

A few instances show how these words wrought in the world. The sons of Zebedee were so ambitious they would arrogate to themselves the first place in the new kingdom, thinking it a realm where selfishness should hold dominion — so bloody-minded, they would call down fire from Heaven to burn up such men as would not receive the Teacher. But the Spirit of gentleness subdues the selfish passion, and the son of thunder becomes the gentle John, who says only, "Little children, love one another." This same word passes into Simon Peter also, the crafty, subtle, hasty, selfish son of Jonas; the first to declare the Christ; the first to promise fidelity, but the first likewise to deny him, and the first to return to his fishing. It carries this disciple — though perhaps never wholly regenerated — all over the eastern world; and he, who had shrunk from the fear of persecution, now glories therein, and counts it all joy, when he falls into trouble on account of the word. With Joseph of Arimathea "an honorable counsellor," and Nicodemus "a ruler of the Jews," the matter took another turn. We never hear of them in the history of trial. They slunk back into the Synagogue, it may be; wore garments long as before, and phylacteries of the broadest; were called of men "Rabbi," "sound, honorable men, who knew what they were about," "men not to be taken in." It is not of such men God makes Reformers, Apostles, Prophets. It is not for such pusillanimous characters, to plunge into the cold, hard stream of Truth, as it breaks out of the mountain and falls from the rock of ages. They wait till the stream widens to a river, the river expands its accumulated waters to a lake, quiet as a mirror. Then they confide themselves in their delicate and trim-wrought skiff to its silvery bosom, to be wafted by gentle winds into a quiet haven of repose. Such men do not take up Truth, when she has fallen by

the way-side. It might grieve their friends. It would compromise their interests; would not allow them to take their ease in their inn, for such they regard their station in the world. Besides, the thing was new. How could Joseph and Nicodemus foretell it would prevail? It might lead to disturbance; its friends fall into trouble. The kingdom of Heaven offered no safe "investment" for ease and reputation, as now. Doubtless there were in Jerusalem great questionings of heart among Pharisees, and respectable men, Scribes and doctors of the law, when they heard of the new teacher and his doctrine so deep and plain. There must have been a severe struggle in many bosoms, between the conviction of duty and social sympathies which bound the man to what was most cherished by flesh and blood.

The beautiful gospel found few adherents and little toleration with men learned in the law, burthened with its minute intricacies, devoted to the mighty consideration of small particulars. But the true disciples of the inward life felt the word, which others only listened for, and they could not hush up the matter. It would not be still. So they took up the ark of truth, where Jesus set it down, and bore it on. They perilled their lives. They left all — comfort, friends, home, wife, the embraces of their children — the most precious comfort the poor man gets out of the cold, hard world; they went naked and hungry; were stoned and spit upon; scourged in the synagogues; separated from the company of the sons of Abraham; called the vilest of names; counted as the off-scouring of the world. But it did them good. This was the sifting Satan gave the disciples, and the chaff went its way, as chaff always does; but the seed-wheat fell into good ground; now, nations are filled with bread which comes of the apostles' sowing and watering, and God giving the increase.

To some men the spread of Christianity in two centuries appears wonderful. To others it is the most natural thing in the world. It could not help spreading. Things most needful to all are the easiest to comprehend, the world over. Thus every Savage in Otaheite knows there is a God; while only four or five men in Christendom understand his nature, essence, personality, and "know all about Him."

Thus while the great work of a modern scholar, which explains the laws of the material heavens, has never probably been mastered by three hundred persons, and perhaps there is not now on earth half that number, who can read and understand it, without further preparation, the Gospel, the word of Jesus, which sets forth the laws of the soul, can be understood by any pious girl fourteen years old, of ordinary intelligence, with no special preparation at all, and still forms the daily bread, and very life of whole millions of men.

Primitive Christianity was a very simple thing, apart from the individual errors connected with it; two great speculative maxims set forth its essential doctrines, "Love man," and "Love God." It had also two great practical maxims, which grew out of the speculative, "we that are strong ought to bear the burthens of the weak," and "we must give good for evil." These maxims lay at the bottom of the apostles' minds, and the top of their hearts. These explain their conduct; account for their courage; give us the reason of their faith, their strength, their success. The proclaimers of these maxims set forth the life of a man in perfect conformity therewith. If their own practice fell short of their preaching, — which sometimes happens spite of their zeal — there was the measure of a perfect man, to which they had not attained, but which lay in their future progress. Other matters which they preached, that there was one God; that the soul never dies, were known well enough before, and old heathens, in centuries gone by, had taught these doctrines quite as distinctly as the apostles, and the latter much more plainly than the Gospels. These new teachers had certain other doctrines peculiar to themselves, which hindered the course of truth more than they helped it, and which have perished with their authors.

No wonder the apostles prevailed with such doctrines, set off or recommended by a life, which — notwithstanding occasional errors — was single-hearted, lofty, full of self-denial and sincere manliness. "All men are brothers," said the Apostles; "their duty is to keep the law God wrote eternally on the heart, to keep this without fear." The forms and rites they made use of; their love-feasts, and Lord's-Suppers; their baptismal and funeral ceremonies, were things indifferent, of no value, save only as helps.

Like the cloak Paul left behind at Troas, and the fishing-coat of Simon Peter, they were to serve their turn, and then be laid aside. They were no more to be perpetual, than the sheep skins and goat skins, which likewise have apostolical authority in favor of their use. In an age of many forms, Christianity fell in with the times. It wore a Jewish dress at Jerusalem, and a Grecian costume at Thessalonica. It became all things to all men. Some rites of the early Church seem absurd as many of the latter; but all had a meaning once, or they would not have been. Men of New England would scarce be willing to worship as Barnabas and Clement did; nor could Bartholomew and Philip be satisfied with our simpler form, it is possible. Each age of the world has its own way, which the next smiles at as ridiculous. Still the four maxims, mentioned above, give the spirit of primitive Christianity, the life of the Apostles' life.

It is not marvellous these men were reckoned unsafe persons. Nothing in the world is so dangerous and untractable in a false state of society, as one who loves man and God. You cannot silence him by threat or torture; nor scare him with any fear. Set in the stocks to-day, he harangues men in public to-morrow. "Herod will kill thee," says one. "Go and tell that fox, behold I cast out devils, and deceivers to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected," is the reply. Burn or behead such men, and out of their blood, and out of their ashes, there spring up others, who defy you to count them, and say, "come, kill us, if you list, we shall never be silent." Love begets love, the world over, and martyrdom makes converts certain as steel sparks, when smitten against the flint. If a fire is to burn in the woods — let it be blown upon.

Primitive Christianity did not owe its spread to the address of its early converts. They boast of this fact. The Apostles, who held these four maxims, were plain men; very rough Galilean fishermen; rude in speech, and not over courteous in address, if we may credit the epistles of Paul and James. They had incorrect notions in many points, which both we and they deem vital. Some of them — perhaps all — expected a resurrection of the body; others, that the Jewish law, with its burthensome rites and ostentatious ceremonies, was to be perpetual, binding on all

Christians and the human race. Some fancied — as it appears — that Jesus had expiated the sins of all mankind; others that he had existed before he was born into this world. These were doctrines of Jewish and Heathen parentage. All of these men — so far as the New Testament enables us to judge — looked for the visible return of Jesus to the earth, with clouds and great glory, and expected the destruction of the world, and that in very few years. The facts are very plain to all, who will read the epistles and gospels, in spite of the dust which interpreters cast in the eyes of common sense. Some apocryphal works, perhaps older than the canonical, certainly accepted as authentic in some of the early churches, relate the strangest marvels about the doings and sayings of Jesus, designing thereby to exhibit the greatness of his character, while they show how little that was understood. We all know what the canonical writings contain on this head, and from these two sources can derive much information, as to the state of opinion among the apostles and their immediate successors. Simon Peter, notwithstanding his visions, seems always to have been in bondage to the law of sin and death, if we may trust Paul's statement in the epistle; James — if the letter be his — had irrational notions on some points, and even Paul, the largest-minded of them all, was not disposed to allow woman the rights, which Reason claims for the last creation of God. But what if these men were often mistaken, and sometimes on matters of great moment? We need not deny the fact, for the sake of an artificial theory snatched out of the air. It is not expedient to lie in behalf of truth, however common it has been. We need not fear Christianity shall fall, because Christians were mistaken in any age. Were human beings ever free from errors of opinion; imperfection in action? Has the nature of things changed, and did the earth bring forth superhuman men in the first century? It does not appear. But underneath these mistakes, errors, follies of the primitive Christians, there beat the noble heart of religious love, which sent life into their every limb. Those maxims, they had learned from Jesus, seen exhibited in his life, found written on their heart, — these did the work, spite of the imperfection and passions of the apostles, Paul withstanding Peter to the face, and predicting events that

never came to pass. The nobleness of the heart found its way up to the head, and neutralized errors of thought.

By means of these causes the doctrines spread. The expecting people felt their deliverer had come, and welcomed the glad tidings. Each year brought new converts to the work, and the zeal of the Christian burnt brighter with his success. Paul undertook many missions, and the word of God grew mightily and prevailed. In him we see a striking instance of the power of real Christianity to recast the character. We cannot forbear to dwell a moment on the theme.

There are two classes of men, who come to Religion. Some seem to be born spiritual. They are aboriginal saints; natives of Heaven, whom accident has stranded on the earth; men of few passions, of no tendency to violence, anger, or excess in anything. They do not hesitate, between right and wrong, but go the true way as naturally as the bird takes to the air, and the fish to the water, because it is their natural element, and they cannot help it. Reason and Religion seem to be coeval. Their Christianity and their consciousness are of the same date. Desire and Duty, putting in the warp and woof, weave harmoniously, like sisters, the many-coloured web of life. To these men life is easy; it is not that long warfare which it is to so many. It costs them nothing to be good. Their desires are dutiful; their duties desirable. They have no virtue, which implies struggle. They are goodness all over, which is the harmony of all the powers. Their action is their repose; their religion their self-indulgence; their daily life the most perfect worship. Say what we will of the world, these men, who are angels born, are happier in their lot than such as are only angels bred, whose religion is not a matter of birth but of hard earnings. They start in their flight to Heaven from an eminence, which other souls find it arduous to attain, and roll down like the stone of Sisyphus many times in the perilous ascent. Paul was not born of this nobility of Heaven.

The other class are men of will; hard, iron men, who have passions and doubts and fears, and a whole legion of appetites in their bosom, but yet come armed with a strong sense of duty, a masculine intellect, a tendency upwards towards God, a great heart of flesh, contracting and ex-

panding between self-love, and love of man. These are the men who feel the puzzle of the world, and are taken with its fever; stout-hearted, strong-headed men, who love strongly and hate with violence, and do with their might whatever they do at all. These are the men that make the heroes of the world. They break the way in Philosophy and Science; they found colonies; lead armies; make laws; construct systems of theology; form sects in the Church; a yoke of iron will not hold them, nor that of public opinion, more difficult to break. When these men become religious, they are beautiful as angels. The fire of God falls on them; it consumes their dross; the uncorrupted gold remains in virgin purity. Once filled with Religion, their zeal never cools. You shall not daunt them with the hissing of the great and learned; nor scare them with the roar of the street, or the armies of a king. To these men the axe of the headsman, yes all the tortures, malice can devise or tyrany inflict, are as nothing. The resolute soul puts down the flesh, and finds in embers a bed of roses. To this class belonged Paul, a man evidently quick to see, stern to resolve, and immovable in executing; a man of iron will, that nothing could break down; of strong moral sense, deep religious faith and a singular greatness of heart towards his fellow men, but yet furnished with an overpowering energy of passion, which might warp his moral sense, his faith, his philanthropy aside, and make him a bigot, the slave of superstition, a fanatic, perverse as Loyola, and desperate as Saint Dominic. In him the good and the evil of the old dispensation seemed to culminate; for he had all the piety of David, which charms us in the shepherd-Psalm; all the diabolic hatred, which appears in the curses of that king, who was so wondrous a mixture of heaven, earth, and hell. In addition to this natural character, Paul received a Jewish education, at the feet of Gamaliel — a Pharisee of the straitest sect. His earlier life at Tarsus, brought him in contact with the Greeks, intensifying his bigotry for the time, but yet facilitating his escape from the shackles of a worn-out ritual.

It is easy to see how the doctrines of Jesus would strike the young Pharisee, fresh from the study of the Law. Christianity set aside all he valued most; struck down the Law; held the prophets of small account; put off the ritual, de-

clared the temple no better place to pray in than a fisher's boat; affirmed all men to be brothers, thus denying the merit of descent from Abraham, but declared, if any one loved God and man he should have treasure in Heaven, and inspiration while on earth. No wonder the old Pharisee whose soul was caught in the letter; no wonder the young Pharisee accustomed to swear by the old, felt pricked in their hearts and gnashed with their teeth. It is a hard thing, no doubt, for men, who count themselves children of Abraham, to be proved children of a very different stock, dutiful sons of the great father of lies. It is easy to fancy what Paul would think of the arrogance of the new teacher, to call himself greater than Solomon, or Jonah, and profess to see deeper down than the Law ever went; what of the presumption of the disciples, "unlearned and ignorant men," to pretend to teach doctrines wiser than Moses, when they could not read the letter of his word. It is no wonder he breathed out fire and slaughter, and "persecuted them even unto strange cities." But it is dangerous to go too far in pursuit of heretical game. Men sometimes rouse up a lion, when they look for a linnet, and the eater is himself eaten. But Paul had a good conscience in this. He believed what came of the fathers, never applying common sense to his theology, nor asking if these things be so. He thought he did God service by debasing His image, and helping to stone Stephen. At length he becomes a Christian in thought. We know not how the change took place. Perhaps he thought it miraculous, for, in common with most of his times and country, he never drew a sharp line between the common and the supernatural. He seems often to have dwelt in that cloudy land, where all things have a strange and marvellous aspect.

A later contemporary of Paul relates some of the most remarkable events, as he deemed them, which occurred in those times. He gives occasionally minute details of the superstition, crime, and madness of the emperors of Rome. But the most remarkable event, which occurred for some centuries after Tiberius, he never speaks of. Probably he knew nothing of it. Had he heard thereof, it would have seemed inconsiderable to this chronicler of imperial follies. But the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus of a young man named Saul — if we regard its cause and its conse-

quences, was a more wonderful event than the world saw for the next thousand years. Men thought little of its result at the time. The gossips of the day had specious reasons, no doubt, for Paul's sudden conversion, and said he was disappointed of preferment in the old state of things, and hoped for an easy living in the new; that he loved the distinction and notoriety the change would give him, and hoped also for the loaves and fishes, then so abundant in the new church. Doubtless there were some who said, "Paul is beside himself." But King Herod Agrippa took no notice of the matter. He was too busy with his dreams of ambition and lust to heed what befel a tent-maker from a Cilician city, in his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus. Yet from that time the history of the world turns on this point. If Paul had not been raised up by the Almighty, for this very work, so to say — who shall tell us how long Christianity would have lain concealed under the Jewish prejudice of its earlier disciples? These things are for no mortal to discover. But certain it is that Paul found the Christians an obscure Jewish sect, full of zeal and love, but narrow and bigotted; in bondage to the letter of old Hebrew institutions; but he left them a powerfull band in all great cities, free men by the law of the Spirit of life. It seems doubtful, that Peter, James, or John would have given Christianity its natural form of universal faith.

There must have been a desperate struggle before Paul became a Christian. He must renounce all the prejudices of the Jew and the Pharisee, and the idols of the Tribe and the Den, are the last a man gives up. He must be abandoned by his friends, the wise, the learned, the venerable. Few men know of the battle between new convictions and old social sympathies; but it is of the severest character; a war of extermination. He must condemn all his past conduct; lose the reputation of consistency; leave all the comforts of society, all chance of reputation among men; be counted as a thief and murderer; perhaps be put to death. But the truth conquered. We think it easy to decide as Paul, forgetting that many things become plain after the result, which were dim and doubtful before.

When the young man had decided in favor of Christian-

ity, he would require some instruction in matters pertaining to the heavenly doctrine we should suppose, — taking the popular views of Christianity, which make it an historical thing, depending on personal authority, or eyewitness, and external events as the only possible proof of internal truths. He would go and sit down with the twelve and listen to their talk, and learn of all the miracles, how Jesus raised the young man, the maiden, called Lazarus from the tomb; how he changed the water into wine, and fed the five thousand; he would go to Martha and Mary to learn the recondite doctrine of the Saviour; to the Mother of Jesus, to inquire about his birth of the holy spirit. But the thing went different. He did not go to Peter, the chief apostle; nor to John, the beloved disciple; nor James, the Lord's brother. "I conferred not with flesh and blood," says the new convert, "neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia." Three years afterwards, for the first time, he had an interview with Peter and James. Fourteen years later he went up to Jerusalem, to compare notes, as it were, with those "who seemed to be somewhat." They could tell him nothing new. At last — many years after the commencement of his active ministry — James, Peter, and John, give him the right hand of their fellowship. Paul, it seems, had heard of the great doctrines of Jesus, and out of their principles developed his scheme of Christianity, — not a very difficult task, one would fancy, for a plain man, who reckoned Christianity was love of man, and love of God. In those days the gospels were not written, nor yet the epistles. Christianity had no history, except that Jesus lived, preached, was crucified, and appeared after his crucifixion. Therefore the gospel Paul preached might well enough be different from those now in our hands. Certainly Paul never mentions a miracle of Jesus; says nothing of his superhuman birth. Had he known of these things, a man of his strong love of the marvellous would scarcely be silent.

In him primitive Christianity appears to the greatest advantage. It shone in his heart, like the rising sun chasing away the mist and clouds of night. His prejudices went first; his passions next. Soon he is on foot journeying the world over to proclaim the faith, which once he de-

stroyed. Where are his bigotry, prejudice, hatred, his idols of the Tribe and the Den? The flame of Religion has consumed them all. Forth he goes to the work; the strong passion, the unconquerable will are now directed in the same channel with his love of man. His mighty soul wars with Heathenism, declaring an idol is nothing; with Judaism, to announce that the Law has passed away; with Folly and Sin, to declare them of the Devil, and lead men to Truth and Peace. The resolute apostle goes flaming forth in his ministry. A soul more robust, great-hearted, and manly does not appear in history, for some centuries at the least. Danger is nothing; persecution nothing. It only puts the keener edge on his well-tempered spirit. He is content and joyful at bearing all the reproaches man can lay on him. There was nothing sham in Paul. He felt what he said, which is common enough. But he lived what he felt, which is not so common. What wonder that such a man made converts, overcame violence, and helped the truth to triumph? It were wonderful, if he had not. Take away the life and influence of Paul, the Christian world is a different thing; we cannot tell what it would have been. Under his hands, and those of his coadjutors, the new faith spreads from heart to heart, till many thousands own the name, and amid all the persecution that follows, the pious of the earth celebrate such a jubilee as the sun never saw before.

However it was not among the great and refined, but the low and the rude, that the faith found its early confessors. Men came up faint and hungry, from the high-ways and hedges of society, to eat the bread of life at God's table. They ate and were filled. Here it is that all Religions take their rise. The sublime faith of the Hebrews began in a horde of slaves. The Christian has a carpenter for its revealer; fishermen for its first disciples; a tent-maker for its chief apostle. Yet these men could stand before kings' courts — and Felix trembled at Paul's reasoning. Yes, the world trembled at such reasoning. And when whole multitudes gave in their adhesion; when the common means of tyranny, prisons, racks, and the cross failed to repress "this detestable superstition," as ill-natured Tacitus calls it; but when two thousand men and women, delicate maidens, and men newly married, come to the Prætor, and

say, "We are Christians all; kill us if you will; we cannot change;" then for the first time official persons begin to look into the matter, and inquire for the cause, which makes women heroines, and young men martyrs. There are always enough to join any folly because it is new. But when the headsman's axe gleams under his apron, or slaves erect a score of crosses in the market-place, and men see the mangled limbs of brothers, fathers, and sons huddled into bloody sacks, or thrown to the dogs, it requires some heart to bear up, accept a new faith, and renounce mortal life.

It is sometimes asked, what made so many converts to Christianity, under such fearful circumstances? The answer depends on the man. Most men apply the universal solvent, and call it a miracle — an overstepping of the laws of mind. The Apostles had miraculous authority; Peter had miraculous revelations; Paul a miraculous conversion; both visions, and other miraculous assistance all their life. That they taught by miracles. But what could it be? The *authority* of the teachers? The authority of a Jewish peasant would not have passed for much at Ephesus or Alexandria, at Lycaonia or Rome. Were they infallibly inspired, so that they could not err, in doctrine, or practice? Thus it has been taught. But their opponents did not believe it; their friends knew nothing of it, or there had been no sharp dissension between Paul and Barnabas, nor any disagreement of Paul with Peter. They themselves seem never to have dreamed of such an infallibility, or they would not change their plans and doctrine as Peter did, nor need instruction as Titus, Timothy, and all the primitive teachers to whom James sent the circular epistle of the first synod. If they had believed themselves infallibly inspired, they would not assemble a council of all to decide, what each infallible person could determine, as well as all the spirits and angels together. Still less could any discussion arise among the apostles as to the course to be pursued. Was it their *learning* that gave them success? They could not even interpret the Psalms, without making the most obvious mistakes, as any one may see, who reads the book of Acts. Was it their *eloquence*, their miraculous gift of tongues? What was the eloquence of Peter, or James, when Paul, their chief apostle, was weak in bodily presence, and con-

temptible in speech? No, it was none of these things. They had somewhat more convincing than authority; wiser than learning; more persuasive than eloquence. Men *felt* the doctrine was true and divine. They saw its truth and divinity mirrored in the life of these rough men; they heard the voice of God in their own hearts say, it is true. They tried it by the standard God has placed in the heart, and it stood the test. They saw the effect it had on Christians themselves, and said, "Here at least is something divine, for men do not gather grapes of thorns." When men came out from hearing Peter or Paul set forth the Christian doctrine and apply it to life, they did not say, "what a moving speaker; how beautifully he 'divides the word;' how he mixes the light of the sun, and the roar of torrents, and the sublimity of the stars, as it were, in his speech; what a melting voice; what graceful gestures; what beautiful similes gathered from all the arts, sciences, poetry, and nature herself." It was not with such reflections they entertained their journey home. They said, "what shall we do to be saved?"

Primitive Christianity was a wonderful element, as it came into the world. Like a two-edged sword, it cut down through all the follies and falseness of four thousand years. It acknowledged what was good and true in all systems, and sought to show its own agreement with goodness and truth, wherever found. It told men what they were. It bade them hope, look upon the light, and aspire after the most noble end — to be complete men, to be reconciled to the will of God, and so become one with him. It gave the world assurance of a man, by showing one whose life was beautiful as his doctrine, and his doctrine combined all the excellence of all former teachers, and went before the world, thousands of years. It told men there was one God — who had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was a father to each man. It showed that all men are brothers. Believing in these doctrines, seeing the greatness of man's nature in the very ruins sin had wrought; filled with the beauty of a good life, the comforting thought, that God is always near, and ready to help, no wonder men felt moved in their heart. The life of the apostles and early Christians, the self-denial they practised, their readiness to endure persecution, their love one for the other, beautifully enforced the words of truth and love.

One of the early champions of the faith appeals in triumph to the excellence of Christians, which even Julian of a later day was forced to confess. You know the Christians soon as you see them, he says; they are not found in taverns, nor places of infamous resort; they neither game, nor lie, nor steal, attend the baths, or the theatres; they are not selfish but loving. The multitude looked on, at first to see "whereunto the thing would grow." They saw, and said, see how these Christians love one another; how the new religion takes down the selfishness of the proud, makes avarice charitable, and the voluptuary self-denying.

This new spirit of piety, of love to man, and love to God, the active application of the great Christian maxims to life, led to a manly religion; not to that pale-faced pietism which hangs its head on Sundays, and does nothing but whine out its sentimental cant on week-days, in hopes to make this drivelling pass current for real manly excellence. No; it led to a noble, upright frame of mind, heart, and soul, and in this way it conquered the world. The first apostles of Christianity were persuasive, through the power of truth. They told what they had felt. They had been under the Law, and knew its thraldom; they had escaped from the iron furnace, and could teach others the way. No doubt the wisest of them was in darkness on many points. Their general ignorance, in the eyes of the scholar, must have stood in strange contrast with their clear view of religious truth. It seems, as Paul says, that God had chosen the foolish and the weak, to confound the mighty and the wise. Now we have accomplished scholars, skilled in all the lore of the world, accomplished orators; but who does the work of Paul, and Timothy? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings praise was perfected; out of the mouth of clerks and orators what do we get? — Well said Jeremiah, "The prophets shall become wind, and the word not be in them."

If we come from the days of the apostles to their successors, and still later, we find the errors of the first teachers have become magnified; the truth of Christianity is dim; men had wandered farther from that great light God sent into the world. The errors of the Pagans, the Jews, the errors of obstinate men, who loved to rule God's heritage

better than to be ensamples unto the flock, had worked their way. The same freedom did not prevail as before. The word of God had become a letter; men looked back, not forward. Superstition came into the church. The rites of Christianity — its accidents, not its substance — held an undue place; ascetism was esteemed more than hitherto. The body began to be reckoned unholy; Christ regarded as a God, not a man living as God commands. Then the Priest was separated from the people, and a flood of evils came upon the church, and accomplished what persecution with her headsmen, and her armies never could effect. Christianity was grossly corrupted long before it ascended the throne of the world. But for this corruption it would have found no place in the court of Rome or Byzantium. Still in the writings of early Christians, of Tertullian and Cyprian, for example, we find a real living spirit, spite of the superstition, bigotry, and falseness too obvious in the men. They spake because they had somewhat to say, and were earnest in their speech. You come down from the writings of Seneca to Cyprian, you miss the elegant speech, the wonderful mastery over language, and the stores of beautiful imagery, with which that hard, bombastic Roman sets off his thought. But in the Christian — you find an earnestness and a love of man, which the Roman had not, and a fervent piety, to which he made no pretension. But alas, for the superstition of the Bishop, his austerity and unchristian doctrines! It remains doubtful, whether an enlightened man, who had attained a considerable growth in religious excellence, would not justly have preferred the Religion of Seneca to that of Cyprian; but there is no doubt such an one would have accepted with joyful faith the religion of Jesus — the primitive Christianity undefiled by men. To come down from the Christianity of Christ, to the Religion popularly taught in the churches of New England, and we ask can it be this for which men suffered martyrdom — this, which changed the face of the world? Is this matter, for which sect contends with sect, to save the Heathen world? Christianity was a simple thing in Paul's time; in Christ's it was simpler still. But what is it now? A modern writer somewhat quaintly says, the early writers of the Christian church knew what Christianity was, they were the *fathers;* the scholastics and philosophers of the

dark ages knew what Reason was; they were the *doctors*; the religionists of modern times know neither what is Christianity, nor what Reason; they are the *scrutators*.

P.

BETTINE BRENTANO AND HER FRIEND GÜNDERODE.

Bettine Brentano's letters to Goethe, published under the title of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, are already well known among us and met with a more cordial reception from readers in general than could have been expected. Even those who are accustomed to measure the free movements of art by the conventions that hedge the path of daily life, who, in great original creations, seek only intimations of the moral character borne by the author in his private circle, and who, had they been the contemporaries of Shakspeare, would have been shy of visiting the person who took pleasure in the delineation of a Falstaff; — even those whom Byron sneers at as "the garrison people," suffered themselves to be surprised in their intrenchments, by the exuberance and wild, youthful play of Bettine's genius, and gave themselves up to receive her thoughts and feelings in the spirit which led her to express them. They felt that here was one whose only impulse was to *live*, — to unfold and realize her nature, and they forgot to measure what she did by her position in society.

There have been a few exceptions of persons who judged the work unworthily, who showed entire insensibility to its fulness of original thought and inspired fidelity to nature, and vulgarized by their impure looks the innocent vagaries of youthful idolatry. But these have been so few that, this time, the vulgar is not the same with the mob, but the reverse.

If such was its reception from those long fettered by custom, and crusted over by artificial tastes, with what joy was it greeted by those of free intellect and youthful eager heart. So very few printed books are in any wise a faithful transcript of life, that the possession of one really sincere made an era in many minds, unlocking tongues that

had long been silent as to what was dearest and most delicate in their experiences, or most desired for the future, and making the common day and common light rise again to their true value, since it was seen how fruitful they had been to this one person. The meteor playing in our sky diffused there an electricity and a light, which revealed unknown attractions in seemingly sluggish substances, and lured many secrets from the dim recesses in which they had been cowering for years, unproductive, cold, and silent.

Yet, while we enjoyed this picture of a mind tuned to its highest pitch by the desire of daily ministering to an idolized object; while we were enriched by the results of the Child's devotion to him, hooted at by the Philistines as the "Old Heathen," but to her poetic apprehension "Jupiter, Apollo, all in one," we must feel that the relation in which she stands to Goethe is not a beautiful one. Idolatries are natural to youthful hearts noble enough for a passion beyond the desire for sympathy or the instinct of dependence, and almost all aspiring natures can recall a period when some noble figure, whether in life or literature, stood for them at the gate of heaven, and represented all the possible glories of nature and art. This worship is, in most instances, a secret worship; the still, small voice constantly rising in the soul to bid them harmonize the discords of the world, and distill beauty from imperfection, for another of kindred nature has done so. This figure whose achievements they admire is their St. Peter, holding for them the keys of Paradise, their model, their excitement to fulness and purity of life, their external conscience. When this devotion is silent, or only spoken out through our private acts, it is most likely to make the stair to heaven, and lead men on till suddenly they find the golden gate will open at their own touch, and they need neither mediator nor idol more. The same course is observable in the religion of nations, where the worship of Persons rises at last into free thought in the minds of Philosophers.

But when this worship is expressed, there must be singular purity and strength of character on the part both of Idol and Idolater, to prevent its degenerating into a mutual excitement of vanity, or mere infatuation.

"Thou art the only one worthy to inspire me;" cries one.

"Thou art the only one capable of understanding my inspiration," smiles back the other.

And clouds of incense rise to hide from both the free breath of heaven!

But if the idol stands there, grim and insensible, the poor votary will oftentimes redouble his sacrifices with passionate fervor, till the scene becomes as sad a farce as that of Juggernaut, and all that is dignified in human nature lies crushed and sullied by one superstitious folly.

An admiration restrained by self-respect; (I do not mean pride, but a sense that one's own soul is, after all, a regal power and a precious possession, which, if not now of as apparent magnificence, is of as high an ultimate destiny as that of another) honors the admirer no less than the admired. But humility is not groveling weakness, neither does bounty consist in prodigality; and the spendthrifts of the soul deserve to famish on husks for many days; for, if they had not wandered so far from the Father, he would have given them bread.

In short we are so admirably constituted, that excess anywhere must lead to poverty somewhere; and though he is mean and cold, who is incapable of free abandonment to a beautiful object, yet if there be not in the mind a counterpoising force, which draws us back to the centre in proportion as we have flown from it, we learn nothing from our experiment, and are not vivified but weakened by our love.

Something of this we feel with regard to Bettine and Goethe. The great poet of her nation, and representative of half a century of as high attainment as mind has ever made, was magnet strong enough to draw out the virtues of many beings as rich as she. His greatness was a household word, and the chief theme of pride in the city of her birth. To her own family he had personally been well known in all the brilliancy of his dawn. She had grown up in the atmosphere he had created. Seeing him up there on the mountain, he seemed to her all beautiful and majestic in the distant rosy light of its snow-peaks. Add a nature, like one of his own melodies, as subtle, as fluent, and as productive of minute flowers and mosses, we could not wonder if one so fitted to receive him, had made of her whole life a fair sculptured pedestal for this one figure.

All this would be well, or rather, not ill, if he were to her only an object of thought; but when the two figures are brought into open relation with one another; it is too unequal. Were Bettine, indeed, a child, she might bring her basket of flowers and strew them in his path without expecting even a smile in return. But to say nothing of the reckoning by years, which the curious have made, we constantly feel that she is not a child. She is so indeed when compared with him as to maturity of growth, but she is not so in their relation, and the degree of knowledge she shows of life and thought compels us to demand some conscious dignity of her as a woman. The great art where to stop is not evinced in all passages. Then Goethe is so cold, so repulsive, diplomatic, and courteously determined not to compromise himself. Had he assumed truly the paternal attitude, he might have been far more gentle and tender, he might have fostered all the beauteous blossoms of this young fancy, without ever giving us a feeling of pain and inequality. But he does not; there is an air as of an elderly guardian flirting cautiously with a giddy, inexperienced ward, or a Father Confessor, who, instead of through the holy office raising and purifying the thoughts of the devotee, uses it to gratify his curiosity. We cannot accuse him of playing with her feelings. He never leads her on. She goes herself, following the vision which gleams before her. "I will not," he says, "wile the little bird from its nest," and he does not. But he is willing to make a tool of this fresh, fervent being; he is unrelenting as ever in this. What she offers from the soul the artist receives,—to use artistically. Indeed we see, that he enjoyed as we do the ceaseless bee-like hum of gathering from a thousand flowers, but only with the cold pleasure of an observer; there is no genuine movement of a grateful sensibility. We often feel that Bettine should perceive this, and that it should have modified the nature of her offerings. For now there is nothing kept sacred, and no balance of beauty maintained in her life. Impatiently she has approached where she was not called, and the truth and delicacy of spiritual affinities has been violated. She has followed like a slave where she might as a pupil. Observe this, young idolaters. Have you chosen a bright particular star for the object of your vespers? you will not see it best or revere

it best by falling prostrate in the dust; but stand erect, though with upturned brow and face pale with devotion.

An ancient author says, "it is the punishment of those who have honored their kings as gods to be expelled from the gods," and we feel this about Bettine, that her boundless abandonment to one feeling must hinder for a time her progress and that her maturer years are likely to lag slowly after the fiery haste of her youth. She lived so long, not for truth, but for a human object, that the plant must have fallen into the dust when its prop was withdrawn, and lain there long before it could economize its juices enough to become a tree where it had been a vine.

We also feel as if she became too self-conscious in the course of this intimacy. There being no response from the other side to draw her out naturally, she hunts about for means to entertain a lordly guest, who brings nothing to the dinner, but a silver fork. Perhaps Goethe would say his questions and answers might be found in his books; that if she knew what he was, she knew what to bring. But the still human little maiden wanted to excite surprise at least if not sympathy by her gifts, and her simplicity was perverted in the effort. We see the fanciful about to degenerate into the fantastic, freedom into lawlessness, and are reminded of the fate of Euphorion in Goethe's great Rune.

Thus we follow the course of this intimacy with the same feelings as the love of Tasso, and, in the history of fiction, of Werther, and George Douglas, as also those of Sappho, Eloisa, and Mlle. de L'Espinasse. There is a hollowness in the very foundation, and we feel from the beginning,

"It will not, nor it cannot come to good."

Yet we cannot but be grateful to circumstances, even if not in strict harmony with our desires, to which we owe some of the most delicate productions of literature, those few pages it boasts which are genuine transcripts of private experience. They are mostly tear-stained; — by those tears have been kept living on the page those flowers, which the poets present to us only when distilled into essences. The few records in this kind that we possess remind us of the tapestries woven by prisoners and exiles, pathetic heir-looms, in noble families.

Of these letters to Goethe some have said they were so pure a product, so free from any air of literature, as to make the reader feel he had never seen a genuine book before.

Another, "She seems a spirit in a mask of flesh, to each man's heart revealing his secret wishes and the vast capacities of the narrowest life."

But the letters to Goethe are not my present subject; and those before me with the same merits give us no cause however trifling for regret. They are letters which passed between Bettine, and the Canoness Günderode, the friend to whom she was devoted several years previous to her acquaintance with Goethe.

The readers of the Correspondence with a Child will remember the history of this intimacy, and of the tragedy with which it closed, as one of the most exquisite passages in the volumes. The filling out of the picture is not unworthy the outline there given.

Günderode was a Canoness in one of the orders described by Mrs. Jameson, living in the house of her order, but mixing freely in the world at her pleasure. But as she was eight or ten years older than her friend, and of a more delicate and reserved nature, her letters describe a narrower range of outward life. She seems to have been intimate with several men of genius and high cultivation, especially in philosophy, as well as with Bettine; these intimacies afforded stimulus to her life, which passed, at the period of writing, either in her little room with her books and her pen, or in occasional visits to her family and to beautiful country-places.

Bettine, belonging to a large and wealthy family of extensive commercial connexions, and seeing at the house of grandmother Me. La Roche, most of the distinguished literati of the time, as well as those noble and princely persons who were proud to do honor to letters, if they did not professedly cultivate them, brings before us a much wider circle. The letters would be of great interest, if only for the distinct pictures they present of the two modes of life; and the two beautiful figures which animate and portray these modes of life are in perfect harmony with them.

I have been accustomed to distinguish the two as Nature

and Ideal. Bettine, hovering from object to object, drawing new tides of vital energy from all, living freshly alike in man and tree, loving the breath of the damp earth as well as that of the flower which springs from it, bounding over the fences of society as easily as over the fences of the field, intoxicated with the apprehension of each new mystery, never hushed into silence by the highest, flying and singing like the bird, sobbing with the hopelessness of an infant, prophetic, yet astonished at the fulfilment of each prophecy, restless, fearless, clinging to love, yet unwearied in experiment — is not this the pervasive vital force, cause of the effect which we call nature?

And Günderode, in the soft dignity of each look and gesture, whose lightest word has the silvery spiritual clearness of an angel's lyre, harmonizing all objects into their true relations, drawing from every form of life its eternal meaning, checking, reproving, and clarifying all that was unworthy by her sadness at the possibility of its existence. Does she not meet the wild, fearless bursts of the friendly genius, to measure, to purify, to interpret, and thereby to elevate? As each word of Bettine's calls to enjoy and behold, like a free breath of mountain air, so each of Günderode's comes like the moonbeam to transfigure the landscape, to hush the wild beatings of the heart and dissolve all the sultry vapors of day into the pure dewdrops of the solemn and sacred night.

The action of these two beings upon one another, as representing classes of thoughts, is thus of the highest poetical significance. As persons, their relation is not less beautiful. An intimacy between two young men is heroic. They call one another to combat with the wrongs of life; they buckler one another against the million; they encourage each other to ascend the steeps of knowledge; they hope to aid one another in the administration of justice, and the diffusion of prosperity. As the life of man is to be active, they have still more the air of brothers in arms than of fellow students. But the relation between two young girls is essentially poetic. What is more fair than to see little girls, hand in hand, walking in some garden, laughing, singing, chatting in low tones of mystery, cheek to cheek and brow to brow. Hermia and Helena, the nymphs gathering flowers in the vale of Enna, sister

Graces and sister Muses rise to thought, and we feel how naturally the forms of women are associated in the contemplation of beauty and the harmonies of affection. The correspondence between very common-place girls is interesting, if they are not foolish sentimentalists, but healthy natures with a common groundwork of real life. There is a fluent tenderness, a native elegance in the arrangement of trifling incidents, a sincere childlike sympathy in aspirations that mark the destiny of woman. She should be the poem, man the poet.

The relation before us presents all that is lovely between woman and woman, adorned by great genius and beauty on both sides. The advantage in years, the higher culture, and greater harmony of Günderode's nature is counterbalanced, by the ready springing impulse, richness, and melody of the other.

And not only are these letters interesting as presenting this view of the interior of German life, and of an ideal relation realized, but the high state of culture in Germany which presented to the thoughts of those women themes of poesy and philosophy as readily, as to the English or American girl come the choice of a dress, the last concert or assembly, has made them expressions of the noblest aspiration, filled them with thoughts and oftentimes deep thoughts on the great subjects. Many of the poetical fragments from the pen of Günderode are such as would not have been written, had she not been the contemporary of Schelling and Fichte, yet are they native and original, the atmosphere of thought reproduced in the brilliant and delicate hues of a peculiar plant. This transfusion of such energies as are manifested in Goethe, Kant, and Schelling into these private lives is a creation not less worthy our admiration, than the forms which the muse has given them to bestow on the world through their immediate working by their chosen means. These are not less the children of the genius than his statue or the exposition of his method. Truly, as regards the artist, the immortal offspring of the Muse,

"Loves where (art) has set its seal,"

are objects of clearer confidence than the lives on which he has breathed; they are safe as the poet tells us death alone can make the beauty of the actual; they will ever

bloom as sweet and fair as now, ever thus radiate pure light, nor degrade the prophecy of high moments, by compromise, fits of inanity, or folly, as the living poems do. But to the universe, which will give time and room to correct the bad lines in those living poems, it is given to wait as the artist with his human feelings cannot, though secure that a true thought never dies, but once gone forth must work and live forever.

We know that cant and imitation must always follow a bold expression of thought in any wise, and reconcile ourself as well as we can to those insects called by the very birth of the rose to prey upon its sweetness. But pleasure is unmingled, where thought has done its proper work and fertilized while it modified each being in its own kind. Let him who has seated himself beneath the great German oak, and gazed upon the growth of poesy, of philosophy, of criticism, of historic painting, of the drama, till the life of the last fifty years seems well worth man's living, pick up also these little acorns which are dropping gracefully on the earth, and carry them away to be planted in his own home, for in each fairy form may be read the story of the national tree, the promise of future growths as noble.

The talisman of this friendship may be found in Günderode's postscript to one of her letters, "If thou findest Muse, write soon again," I have hesitated whether this might not be, "if thou findest Musse (leisure) write soon again;" then had the letters wound up like one of our epistles here in America. But, in fine, I think there can be no mistake. They waited for the Muse. Here the pure products of public and private literature are on a par. That inspiration which the poet finds in the image of the ideal man, the man of the ages, of whom nations are but features, and Messiahs the voice, the friend finds in the thought of his friend, a nature in whose positive existence and illimitable tendencies he finds the mirror of his desire, and the spring of his conscious growth. For those who write in the spirit of sincerity, write neither to the public nor the individual, but to the soul made manifest in the flesh, and publication or correspondence only furnish them with the occasion for bringing their thoughts to a focus.

The day was made rich to Bettine and her friend by hoarding its treasures for one another. If we have no

object of the sort, we cannot live at all in the day, but thoughts stretch out into eternity and find no home. We feel of these two that they were enough to one another to be led to indicate their best thoughts, their fairest visions, and therefore theirs was a true friendship. They needed not "descend to meet."

Sad are the catastrophes of friendships, for they are mostly unequal, and it is rare that more than one party keeps true to the original covenant. Happy the survivor if in losing his friend, he loses not the idea of friendship, nor can be made to believe, because those who were once to him the angels of his life, sustaining the aspiration of his nobler nature, and calming his soul by the gleams of pure beauty that for a time were seen in their deeds, in their desires, unexpectedly grieve the spirit, and baffle the trust which had singled them out as types of excellence amid a sullied race, by infirmity of purpose, shallowness of heart and mind, selfish absorption or worldly timidity, that there is no such thing as true intimacy, as harmonious development of mind by mind, two souls prophesying to one another, two minds feeding one another, two human hearts sustaining and pardoning one another! Be not faithless, thou whom I see wandering alone amid the tombs of thy buried loves. The relation thou hast thus far sought in vain is possible even on earth to calm, profound, tender, and unselfish natures; it is assured in heaven, where only chastened spirits can enter, — pilgrims dedicate to Perfection.

As there is no drawback upon the beauty of this intimacy — there being sufficient nearness of age to give Günderode just the advantage needful with so daring a child as Bettine, and a sufficient equality in every other respect — so is every detail of their position attractive and picturesque. There is somewhat fantastic or even silly in some of the scenes with Goethe; there is a slight air of travestie and we feel sometimes as if we saw rather a masque aiming to express nature, than nature's self. Bettine's genius was excited to idealize life for Goethe, and gleams of the actual will steal in and give a taint of the grotesque to the groupes. The aim is to meet as nymph and Apollo, but with sudden change the elderly prime minister and the sentimental maiden are beheld instead. But in the intercourse with Günderode there is no effort; each mind being

at equal expense of keeping up its fires. We think with unmingled pleasure of the two seated together beside the stove in Günderode's little room, walking in Madame La Roche's garden, where they "*founded a religion for a young prince,*" or on the Rhine, or in the old castle on the hill, as described in the following beautiful letters.

"She (Günderode) was so timid; a young Canoness, who feared to say grace aloud; she often told me that she trembled when her turn came to pronounce the benedicite; — our communion was sweet, — it was the epoch in which I first became conscious of myself. She had sought me out in Offenbach; she took me by the hand and begged me to visit her in the town; afterwards we came every day together; with her I learned to read my first books with understanding; she wanted to teach me History, but soon saw that I was too busy with the *present,* to be held long by the *past.* How delighted I was to visit her; I could not miss her for a single day; but ran to her every afternoon; when I came to the chapter-gate I peeped through the key-hole of her door, till I was let in. The little apartment was on the ground-floor, looking into the garden; before the window, grew up a silver poplar, up which I climbed to read; at each chapter, I clambered one bough higher, and then read down to her; — she stood at the window and listened, speaking to me above; every now and then she would say; 'Bettine, don't fall.' I now for the first time, know how happy I then was; for all, even the most trifling thing is impressed on my mind as the remembrance of enjoyment. She was as soft and delicate in all her features as a blonde. She had brown hair, but blue eyes, that were shaded by long lashes; when she laughed it was not loud, it was rather a soft, subdued *crooing,* in which joy and cheerfulness distinctly spoke; she did not walk, she *moved,* if one can understand what I mean by this; her dress was a robe which encompassed her with caressing folds; this was owing to the gentleness of her movements. She was tall of stature; her figure was too flowing, for the word slender to express; she was *timid-friendly* and much too yielding to make herself prominent in society. She once dined with all the baronesses at the Royal Primate's table, she wore the black chapter-dress with long train, white collar and cross of the order; some one remarked that she looked amidst the others, like a phantom — a spirit about to melt into air. She read her poems to me and was as well pleased with my applause, as if I had been the great Public; and indeed I was full of lively eagerness to hear them; not that I seized upon the meaning of what I heard, on the contrary, it was to me an

'element unknown' and the smooth verses affected me like the harmony of a strange language, which flatters the ear, though one cannot translate it. * * *

"We laid the plan of a journey, — devised our route and adventures, wrote everything down, pictured all before us — our Fancy was so busy that Reality could hardly have afforded us a better experience. We often read in this fictitious journal and delighted in the sweetest adventures, which we had there met with; invention thus became as it were a *remembrance*, whose relations still continued their connexions with the *present*. Of that which happened in the real world we communicated to each other nothing, the kingdom in which we met sank down like a cloud, parting to receive us to a secret Paradise, there all was new — surprising, but congenial to spirit and heart, and thus the days went by.

"She wished to teach me Philosophy; what she imparted to me, she expected me to comprehend, and to give again in my way under a written form. The Essays which I wrote on these subjects, she read with wonder; they did not contain the most distant idea of what she had communicated; but I maintained that I had so understood it; she called these themes, Revelations, enhanced by the sweetest colorings of an extasied imagination; she collected them carefully, and once wrote to me; Thou dost not yet understand, how deep these openings lead into the mine of the mind; but the time will come, when it will be important to thee; for man often goes through desert paths — the greater his inclination to penetrate, the more dreadful is the loneliness of his way, the more endless the wilderness. But when thou becomest aware how deep thou hast descended into the spring of thought and how there below, thou findest a new dawn, risest with joy again to the surface and speakest of thy deep-hid world, then will it be thy consolation; for thou and the world can never be united; thou wilt have no other outlet, except back through this spring, into the magic garden of thy fancy; but it is no fancy, it is *Truth* which is merely reflected from it. Genius makes use of Fancy, to impart or instil the Divine, which the mind of man could not embrace under its ideal form; yes! thou wilt have no other way of enjoyment in thy life, than that, which children promise themselves from magic-caverns and deep fountains, through which one comes to blooming gardens, wonderful fruits and crystal palaces, where yet unimagined music sounds, and the sun builds bridges of its rays, upon the centre of which one may walk with a firm foot. All this in these pages of thine will form a key, with which thou mayest perhaps unlock deep-hid kingdoms; therefore, lose nothing nor contend against that

incentive which prompts thee to write, but learn to *labor in thought*, without which Genius can never be born in the spirit; when it becomes incarnate in thee, then wilt thou rejoice in inspiration, even as the dancer in music." — *Correspondence with a Child.*

These inspired sayings look almost as beautiful in the German-English of Bettine's translation as in the original. I cannot hope for equal success in the following extracts from "Die Günderode;" but the peculiar grace and originality of expression cannot be quite lost. I have followed as much as possible the idiom of the writer as well as her truly girlish punctuation. Commas and dashes are the only stops natural to girls; their sentences flow on in little minim ripples, unbroken as the brook in a green field unless by some slight waterfall or jet of Ohs and Ahs.

"To Günderode. I did not think that I could be so these beautiful days. In thy letter, line for line, read I nothing mournful, and yet it makes me sad. Thou speakest of thyself as if thou wert wholly other than I, — wholly of other nature. Ah! and yet thou alone standest opposite to me among all men. When we talked together, we were not one; thou wert one way minded, and I another. Certainly I am different from thee; I feel it to-day from every line of thy letter; and yet it is so true to me, illuminating the deep ground of thy soul! How is each man a great mystery! Until all is transfigured into the heavenly, how much remains that is not understood! Wholly to be understood — that seems to me the true only metamorphosis; the proper ascension. In the summer-house where we last year saw one another for the first time, — yes, a whole year have we been good friends to one another??!!!!! Thus could I continue to make signs of admiration, of mute surprise of thought, of sighing; or if I knew a sign for shuddering, for tears, I could mark the leaves full of the deepest feelings for which I know no name. The woodbine that then grew over the lattice, blooms this year much more luxuriant. Dost thou remember that was our first word? I said to thee 'this was a very cold winter the Hahnenfuss* has almost all its twigs frozen; the leaves give little shade.' Then saidst thou, the sun gives and the leaves take; what they cannot receive of the light, they must let pass to us; and thou saidst this plant is fairer named Geisblatt, than Hahnenfuss, — because then we

* Hahnenfuss and Geisblatt are German names for the woodbine, Geisblatt, leaf for the goat.

think of a pretty goat, who with pleasure eats the fragrant flowers; and that nature offers an ideal life to every creature. And as the elements in undisturbed working produce, sustain, nourish, and fulfil life, so in enjoyment of undisturbed development, is preparing the some-time element in which the ideal of the Spirit may bloom, thrive, and be fulfilled. And then thou saidst that I ought to wear white, if I loved Nature; for as she round about us strewed such lovely flowers, to wear a robe with painted flowers is tasteless, — and we ought to live in harmony with Nature, — otherwise the buds of the human spirit could not bloom out. I thought awhile about thy sayings, — so were we both silent. For it was my place to answer, and I did not venture. Thou seemedst to me so full of wisdom; thy thought really seemed to be at one with nature and thy soul to tower above men, as the tree-tops full of fragrant flowers in sunshine, rain, and wind, through night and day, are ever striving up into the air. Indeed thou didst seem to me a lofty tree, inhabited and nourished by the spirits of Nature. And when I heard mine own voice that would answer thee, then was I abashed, as if its tone were not noble enough for thee. I could not say it out, thou wouldst help me; and didst say 'the spirit streams into feeling, — and that goes forth from all which Nature produces. Man has reverence before nature, because she is the mother who nourishes the soul with that which she gives it to feel.' How very much have I thought of thee and on thy words, and thy black eye-lashes that covered thy blue eyes, even as I saw thee that very first time of all; and thy tender gesture, and thy hand that smoothed my hair. I wrote, 'to-day have I seen Günderode, it was a gift from God.' Now read I that again, and I would fain do all for thy love. Do not tell me if thou hast tenderness for other men; I mean to say, be to others as thou wilt, only let that be separate from us. We must be secluded one with another, in nature; we must go hand in hand, and speak with one another not of things, but a great speech; — Let there be nothing about learning, — I cannot use that; what shall I learn which others know already? That may not be entirely lost; but what happens only just for love of us, that would I not neglect to live with thee; when with thee I would put aside all the superfluous world-stuff, for truly all the comme-il-faut is but an injustice that cries to heaven, contradicting the great voice of poesy in us, which points the soul to all which is right. How hateful is that courtesy which ever bows before others, and yet has no real intercourse with any, as if it were discourteous to put aside what does not belong to us. Were nature so perverted, intriguing

and irrational as men are, there could not be even a potato ripened, — much less a tree blossom. All is the pure consequence of magnanimity in nature, — each ear of corn which doubles its seed, bears witness. — Narrow-heartedness will never open its seeds to the light. It blights them in the bud. — Now I begin to feel why I am here; each morning prayed I when I awoke, 'dear God, why was I born;' and now I know; that I may not be so senseless as the others are; that I should walk the true path marked out in my heart; for why has the finger of God stamped it there? — and taken my five senses to school? so that each one may learn the letters, if it were not to confirm this way. — One would attribute wisdom to man, and prescribe it to him as the simple way of nature; but the denial of a great mighty world-mind in us, is ever the consequence of our conventional life with others; till at last one can draw no free breath, nor have a great thought, or great feeling, from mere courtliness and decorum. Let the Devil be grateful for great actions; — they must happen of themselves; if all went on naturally in life. — It is a shame that men should give such things the name of magnanimity; as if an earnest independent life must not perpetually stream out, like electric fire, what they name great actions. — The tiresome race of men cackle like geese; they do not hear the sobs of Love. This must I say, because the nightingales are sobbing so sweetly above me. Four nightingales are there; also last year were there four. Truly I will never love for I should be abashed before the nightingales, that I could not sing like them. How they breathe out their souls in the art of extasy, in music, and in such a tone, so pure, so innocent, so pure and deep, such as no human soul can produce, either from the voice, or an instrument. Why must man learn to sing, while the nightingale so purely, with such unalloyed beauty, understands to sing deep into the heart. I have never heard a song of man's that touched me like the nightingale's. Just now thought I, because I heard them so deeply, I would try whether they would hear me. When they made a pause I raised my voice; Instantly they all four burst out together, as if to say 'leave us our Empire.' Arias, operas, songs, are mere false tendencies of the conventional world; the declamation of a false inspiration. Yet is man carried away by sublime music. Wherefore, if he be not himself sublime? Yes, there is a secret will in the soul to be great, it refreshes like dew to hear one's proper genius in its original speech. Is not that true? Oh we also would be like these tones, which swiftly reach their aim without ever faltering; there embrace they fulness — in each rhythmus a deep mystery of inward form-

ation, as man does not. Surely melodies are God-created beings, with a continuous life of their own, each thought living forth out of the soul. Man produces thoughts not — They produce man. ——— Ah! there falls a Linden-flower on my nose; and now it rains a little. Here am I writing stupid stuff, I can scarcely read it now; it is fast growing dark; how fair nature spreads out her veil! so light, so transparent. Now begin the souls of the plants to hover round about; and the oranges in the grove, and the Linden-fragrance comes streaming wave over wave. It is now dark; the nightingales become more zealous; they sing indeed in the silence of the moon; ah! we will do something really great, we will not in vain have met one another in this world. Let us found a religion for mankind, and make it well again. A life with God. Thy Mahomet did a great deal by only two or three rides into heaven; let us ride a little into heaven. ———

"Yesterday I forgot to write to thee, because I sent thy poem to Clemens; but I first copied it for myself. And wished to say to thee how beautiful I find it. Through gratitude that I have thee to my friend, have I neglected it. Thou seest it in the letter; that it is thy great heart that touches me, and that I hold myself unworthy to loose thy shoe-ties. Thou choosest a fair thought, and puttest it in rhyme as a mantle of honor for Clemens; what a fair virtue hast thou! raising the spirit from the life of earth. God made the world from nothing, preached ever the nuns, then would I ask how that was done? They could not tell me, and bid me be silent. But I went about and looked at all the growing things, as if I must know out of what they are made. Now I know he has not made them out of nothing. He has made them out of the spirit. That learn I from the Poet; from thee. God is a Poet. Indeed, then I understand him."

In another letter, after describing her bringing back to town a poor woman whom she found ill beyond the gates.

"Then came the good doctor Neville and to him I gave the woman. When I came to the Horse-market, Moritz met me and said, 'how pale you look, what is the matter.' I am so very hungry, said I; and it was true; the anxiety about the woman had made me hungry. Moritz had a pocket full of dried olives; I like them much. He emptied his pocket into my glove which I had drawn off to have it filled. Just at that moment the cuckoo brought Lotte in my way. Moritz went away, and Lotte came to me and asked, 'how canst thou stand in the open street hand in hand with Moritz.' That

vexed me. I went into the convent to thee, where I ate my olives and laid all the stones in a row on the window-sill. In the dusk thou wast standing beside me, entirely sunk in silence. At last thou saidst, 'why art thou to-day so silent?' I said 'I am eating my olives,—that occupies me, but thou also art silent; why art thou silent? 'There is a silence of the soul,' saidst thou, 'where all is dead in the breast;' 'is it so in thee?' asked I. Thou wert silent awhile, and then thou saidst 'It is just so in me, as out there in the garden; the dusk lies on my soul as on those bushes. She is colorless, but she knows herself——but she is colorless,' saidst thou yet again. And this time in a tone so without vibration, that I looked on thee in the night-shimmer, wondering and affrighted, for I ventured to speak no more. I thought what words I could use to thee, I sought in wide circles round about. Nothing seemed to me suited to interrupt this silence,—which ever deeper and deeper took root,—till it streamed through my head like a slumber which I could no more resist.—I laid my head dreaming on the window-board and know not how much time passed. Then came light into the chamber, and when I looked up thou wert leaning over me, and when I looked inquiringly on thee, then gavest thou as answer, 'Yes, I feel often as it were a chasm here in the breast; I may not touch it,—it pains me.' I said 'can I not fill it? this chasm?' 'That also would pain me,' saidst thou. Then I gave thee my hand and went away.—And long followed me thy look, it was so still and so profound, and yet seemed to pass away over me. Oh, as I went home I loved thee so! In thought I wound my arms about thee so close; I thought I would bear thee in my arms to the end of the world, and set thee down on a fair mossy place; there would I serve thee,—and let nothing touch thee which could give thee pain.—Yes, so was it in my childish heart; perforce would I make thee happy, and thought a moment I must succeed; but I know well that such a thing cannot succeed to me, and that it is only the illusion of my thoughts, for even as children cannot separate the far and near, and think they can reach down the moon with their hand, to comfort the playmate with, when he is silent and sorrowful,—so was it with me when I came home, they were all at the tea-table and I was mute, for I thought of thee, and sat down on a stool by the stove; then went I deep into my heart, and waked there an inner life for my spirit, which might touch thee a little,—for until now thou only hast given me all. And before thee I have never been able to make audible the voice within my breast. Then thought I, when I should be far from thee I should more surely come to myself, because the manifold, indeed the thou-

sand-fold tumult in me makes me dumb, and I cannot find a word for my true self.—And I remembered when we once spoke of the Monologues of Schleiermacher that pleased me not, thou wert of another opinion; and saidst 'if he had said only this single word, "Man shall bring out to the light what dwells in his inmost soul, that he may learn to know himself,"—Schleiermacher would have been eternally divine, and a first greatest spirit.'—Then thought I, when I should be far from thee, would I in letters reveal the entire depth of my nature; only for thee and me; and wholly in its undisturbed truth, even as I perhaps know it not yet; and if I will that thou lovest me, how should I begin other than with my innermost self? Else have I nothing ——— and from that hour I pursued myself as a spirit, which I would lure into the net for thy sake.

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From the Rhineland.

"I was a whole hour alone there, seeing the sails pass on the Rhine. I felt a deep longing to be with thee again; for beautiful as it is here, it is sad without echo in the living breast. Man is nothing but the desire to feel himself in another. Before I saw thee I knew nothing; I had often read and heard of friends, yet never knew what a life it would be; for what thought I then of men? Absolutely nothing. I took the watch-dog out, that I might have society; but when I had been awhile with thee, and had heard so many things from thee, then looked I on each face as an enigma, and might well have divined many things, or perhaps *have* divined them, for I am really sharp-minded. Truly man does express his being, if the looker-on knows how to put things together,—and neither dissipates his thoughts, nor adds anything from his own fancy; but one is always blind when he seeks to please others, or seem somewhat before them. That have I remarked in myself. If one loves another, it is better to compose oneself, to understand the one beloved. If we wholly forget ourselves and look at him, I believe it is possible to divine the whole hidden man from his outward being. I have recognised this, for of other men I have not understood what they were to me. The most I cannot consider long, because I observe nothing which pleases me, or harmonizes with me; but with thee have I felt like a music, so at home was I at once. I was like a child, which still unborn, is removed from his father-land, sees the light in another, and must by some foreign bird be wafted back over a sea. He finds all new, yet nearest related, and most domestic. So was it always with me when I entered thy apartment. So was it on the old castle ruins yesterday; the smiling meadows, and the

merry maidens singing there, the evening light, the passing sails and the butterflies, all was nothing to me, I longed only for thee! for thy little room, for the winter; for the snow without, and the early twilight, and the blazing fire; this sunshine and blooming and shouting tears my heart. — I was delighted when Tonie came up with the carriage, I looked down, and there was a beggar with his two pretty children; laughing and rolling over one another, holding each other close embraced. I said, what are your names? and they answered, Röschen and Bienchen; Röschen is fair, with round red cheeks. And Bienchen is a brunette, with black glancing eyes. They were truly one in two. Home at midnight; a most sweet sleep by the rushing of the Spring-fountains.

"Monday. — I have often re-read thy last letter, I am surprised when I compare it with others which I have received here at the same time, — then must I think that there are destinies in Spirit; as beings can be so remote from one another and so different, that they may meet every day, yet one will never conceive of the other, what he thinks and dreams, and what he feels in thinking and dreaming. Thy whole being with others is dreamy; I well know why; wert thou awake, thou couldst not live among them and be so indulgent; hadst thou been quite awake, they would certainly have driven thee away; the grimaces that they make would certainly have put thee to flight. — I saw the same in a dream myself when I was two years old; and sometimes the dream comes over me again so that it seems that men are mere frightful larvæ by whom I am surrounded and who will take from me my senses; even as in the dream I shut my eyes, that I may not see and perish with anguish. So thou from thy magnanimity dost shut thy eyes in life; Thou wouldst not see how it is appointed with men; Thou wouldst not have an aversion arise against these who are not thy brothers, for the absurd is neither sister nor brother. But thou wilt be their sister, so standest thou among them with dreaming head, smiling in thy sleep, for thou dreamest them all away as a flickering grotesque masquerade dance. This read I again to-day in thy letter; for it is now so still here, that one can think; thou art good to me, for among all men thou holdest thyself most awake to me. As if shouldst thou quite open thy eyes thou wouldst venture really to look upon me. Oh I have often thought that I would never terrify thy look, — lest thou shouldst indulgently shut thine eyes to me also, and only peep sideways at me to avoid seeing all my faults and vices.

"Thou sayest we will trifle together; dost thou know how I interpret that? I remember what you lately wrote to Clemens,

— 'ever new and living is the desire in me to express my life in a permanent form; in a shape that may be worthy to advance towards the most excellent, to greet them and claim community with them. Yes, after this community have I constantly longed. This is the church, towards which my spirit constantly makes pilgrimages upon the earth.' — But now thou sayest, we will trifle,— because thou wouldst remain untouched; because thou findest no community, and yet thou believest that there is somewhere a height where the air blows pure, and a longed for shower rains down upon the soul, making it freer and stronger. But certainly this is not in philosophy; I do not quote this from Boigt; my own feeling bears witness to me. Healthful breathing men cannot so narrow themselves. Imagine to thyself a philosopher, living quite alone on an island, where it should be beautiful as only spring can be, where all was blooming, free, and living, birds singing, and all the births of nature perfectly fair, but no creature there to whom the Philosopher could interpret anything. Dost thou believe that he would take such flights as those which I cannot constrain with thee? I believe he would take a bite from a beautiful apple, rather than make dry wooden scaffoldings for his own edification from the high cedars of Lebanon. The Philosopher combines, and transposes, and considers, and writes the processes of thought, not to understand himself, that is not the object of this expense, but to let others know how high he has climbed. He does not wish to impart his wisdom to his low-stationed companions, but only the hocus-pocus of his superlatively excellent machine, the triangle which binds together all circles. — But it is only the idle man who has never realized his own being that is taken by this.

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"'To know much, to learn much,' saidst thou, 'and then die young.' Why saidst thou that? ——— With each step in life meets thee some one who has somewhat to ask of thee,— how wilt thou satisfy them all? Say, wilt thou let one pass hungry from thee, who asks thee for alms? No, that wilt thou not! Therefore live with me. I have every day something to ask of thee. Ah! where should I go, if thou wert no more! Never again would I seek the path of happiness. — I would let myself go, and never ask after myself, for only for thy sake do I ask after myself, and I will do all which thou wishest. — Only for thy sake do I live, dost thou hear? I am afraid, for thou art great, I know it; and yet I will not speak to thee thus loudly, — no, thou art not. Thou art a soft child, and because it cannot endure pain, it denies it wholly. I know it, for so hast thou veiled many a loss. — But in thy neighborhood, in the atmos-

phere of thy spirit, the world seems to me great, — thou not, do not be afraid! But because all life is so pure in thee, each sign so simply received by thee, the spirit must find a place to dilate and become great. Forgive me to-day, but a mirror is before my eyes, and as if some one had withdrawn the veil from it, and I am so sad, I see nothing but clouds in the mirror, and winds are mourning, as if I must forever weep because I think on thee. This evening I was out beside the Maine; then rustled the sedges so wondrously, and because I in loneliness am ever with thee, I asked thee in my soul, 'what is that? does the sedge speak to thee?' — For I will confess it — I should not be willing to be spoken to so, — so mournful, so complaining, I wished to put it from me. Ah Günderode, I am so sad, — was not that cowardly in me that I wished to turn the lamentations of Nature from myself, and address them to thee, as if she talked with thee, when she so wofully moaned in the sedge? Yet I would willingly share all with thee. It is to me happiness, great happiness to take thy pains upon myself; I am strong, I am hard, I feel them not so easily. I can endure tears, and then Hope springs up again so quickly in me, as if all might return again, and better yet than what the soul desires. — Rely on me when it seizes thee, as if it would cast thee into the pit. I will accompany thee every where. No way is too gloomy for me; when thine eye cannot look at the light; it is so mournful. — I am willingly in darkness, dear Günderode. I am not alone there, I am full of new thoughts which will make Day in the soul. Precisely in the darkness rises up to me clear, glittering Peace. Oh despair not of me, though I went in my letters on lonely paths, — truly too much as if I sought myself only. Yet it was not so; I sought thee, I sought intimacy with thee, that I might drink with thee of the fountains of life which flow along our course. I feel it well in thy letter, that thou wilt withdraw from me. That will I not permit. I cannot lay down my pen, — I think thou must spring from the wall, all in armor like Minerva, and must swear to me, must swear to my friendship which is nothing but in thee; from that time forth thou wilt swim in the blue ether, walk with a lofty step like her, with thy crest in the sunlight like her, no more dwelling mournfully in the shadows. Adieu, I go to bed, and go from thee; although I could wait the whole night until thou shouldst show thyself, beautiful as thou art, and in peace, and breathing freedom as it becomes thy spirit, capable of the best and fairest. — Let there be one place of repose to thee in earth, on my breast. Good night, love me, if only a little. —"

To Günderode.

"But this one thing have I kept. God is Poesy. Man cre-

ated in his image is also a born Poet, but also all are called and few chosen. That must I alas! experience in myself. Yet I too am a Poet, although I can make no rhyme. I feel it when I go into the open air, in the wood, or up on the hill, there lies a rhythmus in my soul according to which I am obliged to think and my mood gives it measure. And then when I am among men, I let myself be carried away by their vulgar street-ballad measure or metrum, then feel I myself a pitiful person, and know nothing more but mere stupid stuff. Dost thou not feel also that stupid men can make one much stupider than one naturally is? They are not altogether wrong to say I am stupid, but heart which understands me, come only — and I will give thee a banquet that shall do thee honor. Listen yet a little further. Every great action is a poem. Is transformation of the personality into divinity. If an action is not a poem, it is not great. — Yet great is all which is discerned with the light of reason, — that is to say — all which thou canst seize in its true sense, must be great; for certain is it, that every such thought must have a root which is planted in the ground of wisdom, and a flower which blooms in divine light. We must pass from the ground of the soul into the image of God, over and up to our origin. — Am I not in the right? And if it is true that man can be such, why should it be otherwise? I understand it not. All men are other than it would have been so easy to be. They hang upon what they should not regard, and disdain that which they should hold fast. —

"Oh I have a longing to be pure from these faults. To enter the bath, and wash myself from all these corruptions. The whole world seems to me crazy, and ever I play the fool with them, and yet there is in me a voice which teaches me better. Let us then found a religion, I and thou. And let us therein for a while be both priest and layman, and live wholly in silence, and live severely in it and develop its laws as a young king's son is developed, — who sometime shall be the greatest ruler of the whole world. — So must it be as if he were a Hero, and through his will could reprove all frailties, and so embrace the whole world that it must grow better. — I believe also that God has only let the races of kings exist, that they might display manhood so high before the eyes, that it may be seen on all sides. — The king has power over all; thus men who see his public actions perceive how badly he acts, or if he does anything good how great they themselves might be. — Then if the king is so that he does all which no other can, a genial ruler draws his people perforce, to a step whither they never would have come without him. — We must mould our religion entirely fit for such a young Ruler; oh wait only! that has

wholly turned me to the East. I shall soon understand it all now. Ah! I pray thee take a little heart sympathy in it, — that will animate me so! like God to think it all out of pure nothing. Then am I too a poet. I know the way how we can consider it all. We will walk together here, in Grandmama's garden up and down in these splendid summer days, or in the bosquet which has such dark avenues; we can seem to be only walking, and unfold it all in our conversation; then evenings will I write it all down, and send it into the city to thee by the Jew. And thou shalt put it into a poetic form; so that when men sometime find it, they will have the more reverence and faith in it; this is a fair jest, — yet take it not so; it is my earnest, for wherefore should we not think together over the weal and wants of humanity. Wherefore have we then so many things together already thought over, which others do not consider, but for the benefit of humanity? For every germ which sprouts up, from the earth, or from the spirit, may be expected to bring forth fruit in time, — and I know not why we should not expect a good harvest, which may profit humanity. Humanity, poor humanity! it is like a will-o'-the wisp caught in a net, quite dull and slimy. ——— Ah God! I shall sleep no more, good night, only I will say our religion must be called the *hovering religion.* That I will tell thee about to-morrow. —

"Yet one law in our religion must I propose for thy consideration, truly a first fundamental law. Namely, man shall always do a great action, — never another. And then I will come to thee and say that each action can and shall be a very greatest. Ah hear! I see already in spirit, when we go into the council what clouds of dust there will be!

"'Who prays not cannot think.' I shall have that painted on an earthen spoon, with which our disciples shall eat their porridge. On other spoons we might have painted, 'who thinks not, learns not to pray.' The Jew is coming, I must make haste to put our world-revolution in his sack; and we sometime shall be able to say, what wonderful instruments God has chosen to accomplish his aims, like the old nun in Fritzler. —'

To Bettine.

"Best were it we should say thinking is praying; then something good would be expressed, — we should win time; thinking with praying, and praying with thinking. — Thou art mighty cunning, to think of making me rhyme thy unrhymed stuff. — Thy projects are ever uncommonly venturesome like a rope-

dancer who feels sure that he can balance himself, or one who has wings and knows he can spread them out, if the hurricane should take him from the height. — For the rest I have understood thee well, notwithstanding the many sweet praises which thou scatterest like grass for the victim, that I am the victim which thou wouldst offer. I feel that thou hast the right, — and know that I am too timid, and cannot what I inly think right, outwardly defend against the reasonings of falsehood. I am mute and ashamed just where others should be ashamed; that goes so far in me that I beg people for forgiveness when they have injured me, for fear they should observe what they have done. — Truly I cannot endure that any one should believe I could distrust him, rather I smile like a child at all which meets me, I cannot endure that those whom I cannot convince of the better, should have the idea that I am better and wiser than they. If two understand one another, to that belongs the living action of a divine third. — Thus recognise I our relation, as a present from the Gods, in which they themselves play the most happy part; but my inner feelings, my inconsequent propositions to display to light, for that lends me neither the blue-eyed Minerva, nor Areus god of the combat, a support.* — I agree with thee it would be better, could I bear myself more manly, and laid not aside this powerful thought of the world, in intercourse with other men. But what wouldst thou have in one so timid, that she fears in the convent to say at table the blessing loud enough to be heard. — Let me alone, and bear with me as I am — if I have not the heart to raise my voice against all madness, yet at least I have never permitted any, the least wave of thy rushing life-blood to dash itself against that hard rock. — It stands dry and untouched by thy holy inspirations, and thou canst untroubled let thy life flow thither. — I know thou art grieved that we did not visit Holderlin; before St. Clair went away yesterday he came to see me. Seeing thy thick letter, he was very desirous to hear something from it and the timid one was bold enough to read him the passage where Bettine speaks of Œdipus. — He would copy it, he must copy it, else had his soul passed; and the timid one was too cowardly to refuse him. He said, 'I will read it to him; perhaps it will work like balsam on his soul. If not, still it must be that the highest excitement produced through his poetic nature should find an echo in him. I must read it to him.' It will at least win from him a smile. Now see me already again full

* To whom maidens offered up a ram, when they ran for a wager in public.

of timidity, lest my boldness displease thee. Yet if my ear did not deceive me, that hymn on the dove-house was sung for the poor Poet, that it might make an echo to his broken lute.

"I have now much society distress. This week the second time must I creep into the black Canoness-robe, in which persecutes me my silly timidity. I seem to myself so strangely in it, it is so unusual to me publicly to maintain a borrowed dignity, that I must always hang my head and look away when I am spoken to. Yesterday we dined in a body with the Primate. I lost my Order-cross. It lay under the stool, I felt it with the point of my foot, that made me much embarrassed; and think only, the Primate himself picked it up, and begged leave to fasten it on my shoulder. But Heaven be praised! our duenna came up, and took the trouble on herself. I could not sleep the whole night for this adventure, — it made me blush to think of it. I went out to ride, and met Moritz in his cabriolet; then to the comedy in your box. George took me. The play was the 'Brother and Sister.' — The house was very empty on account of the heat. The Frau Rath sat quite alone at my side. She called into the theatre 'Mr. Berdy, play well, I'm here,' it made me quite confused. I thought if he answered, a conversation might arise, in which perhaps I might be called on to take part. — There were not fifty men in the pit; but Berdy played extremely well; and the Frau Rath clapped at each scene so as to make the house echo. Then Berdy would make her profound bows. — It was very droll, the empty house, — the box-doors open on account of the heat, through which the day shone in. Then came wind, — and played with the tattered decorations. Then Madame Goethe called to Berdy, 'ah what a superb wind,' — and fanned herself. It was just as if she played too. And they seemed in the theatre as if they were alone, in confidential domestic intercourse. I thought of the great Poet, who disdained not so simply to speak out his deep nature. — Yes thou mayst be right, — there is something great in it. It was awing, even tragic, this void, this silence, the open doors, — the unique mother full of delight, as if her son had built her a throne on which she, far elevated above the dust of the earth, received the homage of Art. — They played admirably, indeed with inspiration, merely on account of the Frau Rath. She knows how to inspire respect. — At the end she called out, 'She was much obliged, and would write about it to her son.' — Then began a conversation, to which the public was very attentive; but which I did not hear because I was sent for."

This little sketch of Goethe's mother will remind the reader of the humorous letter, in which Bettine, writing to him, describes the meeting between this woman of lively simple genius, and her whose mind was "truly an ant-hill of thoughts" the French Corinne, Madame de Staël.

The two following letters passed between the friends while Bettine was at a watering-place, where she became acquainted with the Duke of Gotha. They were written at different times, but give an idea so distinct of the habits and tendencies of the two persons, that they seem to answer one another; therefore I have given them together.

Bettine to Günderode.

"Twice, three times between oaks and beeches and young light bushes, hill up, hill down — then comes one to a rock, — smooth shining basalt-surfaces, catching the sunbeams like a dark magical mirror, between are green moss-seats; — this morning went I thither; it is my usual walk when I am alone, not too long and yet secluded, — there saw I the mist like young down between the rock-clefts floating hither and thither, and above me was it ever more golden, the morning-shadows drew aside, the sun crowned me, it struck back sharply from the black stone, it burned very fiercely, yet oppressed not my forehead; I would willingly wear a crown, if it pressed no harder than the hot August sun, so sat I and sang to the rocks and listened for the echos, and thoughts of empire rose into my head. To govern the world according to the maxims which have been produced in the innermost work shop of my feelings and to drive out Philistines everywhere, such are the wishes that rise to my head in such a hot summer-morning, and to which Boigt's speech of the stars had now given a powerful excitement; he said each feeling, each conception becomes a capacity and a possession; it draws itself back indeed, but at a wholly unexpected hour, it comes forth again, and then I seated myself in a lonely place, and feigned such things out into the blue and came to nothing, except tameless heart-beatings as I thought that I might quiet the shrieking of the Philistines, who stifle by their formulas the voice of the spirit, merely by the government of my feelings; indeed this would be a heavenly compensation for those blows of the rod with which they blindly persecute all inspiration. Günderode I would thou wert a ruler and I thy Kobold; that would be my province and I know certainly that I should be discreet before the pure life-flame. But now, is it a wonder that one is stupid. Thus was I beneath the burning sun, sunk in meditation, chasing on

a steed like the wind to all quarters of the globe, and as thy delegate of lofty inspiration set the world to rights commanding hither and thither, sometimes with a stamp of the foot or threatening word to make matters go on quick — meanwhile I had neglected to read thy dramalet which I took out with me, intending to study it really; but now the impetuous motions of my soul I felt compelled to soothe in sleep, as always I do when my temples burn thus from zeal about the future. O goblet of the soul, how artistic-rich and divinely gifted is thy rim made so that it may restrain the rushing floods of life, inevitably else should I have overflowed thee. — My friend, the spaniel, scented me out, he waked me with his barking and wanted me to play with him, he barked so loud that all the rocks groaned and echoed; it seemed as if a whole hunt were out; I must shout too for joy and gayety; he brought me my straw-hat which I had thrown down the steep rock with such graceful leaps — so is it when we wish through love to please any one, we do not measure the dangers of the pit, but trust in our own powers and succeed. — Ah Günderode, it would be much if man would trust his own Genius as this spaniel. He laid his paws on my shoulders when he had brought me back the hat without hurting it; in jest I named him Erodion, thinking he must even so have looked up to the Goddess Immortalita, for he was so noble and fair and bold; men look not easily out so simply great and undisturbed in their own wise, as animals do. The Duke had followed the barking of his dog, and now came forth from behind the trees; he asked why I gave that name to the dog which he calls Cales, this he said was the name of a charioteer slain before Troy by Diomed; I showed him thy poem to explain whence I took the name Erodion. He sat down on the rock, and read it partly aloud, making notes with a pencil; I send these to thee, he has read it with self-collection, and thus truly with love. I know not how often chance may favor thee so that thou mayst touch the more delicate strings of the soul; thus will it rejoice thee. He asked whether I understood the poem; I said No! but I like to read it because thou art my friend who educatest me. He said, 'A bud is this little work, carefully guarded from each foreign influence which the great soul of the friend embraces, and in this softly folded germ of a yet undeveloped speech slumber giant powers. The inspiration to recreate lifts up its wings within thee, full of presentiment, and because the world is too unclean for such childlike pure essays to express thy presentiments, so will it not unfold this unpretending veil which embraces thy far reaching imagination and thy high philosophic spirit.' With surprise I received the pleasure of this praise. He walked on with me, and as we

went would have me talk of thee, of our life together, of thy character, of thy form; then have I for the first time reflected how fair thou art; we saw a well-grown white silver-birch in the distance, with its hanging boughs, which had grown up out of a cleft in the midst of the rock, and, softly moved by the wind, bent downwards toward the valley; to this I involuntarily pointed, as I spoke of thy spirit and thy form; the Duke said, 'then is the friend like that birch?'—I said, 'yes,' so would he go with me and look on thee nearer; the path was so steep and slippery, I thought we could not go; but he said Cales would find us out a way. 'What sort of hair has she?'—'Glossy black-brown hair, which flows freely in loose soft curls on her shoulders.'—'And her eyes?'—'Pallas-eyes, blue in color, full of fire but also liquid and calm.'—'Her forehead?'—'Soft and white as ivory, nobly arched and free, small, yet broad like Plato's; eyelashes that smiling curl-backward, brows like two black dragons that measuring one another with sharp look, neither seizing nor leaving one another, proudly raise their crests, then fearfully smooth them again. Thus watches each brow, defying yet timid, over the soft glances of her eyes.'—'And the nose and cheek?'—'The nose has been censured as a little proud and disdainful, but that is because the nostril trembles with every feeling, hardly taming the breath, as thoughts rise upwards from the lip, which swells out fresh and powerful, guarded and gently restrained by the delicate upper lip.' Even the chin must I describe, truly I have not forgotten that Erodion had had his seat there and left a little hollow, which the finger is pressed into as poetry full of wisdom expands her spirit. Meanwhile there stood the birch so gorgeous, so filled with gold, so whispered through, by the sun, by the breeze, so willing to bow itself gently to the stream of the morning wind, waving its green waves joyfully into the blue heaven, that I could not decide, what lay between both, suits one, and not the other. Cales found with many leaps the way to the birch; the Duke followed; I remained behind; I could easily have followed, but I would not in his presence. He cut letters in the bark quite low down near to the foot and said he wished it might be called the Friendship-birch, and that he also might be our friend. I was willing. Ah let him; he will come this winter to Frankfort, at first a prince forgets easily such a matter among many other distractions, for he cannot believe it possible that, if a man but gave himself entirely to one thing, through this alone the penetration, the force of judgment, the all-sidedness can arise, for which they are all hunting and fluttering about;—besides he is sick and has few good days; for such an one must we fill out from all heal-

ing fountains, — Adieu, — To-morrow morning a great party is formed for a donkey excursion, and to-morrow before noon goes the good Electress away, and very early, about three o'clock, the Englishmen wish to climb the hill with us to see the sun rise; the others did not wish to have Boigt, but I would have him, for else I am weary, though the others say it makes them weary to have him there. Early to-morrow comes the carrier-woman, I shall send this letter by her, though it is not yet so alarmingly long as my first, but thou art melancholy and I would fain amuse thee a little, and I know the pretty story of the Duke will make thee laugh, however thou mayest draw thy lips together. Grant it may make thee pleasure also? I have copied his declaration of love from thy Immortalita, that from his own hand belongs to thee; he wrote it for thee. Thou mayst put a value on it; I hear he is celebrated, of noble nature, witty, and on that account much feared by many; he is also very generous and kindly, but many would rather have nothing to do with him, fearing his best friendliness covers a secret satire. How foolish is that, about me might any one make merry as much as he would; it would be pleasant to me, if he enjoyed it.

Paper sent back to Günderode with the preceding letter.

IMMORTALITA.

Dramatis personæ.

Immortalita, a goddess.
Erodion.
Charon.
Hecate.

FIRST SCENE.

A dark cavern at the entrance of the lower world. In the back-ground of this cavern are seen the Styx and Charon's bark passing hither and thither, in the fore-ground a black altar on which fire is burning. The trees and plants at the entrance of the cavern, and indeed all the decorations, and the figures of Hecate and Charon are flame-color and black, the shadows light grey, Immortalita white; Erodion dressed like a Roman youth. A great fiery snake, which has its tail in its mouth, forms a circle out of which Immortalita does not pass.

Immortalita. (*awaking.*) Charon! Charon! Charon!

CHARON. (*stopping his boat.*) Why dost thou call me?

IMMORTALITA. When will the time come?

CHARON. Look at the snake at thy feet, so long as the circle is unbroken the spell lasts also, thou knowest it; then why dost thou ask me?

IMMORTALITA. Unkind old man, if it comforts me yet once again to hear the promise of a better future, why dost thou deny me a friendly word?

CHARON. We are in the land of silence.

IMMORTALITA. Prophesy to me yet once again,—

CHARON. I hate speech.

IMMORTALITA. Speak—speak.

CHARON. Ask Hecate. (*he rows away*).

IMMORTALITA. (*strewing incense on the altar.*) Hecate, goddess of midnight, discoverer of the future which yet sleeps in the bosom of chaos, mysterious Hecate! Appear.

HECATE. Powerful exorcist,—why callest thou me from out the caves of eternal midnight; this shore is hateful to me; its gloom too full of light; it seems to me that gleams from the land of life have wandered hither.

IMMORTALITA. O Hecate, forgive, and hear my prayer.

HECATE. Pray not; thou art queen here, thou reignest, and knowest it not.

IMMORTALITA. I know it not; and wherefore do I not know it?

HECATE. Because thou canst not see thyself.

IMMORTALITA. Who will show me a mirror in which I may behold myself?

HECATE. Love.

IMMORTALITA. And wherefore Love?

HECATE. Because the infinity of that alone answers to thine.

IMMORTALITA. How far does my kingdom extend?

HECATE. Everywhere, if once beyond that barrier.

IMMORTALITA. How? shall the impenetrable wall that separates my province from the upper world ever fall asunder?

HECATE. It will fall asunder, thou wilt dwell in light, all shall find thee.

IMMORTALITA. O when shall this be?

HECATE. When believing Love tears thee away from night.

IMMORTALITA. When—in hours—or years?

HECATE. Count not by hours—with thee time is not. Look down; the snake winds about as if in pain, but vainly he fixes his teeth more firmly to keep close the imprisoning circle—vain is this resistance; the empire of unbelief, of barbarism, and night must fall to ruins. (*She vanishes.*)

IMMORTALITA. O future — wilt thou but resemble that blessed distant past when I dwelt with the gods in perpetual glory. I smiled on them all, and at my smile their looks lightened as never from the nectar, and Hebe thanked me for her youth, and the ever-blooming Aphrodite for her charms. But separated from me by the darkness of time, before my breath had lent them permanence, they fell from their thrones, those serene Gods, and went back into the elements of life. Jupiter into the power of the primæval heavens, Eros into the hearts of men, Minerva into the minds of the wise, the Muses into the songs of the poets, and I, most unhappy of all, was not permitted to bind the unfading laurel upon the brows of the hero, of the poet. Banished into this kingdom of night, a land of shadows, this gloomy other-side; I must live only for the future.

CHARON. (*passing in his boat with shades*). Bow yourselves, Shades, this is the queen of Erebus, and that you still live after your earthly life is her work.

CHORUS OF SHADES.

Silent guides us the bark
To the unknown land,
Where the sun never dawns
On the always dark strand, —
Reluctantly we see it go,
No other sphere our looks would know
Than life's bright-colored land.

SAME SCENE.

(*Charon's bark lands. Erodion springs on shore. Immortalita still seen in the back-ground.*)

ERODION. Back, Charon, from this shore, which no shade may tread. Why lookest thou upon me? I am not a shadow like you; a joyful hope, a faith full of visions have kindled the spark of my life to flame.

CHARON. (*aside.*) Surely this must be the youth who bears in himself the golden future. (*He rows away.*)

IMMORTALITA. Yes, thou art he, prophesied to me by Hecate; through thy look will the light of day break into these ancient caverns, and dispel the night.

ERODION. If I am he prophesied to thee, Maiden or Goddess, however thou art named, believe thou fulfillest to me the inmost presentiment of the heart.

IMMORTALITA. Say, who art thou? — what is thy name, and how didst thou find the way to this pathless shore, where neither shades nor men dare wander, but only subterranean Gods.

ERODION. I am unwilling to speak to thee of anything but my love; indeed to speak of my love is to speak of my life.

Then hear me. I am the son of Eros and Aphrodite; the double-union of love and beauty has implanted in my being an idea of bliss which I nowhere find, yet must everywhere foresee and seek. Long was I a stranger upon earth. I could not enjoy its unsubstantial goods, till at last came into my soul a dim presentiment of thee. Everywhere was I accompanied by the Idea reflected from thee, everywhere I followed the trace of the beloved, even when it plunged me down into the realm of dreams, thus guiding me to the gates of the lower world, but never could I press through to thee, an unhappy fate drew me ever back to the upper world.

IMMORTALITA. How, youth, hast thou so loved me that rather than not find me thou wouldst have forsaken Helios and the rosy dawn?

ERODION. So have I loved thee, and without thee the earth no more could give me joy, neither the flowery spring, the sunny day, nor dewy night, which to possess, the gloomy Pluto would willingly resign his sceptre. But as the love of my parents was beyond all other, for they were love itself, so the desire which has drawn me to thee was most powerful, and my faith in finding thee victorious over all obstacles, for my parents knew that the child of love and beauty could find nothing higher than itself, and gave me this faith in thee that my powers might not be exhausted by striving after somewhat higher out of myself.

IMMORTALITA. But how camest thou to me at last? Unwillingly does Charon receive the living into the brittle bark made only for the shades.

ERODION. Once was my longing to see thee so great, that all men have invented to surround thee with uncertainty, seemed to me little and vain. Courage inspired my whole being; my only wish is for her, thought I, and boldly cast from me all the goods of this earth, and steered my bark hitherward to the perilous rock where everything earthly is wrecked. A moment I thought, what if thou shouldst lose all, and find nothing; but high confidence pressed doubt aside, joyously I said to the upper world a last farewell, night embraced me, — a ghastly pause, — and I found myself with thee. The torch of my life still burns the other side of the Stygian water.

IMMORTALITA. The heroes of the former world have already tried this same path, courage enabled them to pass the river, but to love only is it given to found here a permanent empire. The dwellers here say my breath bestows immortal life, then be thou immortal, for thou hast worked in me an inexpressible change; before I lived a mummy life, but thou hast breathed into me a soul. Yes, dear youth, in thy love I behold myself

transfigured, I know now who I am, know that the sunny day must fill with light these ancient caverns.

(HECATE *comes from behind the altar.*)

HECATE. Erodion, enter into the snake circle. *(He does so, and the snake vanishes.)* Too long, Immortalita, wert thou in the night of unbelief and barbarism, known by the few, despaired of by the many, confined by a spell within this narrow circle. An oracle, as old as the world, says "believing love will find thee even in the darkness of Erebus, draw thee forth, and found thy throne in everlasting glory, accessible to all." The time is come, but to thee, Erodion, remains yet somewhat to be done.

(The scene changes into a part of the Elysian garden, faintly illuminated, shadows are seen gliding hither and thither, on one side a rock, in the back-ground the Styx and Charon's bark.)

HECATE. See, Erodion, this threatening rock is the impassable wall of separation, which divides the realm of mortal life from that of thy mistress; it intercepts from this place the sunbeams, and prevents severed loves from meeting again. Erodion, try to throw down the rock, that thy beloved may ascend on the ruins from the narrow dominion of the lower world, that in future no impassable barrier may separate the land of the dead from that of the living.

(Erodion strikes the rock, it falls, full daylight shines in.)

IMMORTALITA. Triumph! the rock is sunken, and from this time it shall be permitted the thoughts of love, the dreams of hope, the inspiration of the poet to descend hither and to return.

HECATE. All hail! Threefold, immortal life will fill the pale realm of shades now thy empire is founded.

IMMORTALITA. Come, Erodion, ascend with me into eternal light, and all love, all nobleness shall share my empire. Thou, Charon, smooth thy brow, be friendly guide to those who would enter my kingdom.

ERODION. Well for me that I faithfully tended as a vestal fire the holy presentiment of my heart; well for me, that I had courage to die to mortality, to live for immortality, to offer up the visible to the invisible.

The following note was written by the hand of the Duke Emil August von Gotha upon the manuscript of Immortalita.

"It is a little thing not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it

a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life. Looking down upon the earth, thou mayst, like the sun, give it a fair day; but thou wouldst look in vain for thy peer beneath the stars.

"Like fresh flower-stalks comes the careless life of thy thoughts before the subdued man; his bosom heaves with deep breathings as thy spirit plays round him like loose tresses, just escaped from the band.

"He gazes on thee, a lover! like still roses, and waving lilies hover before him thy thoughts bearing blessings on their glances. Confidential, near the heart are they. They illuminate and beautify his aims and his vocation, and on the silent paths of night are the stars looking from on high, the witnesses of his vow to thee.

"Yet is it a little thing only, not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it as a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life."

The letter of Günderode to Bettine introduces livelier images, and though we may suppose it to exaggerate in playful malice the picture of Bettine's environment, corresponds with what we should imagine to be her habits.

To Bettine.

"It seems to me sometimes quite too absurd, dear Bettine, that thou shouldst with such solemnity declare thyself my scholar when I might as well hold myself thine, yet it gives me much pleasure, and there is also a truth in it if the teacher feels himself stimulated by the scholar; thus may I with some reason call myself thine. Many new insights are brought me by thy opinions and by thy divinations in which I confide, and since thou art so loving as to name thyself my scholar, I may sometime marvel to see over what a bird I have been brooding.

"Thy story of Vostel is quite pleasant; nothing dost thou love better than to take the sins of the world upon thyself — to thee they are no burden, they give thee wings rather for gayety and whim; we may think God himself takes pleasure with thee. But thou wilt never be able to make men esteem thee something better than themselves. Yet however genius makes to itself air and light, it is always ethereal-wise, even when it bears on its pinions all the load of Philisterei. In such matters thou art a born genius, and in these can I only be thy scholar, toiling after thee with diligence. It is an amusing play in the circle that while others complain of thy so called inconsequences I secretly lament that my genius does not lead to such "Careless away over the

plains where thou seest no path dug before thee by the boldest pioneers." Yet always do only one thing at a time, do not begin so many all confusedly. In thy chamber it looked like the shore where a fleet lies wrecked. Schlosser wanted two great folios that he lent you now three months ago from the city library and which you have never read. Homer lay open on the ground, and thy canary-bird had not spared it. Thy fairly designed map of the voyages of Odysseus lay near, as well as the shell box with all the Sepia saucers and shells of colors; they have made a brown spot on thy pretty straw carpet, but I have tried to put all once more into order. Thy flageolet which thou couldst not find to take with thee; guess where I found it; in the orange tree box on the balcony; it was buried in the earth up to the mouth-piece; probably thou hast desired on thy return to find a tree of flageolets sprouting up. Liesbet has bountifully watered the tree and the instrument has been all drenched. I have laid it in a cool place that it may dry gradually and not burst, but what to do with the music that lay near by I cannot tell; I put it in the sun, but before human eyes canst thou never show it again. The blue ribbon of thy guitar has been fluttering out of the window to the great delight of the school children opposite ever since thy departure. I chid Liesbet a little for not having shut the window; she excused herself because it was hid by the green silk curtain, yet whenever the door is open there is a draught. The sedge upon the glass is still green. I have given it fresh water. In thy box where are sowed oats and I know not what else, all has grown up together; I think there are many weeds, but, as I cannot be sure, I have not ventured to pull any thing up. Of books I have found on the floor Ossian, — Sacontala, — the Frankfort Chronicle, the second volume of Hemsterhuis which I took home with me because I have the first already: in Hemsterhuis lay the accompanying philosophical essay, which I pray thee present to me, unless thou hast some special value for it; I have more of the same sort from thee and as thy dislike to philosophy makes thee esteem them so lightly I should like to keep together these studies against thy will, perhaps in time they will become interesting to thee. Siegwart, a romance of the olden day, I found on the harpsichord with the inkstand lying on it; luckily there was little ink, yet wilt thou find thy moonlight composition, over which it has flowed, not easy to decipher. I heard something rattle in a little box in the window sill and had the curiosity to open it, then flew out two butterflies which thou hast put in as chrysalises. Liesbet and I chased them into the balcony where they satisfied their first hunger in the bean blossoms. From under the bed Liesbet swept out Charles the Twelfth, the Bible, and also a glove

which belongs not to the hand of a lady, in which was a French poem; this glove seems to have lain under thy pillow; I did not know thou hadst ever busied thyself with writing French poems in the old style. The perfume of the glove is very pleasant and reminds me of something which gives me a notion where its fellow may be, yet be easy about thy treasure, I have fastened it up behind Kranach's Lucretia, and there at thy return it may be found. I saw two letters among many written papers, the seals were unbroken, one was from young Lichtenberg of Darmstadt, the other from Vienna. What acquaintances hast thou there, and how is it possible that one who so seldom receives letters should not be more curious or rather so heedless about them? I left them on thy table. All is now in tolerable order so that thou mayst diligently and comfortably continue thy studies.

"I have with true pleasure described to thee thy chamber, for it, like an optic mirror, expresses thy apart manner of being, and gives the range of thy whole character; thou has brought together various and strange materials to kindle the sacrificial flame; it is burning; whether the Gods are edified thereby is to me unknown.

"If thou findest Muse, write soon again. — Caroline."

A feeling of faithlessness, almost of remorse, comes over me, on rereading the few extracts for which room could be found here. Surely in their own place these field flowers were beautiful; the dullest observer was pleased to see them enamel the green earth. But here, torn asunder from their proper home, they look as soiled and forlorn as might a bunch of cowslips, dropped by chance in the public street beneath the feet of busy men. Half the purpose of placing them here was to draw attention to the translation of these volumes soon to be published, and now it seems as if the delicate music of the fairy bells cannot possibly make itself heard beside the din of the forge or factory; yet courage! for they tell us it is a property of the simplest tone to cleave straight through a world of mere *noise*.

The acceptance that a book, of the same delicate beauty, and somewhat the same scope met among us, is an encouraging fact. I refer to "Pericles and Aspasia." There, in artistic form, the author has presented what, in these letters, lives and grows before us. Here we find a little circle of intimacies, noble enough to excite and gratify the high desires of heart and mind. Each relation is peculiar, each

harmonious with all the rest. The statesman, the philosopher, the enchanting woman of the world, the lay nun, the profuse and petulant nature, for which we know no better name than Alcibiades, all are shown, on the private as well as the public side, with admirable force and distinctness. None could read this book without feeling love, friendship, and the daily business of life to be ennobled and enriched at least for that day. None could fail to feel the eternal leadings of every true relation. Yet, withal, Landor's book is marble-cold compared with the one before us. Those divinely human figures convey to us life as it ought to be, as it might be, but only in statuesque representation. Yet, if cold, it is pure, and earth may cover, but cannot consume the sculptures, as it does the living forms. We are deeply indebted to the book which presents this portraiture of a home, a home in mutually enchained hearts, too wise to expect perfection, too noble to pardon imperfection, worthy to demand the best and — to wait for it. Here are intimacies so rooted in the characters of the parties, that they may endure and deepen through ages. We feel that this book, with all its singular beauty of detail, presents to us but a beginning. How happily is reverence tempered by playfulness, conscious worth by tenderness and knowledge. Yes! all who read this book must be, at least for the day, shamed out of frivolous and vulgar intercourse, intellectual sloth, or distempered care.

The intimacy between Aspasia and Cleone is not unlike this between Bettine and Günderode, in the influences of the two characters upon one another. The two women are both in different ways as remarkable in intellect, as in character, and the intellect of both is feminine in its modification. They study no less than love one another; they cannot flatter, neither make weak exactions; the sentiment is too true to allow of sentimentality. It is founded on no illusion, but a parallelism of lives that was written in the stars.

Without full confidence no friendship can subsist, none without generosity, without unwearied sympathy, and the modesty that permits, when suffering, to receive this balm. But also none can subsist and grow, without mutual stimulus, without an infinite promise, a stern demand of excellence from either side, and revelations of thoughts, not only

hoarded from the past, but constantly new-born from intercourse between the two natures. There must be faith in one another, action upon one another, love, patiently to wait for one another.

All these we find in these two friendships. Bettine feels in her friend the same joy and pride which is expressed of Aspasia, where Alcibiades tells us she was accustomed to fly to Pericles with the letters of Cleone, and read them on his shoulder. Cleone regards Aspasia with the same admiration, angelic in its pure humility, though melancholy in its smile, as Günderode does Bettine.

The book of "Günderode" is more poetic than "Pericles and Aspasia," in this, that we see living and changing before us what is only given us as results, of fixed outline, in Landor's book. This breathing life makes us living; that pictured life only commanded us to live.

A few words more in answer to the queries of a friend. Bettine is accused of interpolating passages into these letters from a more advanced period of her existence, and there certainly are pages which look like it. The past seems the canvass on which she paints. The fears of those who loved her best, that the exuberant, but unstable nature could not economize sufficiently to live princely in its later days, are justified by her devotion to the past.

"Bettine!

In this fair book from thy letters compiled
Shall the woman be made thus to wait on the child?
Not so the oak gathers his first summer's leaves,
But new strength every year with new branches receives."

We learn by excess, we thrive on error, but only where reactions and convictions come in their due alternation. The way God leads man is the only way, but man must learn to understand that it is so. — What seems to the youthful aspirant so true as the path Bettine took? Straight forward pursuing her own genius, headlong down precipices, indefatigable up hill, and through bog, in the most important step as the least whimsy, she acted out her nature, would recognise no compromise, knew no society, only the natures "that stood opposite to her" could she see. Here then is one wise, here is one free! Alas no! Heaven has not permitted such manacles to be forged for man with-

out a cause, and the bold outlaw blackens and blasphemes, while the willing prisoner soars and sings.

If any quarrel with the law that "care is taken that the trees grow not up into the heavens," let him watch the progress of such a character as Bettine's, and see the tree which defied the law mar its own growth. Sorrow must alternate with joy, or the character is shallow; patient toil with inspiration, or there is no noble growth; the most ardent imagination must demand and elicit the severest judgment. In the mind of the Child was no patience, no power of adaptation, nothing that fitted her to reach maturity and uphold or reconstruct a world. She must always be a child; the actual world intervened and she became a Phantast. Yet not the less welcome this radiant picture of a peculiar state, that period of keen perception and intuitive glances, which so many know only in some holy dream, or beneath the first illusions of earthly love. Here is the picture of all-promising, all-discerning youth; let some other life join to this a fitting sequel.

Whoever has closely observed the dramatic tendency in man will see that its first demonstrations must be in the way of what the many call falsehood, if only for this reason, that the poetic eye cannot even *see* a fact bare and solitary as it appears to the prose observer. To such a mind the actual only exists as representing the ideal, and each object seen by the bodily eye becomes the centre to a throng of visionary shapes. Even as in the pictures of Magdalens and Madonnas, cherub faces start from every side, created as it were by the expression of the face which occupies the centre, so each new object beheld, each new thought apprehended, brings to the poetic mind accessories natural if not yet realized by nature.

It is from this cause that children, fitted by imagination to appreciate the noblest exhibitions of truth, are often blamed as false or inaccurate, while those of meagre faculties and limited vision are praised for their correctness. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem to the superficial, there is often more hope of truth in the liar than in the truthteller, for the former may learn to prune his fancy and turn romance into its legitimate channels, but the latter will have to feed and train his powers by ways and means yet unknown, before he can comprehend truth in its fulness.

The romantic or dramatic tendency, which leads those who do not absolutely recreate in play or novel, to embellish a narrative of their daily walk, by giving the facts higher coloring, embellishing them by the invention of incidents, rounding and filling out where there were pauses or languors, and casting over all the soft ideal light of the thought derived by the narrator from the passage, which is obvious in many parts of these letters, and makes them poetical still more than historical, may also have induced Bettine to interpolate sentences or even paragraphs. If she has done so, it is not from motives of vanity, but from a poetical growth in herself, since the period of the correspondence, which makes what really happened seem an inadequate expression of what really was. Whatever has been added is in such harmony with the scenes and personages, that you are only led to doubt, because it is too good, because all is said and done with a fulness, which is elsewhere discovered only in that liberty of law which art grants to her votaries.

It is in reference to this that Goethe said with one of his calm ironical smiles, when Richter (I think it was Richter) published his memoirs as "Truth out of my Life," intending to reprove Goethe for his title "Poesy and Truth out of my Life" — "As if the bare truth from the life of such a man could be other than that he was a Philistine."

There comes indeed a time when Poesy and Truth, though twinborn in the thought, can be separate in the expression, and the groundwork, no longer all shot through and interwoven by the bright threads of imagination, appears in clear relief beneath the beautiful patterns emblazoned upon it. But this is in the perfection of the faculties, when reason, imagination, and the perceptive organs are in entire harmony, when the meaning of the great world-poem is so distinctly seen, that details are never unmeaning, because incomplete, nor do we need perpetually to evolve fabrics of art as from a chaos. It is the highest attainment of man to be able to tell the truth, and more hardly achieved by the chronicler than the Phantast.

This much may be granted to the caviller. Bettine has missed her way to this excellence from undue indulgence of one or two powers.

But all the drawbacks are upon her own character; her

book is true, and of the rarest excellence, a many-petalled flower on the bosom of nature, from which the dew shall never vanish. Like the flights often seen on a smaller scale in common lives, it attains a perfection which the complete sum of the character entirely misses. Like the sky lark's, these morning songs drop from the clouds which upbear the songster dew from heaven, such as active, lustrous, enduring, prying day shall never boast.

Let us conclude by the last letter addressed to Bettine by Günderode, while meditating her voluntary death. On this subject I have said nothing; it involves too much for the space to let me venture. This letter has the true tone of Günderode's genius, and is no less worthy of attention for the distinct idea it gives of the friend she loved, but not well enough to love to live for her sake.

To Bettine.

"I was obliged to set out on my journey without writing to thee, for my sister who has long been unwell required my presence. Think not I neglect thee, dear Bettine, but the impossibilities of realizing the objects of my thoughts, crowd upon me; I know not how to overcome them, but must let myself be driven where chance wills; resistance brings only loss of time and no success. Thou hast a much more energetic nature than I, indeed than almost any of whom I am able to judge; to me are set, not only through my relations, but also through my character, narrower limits for my activity, therefore it may well happen that things to me impossible may not be so to thee. Bear this in mind while looking into the future. If thou wilt persist to walk the same path of life with me, mightst thou not be obliged to sacrifice to my timidity or rather to my incapacity what thy spirit requires, for I see not how I could follow thee, my wings are not full-grown for such a flight. I pray thee, fix thy eyes betimes on this fact, and think of me as of a being who must leave many things untried to which thou wilt feel thyself impelled. Even if thou shouldst resolve to give up many of thy claims on life, or let me rather say if thou wouldst refuse to let the element which is active within thee work itself clear, rather than thus be divorced from me, thy refusal would be vain. There are laws in the soul which must manifest themselves, else the whole man is ruined; this cannot happen to thee, the life must again and again rise up, for in thee dwells the right of conquest, and that which would perchance only sing me to sleep wakes thee to impetuous freewill existence; for when thou wouldst converse

with the stars of heaven and boldly constrain them to answer, I would give myself up rather to their soft shining as the child si soothed by the motion of his cradle. All men are against thee, the whole world wilt thou feel and experience only through the contradiction in thy soul, there is no other possible way for thee to comprehend it. Where wilt thou ever find an action, how much less a nature in harmony with thine, it has never yet been so and will also never be (of myself will I speak to thee by and by). What experience has taught to others, that to which they accommodate themselves, is to thee folly and falsehood.—The actual world has presented itself to thee as a deformed monster, but it did not terrify thee; thou hast at once set thy foot upon it, and although it whirls beneath thee and forever moves itself, thou lettest thyself be borne by it, without ever in thought dreaming the possibility that thou couldst for a moment be at one with it. I speak of to-day, and more yet of the future, I would wish there might come moments into thy life when this flowing together with the energies of other natures might be granted thee. Dost thou remember thy dream in the mountain castle which thou relatedst to me in the night when I waked thee, because thou wert weeping bitterly in thy sleep? It was that a man, who for the good of mankind had done I know not what heroic deed, was brought to the scaffold in consequence of his great deed. The people shouted in its ignorant joy, but in thee rose great desire to ascend to him there on the scaffold, only the blow fell just as thou wert hoping to reach him. Thou canst not have forgotten the dream, for thy painful weeping moved me too, so much that I hardly dared remind thee it was only a dream, and then found this was the very reason of thy being inconsolable, for thou saidst not even in a dream was it granted thee to fulfil the desire of thy soul, how much less would it be so in reality. Then in the night have I jested that I might comfort thee a little, but to-day I feel impelled once more to take up the question whether it was not a misfortune not to have died in the dream with that hero; yes it was a misfortune, for the awaking, the living on after so endured proof of thy inmost dispositions, which can so seldom in actual life be verified and confirmed, must be to thee a triumph, aye a happiness, even though only in a dream, for in dreams the noblest convictions may meet shipwreck as elsewhere. And I agree with thee that it was a trick played by thy demon, yet one with a meaning of wisdom; for, if thou hadst been satisfied in the dream so perhaps had also been satisfied thy longing for great deeds, and what would that have availed thee? would it not have increased that careless self-reliance to which Savigny must positively give the name of arrogance; no, that would

not have been, yet would there not have been that exaltation which is now continually renewed by the lightest excitement of that unsatisfied longing.

"I would wish for thee, Bettine (to speak between ourselves, for this may no man hear) that those deeply implanted dispositions might be called forth by destiny, and no trial omitted which either in dream or life might aid gloriously to solve the problem why it has been worth the pain and trouble to have lived. Plans are easily baffled, therefore must we make none. The best way is to find oneself ready for all which offers itself as worthiest to do, and that alone which obliges us to act, the holy principle which springs up of itself on the ground of our conviction, never to violate, but ever to unfold it more and more through our thoughts and actions, so that we at last recognise nothing in ourselves, but the originally divine. There are many who have taken with them great Christmas presents from the Gods, and yet never learn to make use of any of them, to these it suffices to believe themselves raised above the ground of the community, merely because the alphabet of a higher law is stamped within them, yet the spirit has never risen up within them, and they know not how far they are from having realized that nobility of soul, of which they are so proud.— This seems to me the noblest school of life, constantly to take heed that nothing belies those principles through which our inner being is consecrated, never in thought nor in deed. From this school the noble man is not released to the last breath of his life. Thy Ephraim will agree with me, and is himself a proof of this; I believe also that it is the highest distinction of destiny to be called to always severer trials. And one must indeed be able to prophesy the destiny of a noble man from his dispositions. Thou hast energy and courage enough for severe truth, and at the same time art the most gladsome nature which hardly can perceive any injustice that is done towards it. To thee is it a light thing to bear what others could not at all endure, and yet thou art not compassionate, it is energy which leads thee to assist others. If I wished briefly to express thy character I would prophesy that hadst thou been a boy, thou wouldst have become a hero, but as thou art a girl I interpret all these dispositions as furnishing materials for a future life, preparation for an energetic character which perhaps in a living active time will be born. — As the sea, so the ages seem to me to have their ebb and flow. We are now in the time of ebb, where it is indifferent who makes himself valid, because it is not now the hour for the waves to rise up; the human race sinks its breath, and whatever of significant occurs in history is only prelude, to awaken feelings, to practise and collect the

faculties to seize upon a higher potency of spirit. Spirit rules and raises the world, through this alone life is living, through this alone moment is joined to moment, all else is fleeting shadow, each man who makes true a moment in time is a great man, and however forcible are many apparitions in time, I cannot reckon them among realities because no deep recognition, no pure will of the absolute spirit bids them rise and rule, but wholly vulgar motives of passion. Napoleon is an example. — Yet are such not without use for the human capacities of the spirit. Partialities and prejudices must be satiated, even let me say sated, before they can leave free the spirit of the time. Now what prejudices may not this hero of all have shaken to pieces, — what will he not satiate even to disgust, how many will the future time root up with detestation, to which it now clings with passionate, blind devotion. — Or can it be possible that after such terrible ghostly destinies, time should not be given to reflect. — I doubt not of this, all things find their end, and only that lives which is able to awake life, of this I have said to thee enough, thou wilt understand me. Why should not each one begin his career of life with solemnity and consecration, regarding himself as a development of the divine which is the aim of us all, seeking where and how it may be furthered. Indeed I have now said to thee enough to bring close to thee the thought that the higher powers of the spirit of man must be the only real aim of thy inner contemplation, so that all may be to thee for one purpose, however far thy faculties may be brought into action. Nothing can remain untried in man which his higher ideal nature is capable of producing. For our destiny is the Mother which bears beneath its heart this fruit of the ideal. — Take from these lines all that bears upon the heaped up leaves thou hast sent me, and soothe therewith thy anxiety on my account. Farewell and take my thanks for all thy love."

Such Beauty is not given, only lent,
Darts winged by love divine, the speedier spent,
Frail effigies of that most seen Unseen,
What is and must be, yet hath never been ; —
O teach the ear to catch that under-tone,
Which draws the heart to know the Unknown, Alone!
I see thee passing, once incarnate Soul,
From sphere to sphere seeking that only goal,
Where thought and love and life together flow,
And the Above smiles back from the Below.
This earthly life to thee was but as glass,
Seeing beyond thy thoughts and wishes pass,
Thou couldst not stay behind to water flowers,
Upon the pathway of these puny Hours

With tears undue. — O solitary flame
We will not stir thee by a human blame,
Ask mercy from the heaven thou teachest us to name.

F.

SONNET.

When in a book I find a pleasant thought
Which some small flower in the woods to me
Had told, as if in straitest secrecy,
That I might speak it in sweet verses wrought,
With what best feelings is such meeting fraught!
It shows how nature's life will never be
Shut up from speaking out full clear and free
Her wonders to the soul that will be taught.
And what though I have but this single chance
Of saying that which every gentle soul
Shall answer with a glad, uplifting glance?
Nature is frank to him whose spirit whole
Doth love Truth more than praise, and in good time,
My flower will tell me sweeter things to rhyme.

April, 1819.

J. R. L.

SONNET.

Only as thou herein canst not see me,
Only as thou the same low voice canst hear
Which is the morning-song of every sphere
And which thou erewhile heardst beside the sea
Or in the still night flowing solemnly,
Only so love this rhyme and so revere;
All else cast from thee, haply with a tear
For one who, rightly taught, yet would not be
A voice obedient; some things I have seen
With a clear eye, and otherwhile the earth
With a most sad eclipse hath come between
That sunlight which is mine by right of birth
And what I know with grief I ought to have been, —
Yet is short-coming even something worth.

J. R. L.

SONNET

TO IRENE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make
And joyful once again their song awake,
Long silent now with melancholy scorn;
And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,
By no least deed its harmony shall break,
And shalt to that high clime thy footsteps take
Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn;
Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free
And in thine every motion musical
As summer air, majestic as the sea,
A mystery to those who creep and crawl
Through Time and part it from Eternity.

J. R. L.

THE HOUR OF RECKONING.

Give way, — give way, — this is not patience's hour:
Call not my grief a wild and sinful thing:
Call not my ceaseless tears a wasted shower:
Have ye not suffered? bear with suffering.

Not for this hope, — though even ye do see
My life has gone down with it to the grave,
Not for this only grief, — my misery
Goes o'er my spirit now — dark wave on wave.

No, no; now heaves the swell of my heart's wo
Fed by a thousand streams repressed not dry;
The breathing forms I buried long ago,
They are revenged — they rise — they will not die.

Redress! redress! yes, ye shall have it now,
Feelings denied through long and level years!
The way is open; none shall disallow
Your claim to sighs, — your heritage in tears.

No, let those hear you, whom a single grief
Has bowed, aye, crushed to earth in all but rest;
But bring not yet, not yet, to me relief: —
'T is an unbidden, 't is an ill-timed guest.

Bear with me — bear — I have not stopped, like you,
To give the pittance even of a tear
When my life's miseries pleaded in my view
And asked but this the wretched beggar's cheer.

I have been proud — no, no, — I was afraid
To give one mite lest they should ask for more,
And now they throng around, nor ask for aid,
But rudely seize on all life's hoarded store.

Take all, — aye, take sorrows neglected, hushed,
Hopes, yearnings frightened into timid peace;
Take all; the heart which silenced ye is crushed,
Take all, and sign your debtor's hard release.

SONNET

TO MARY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Full fair, another circling year doth gird
The mystic growth of the young heart around;
O deep and deeper be the voices heard
Which through that heart in angel whispers sound.
Thine is the hour when by the fragrant bloom
We prophesy of Summer's golden sheaves; —
If sadness comes, O darken not to gloom!
Be like the pine-tree that I love, whose leaves
Ne'er vanquished were by Winter's icy arm,
But breathe a strain which all the year doth charm.
I dare not pray that trials dark and drear
Shall ne'er upon thy path like clouds appear,
But may a soul as true as life can form
Sun-tinge their awful edge, and glorify the storm.

B. F. P.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

Where be these deeps to saint and prophet known
These deeps of love Divine and Infinite?
Wildered and sere over the waste I flit
Filling all nature with my constant moan;
Wherefore of all his sons do I alone
Seek for the Father's face but never find,
Casting with tears my prayers upon the wind,
Sinful, remorseful, to God's peace unknown?
Spare me, oh God! this fearful agony,
Give me the calm of souls regenerate,
Let me no more for thy dear presence wait,
But be each moment an Eternity.
As through the obedient stars, oh shine through me,
And in thy Life forever let me Be.

MUSIC

TO MARTHA.

Sweep, lady, sweep again the keys,
And let thy fancy wander free;
For, sad or gay, the strain will please,
Since all I seek is harmony.
Yes, discords deep are in my brain,
Deformed and dark the shadows lie;
O from my soul erase the stain
With Eden-breath of minstrelsy.

Though soft as moon-rays be your wings,
Born of air to die in sighing,
Moaning o'er wild Æolian strings,
Or from fairy fingers flying,
To deepest deeps ye thrill my soul,
And Fantasy's high hosts arise,
Glory and Love before me roll
Enchantress! on thy melodies.

Lost hopes again reveal their beams;
Like vanished wanderers appear
In all their light my youthful Dreams,
And tidings chaunt upon the ear
How they not utterly depart:
But when the storms of life sweep by,
They tint the Iris of the heart,
And pain and sorrow purify.

In deeps profound the chords are laid;
From awful steeps the tones take wing;—
The fairest works that God hath made,
Affect us like a tuneful string.
Thus on the souls of early seers
Rose Cherub's lyre and Seraph's tongue;
While music throned the endless years,
And all the spheres in tune were hung.

The spheral law with faith revere:
For angel bliss may tasted be,
Though the wide world in hate uprear,
By one whose heart is melody.
With thoughtful Night upon thine eye,
Her depth, and stillness, and the stars,—
So fair a course thou wilt not fly,
But one by one surmount the bars.

B. F. P.

PLAN OF THE WEST ROXBURY COMMUNITY.

In the last number of the Dial were some remarks, under the perhaps ambitious title, of "A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society;" in a note to which, it was intimated, that in this number, would be given an account of an attempt to realize in some degree this great Ideal, by a little company in the midst of us, as yet without name or visible existence. The attempt is made on a very small scale. A few individuals, who, unknown to each other, under different disciplines of life, reacting from different social evils, but aiming at the same object, — of being wholly true to their natures as men and women; have been made acquainted with one another, and have determined to become the Faculty of the Embryo University.

In order to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade; — while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence, and isolation at will. They have bought a farm, in order to make agriculture the basis of their life, it being the most direct and simple in relation to nature.

A true life, although it aims beyond the highest star, is redolent of the healthy earth. The perfume of clover lingers about it. The lowing of cattle is the natural bass to the melody of human voices.

On the other hand, what absurdity can be imagined greater than the institution of cities? They originated not in love, but in war. It was war that drove men together in multitudes, and compelled them to stand so close, and build walls around them. This crowded condition produces wants of an unnatural character, which resulted in occupations that regenerated the evil, by creating artificial wants. Even when that thought of grief,

> "I know, where'er I go
> That there hath passed away a glory from the Earth,"

came to our first parents, as they saw the angel, with the flaming sword of self-consciousness, standing between them

and the recovery of spontaneous Life and Joy, we cannot believe they could have anticipated a time would come, when the sensuous apprehension of Creation — the great symbol of God — would be taken away from their unfortunate children, — crowded together in such a manner as to shut out the free breath and the Universal Dome of Heaven, some opening their eyes in the dark cellars of the narrow, crowded streets of walled cities. How could they have believed in such a conspiracy against the soul, as to deprive it of the sun and sky, and glorious apparelled Earth! — The growth of cities, which were the embryo of nations hostile to each other, is a subject worthy the thoughts and pen of the philosophic historian. Perhaps nothing would stimulate courage to seek, and hope to attain social good, so much, as a profound history of the origin, in the mixed nature of man, and the exasperation by society, of the various organized Evils under which humanity groans. Is there anything, which exists in social or political life, contrary to the soul's Ideal? That thing is not eternal, but finite, saith the Pure Reason. It had a beginning, and so a history. What man has done, man may *undo*. "By man came death; by man also cometh the resurrection from the dead."

The plan of the Community, as an Economy, is in brief this; for all who have property to take stock, and receive a fixed interest thereon; then to keep house or board in commons, as they shall severally desire, at the cost of provisions purchased at wholesale, or raised on the farm; and for all to labor in community, and be paid at a certain rate an hour, choosing their own number of hours, and their own kind of work. With the results of this labor, and their interest, they are to pay their board, and also purchase whatever else they require at cost, at the warehouses of the Community, which are to be filled by the Community as such. To perfect this economy, in the course of time they must have all trades, and all modes of business carried on among themselves, from the lowest mechanical trade, which contributes to the health and comfort of life, to the finest art which adorns it with food or drapery for the mind.

All labor, whether bodily or intellectual, is to be paid at the same rate of wages; on the principle, that as the labor

becomes merely bodily, it is a greater sacrifice to the individual laborer, to give his time to it; because time is desirable for the cultivation of the intellect, in exact proportion to ignorance. Besides, intellectual labor involves in itself higher pleasures, and is more its own reward, than bodily labor.

Another reason, for setting the same pecuniary value on every kind of labor, is, to give outward expression to the great truth, that all labor is sacred, when done for a common interest. Saints and philosophers already know this, but the childish world does not; and very decided measures must be taken to equalize labors, in the eyes of the young of the community, who are not beyond the moral influences of the world without them. The community will have nothing done within its precincts, but what is done by its own members, who stand all in social equality; — that the children may not "learn to expect one kind of service from Love and Goodwill, and another from the obligation of others to render it," — a grievance of the common society stated, by one of the associated mothers, as destructive of the soul's simplicity. Consequently, as the Universal Education will involve all kinds of operation, necessary to the comforts and elegances of life, every associate, even if he be the digger of a ditch as his highest accomplishment, will be an instructer in that to the young members. Nor will this elevation of bodily labor be liable to lower the tone of manners and refinement in the community. The "children of light" are not altogether unwise in their generation. They have an invisible but all-powerful guard of principles. Minds incapable of refinement, will not be attracted into this association. It is an Ideal community, and only to the ideally inclined will it be attractive; but these are to be found in every rank of life, under every shadow of circumstance. Even among the diggers in the ditch are to be found some, who through religious cultivation, can look down, in meek superiority, upon the outwardly refined, and the book-learned.

Besides, after becoming members of this community, none will be engaged merely in bodily labor. The hours of labor for the Association will be limited by a general law, and can be curtailed at the will of the individual still more; and means will be given to all for intellectual im-

provement and for social intercourse, calculated to refine and expand. The hours redeemed from labor by community, will not be reapplied to the acquisition of wealth, but to the production of intellectual goods. This community aims to be rich, not in the metallic representative of wealth, but in the wealth itself, which money should represent; namely, LEISURE TO LIVE IN ALL THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL. As a community, it will traffic with the world at large, in the products of Agricultural labor; and it will sell education to as many young persons as can be domesticated in the families, and enter into the common life with their own children. In the end, it hopes to be enabled to provide — not only all the necessaries, but all the elegances desirable for bodily and for spiritual health; books, apparatus, collections for science, works of art, means of beautiful amusement. These things are to be common to all; and thus that object, which alone gilds and refines the passion for individual accumulation, will no longer exist for desire, and whenever the Sordid passion appears, it will be seen in its naked selfishness. In its ultimate success, the community will realize all the ends which selfishness seeks, but involved in spiritual blessings, which only greatness of soul can aspire after.

And the requisitions on the individuals, it is believed, will make this the order forever. The spiritual good will always be the condition of the temporal. Every one must labor for the community in a reasonable degree, or not taste its benefits. The principles of the organization therefore, and not its probable results in future time, will determine its members. These principles are coöperation in social matters, instead of competition or balance of interests; and individual self-unfolding, in the faith that the whole soul of humanity is in each man and woman. The former is the application of the love of man; the latter of the love of God, to life. Whoever is satisfied with society, as it is; whose sense of justice is not wounded by its common action, institutions, spirit of commerce, has no business with this community; neither has any one who is willing to have other men (needing more time for intellectual cultivation than himself) give their best hours and strength to bodily labor, to secure himself immunity therefrom. And whoever does not measure what society owes to its members

of cherishing and instruction, by the needs of the individuals that compose it, has no lot in this new society. Whoever is willing to receive from his fellow men that, for which he gives no equivalent, will stay away from its precincts forever.

But whoever shall surrender himself to its principles, shall find that its yoke is easy and its burden light. Everything can be said of it, in a degree, which Christ said of his kingdom, and therefore it is believed that in some measure it does embody his Idea. For its Gate of entrance is straight and narrow. It is literally a pearl *hidden in a field*. Those only who are willing to lose their life for its sake shall find it. Its voice is that which sent the young man sorrowing away. "Go sell all thy goods and give to the poor, and then come and follow me." "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you."

This principle, with regard to labor, lies at the root of moral and religious life; for it is not more true that "money is the root of all evil," than that *labor is the germ of all good*.

All the work is to be offered for the free choice of the members of the community, at stated seasons, and such as is not chosen, will be hired. But it is not anticipated that any work will be set aside to be hired, for which there is actual ability in the community. It is so desirable that the hired labor should be avoided, that it is believed the work will all be done freely, even though at voluntary sacrifice. If there is some exception at first, it is because the material means are inadequate to the reception of all who desire to go. They cannot go, unless they have shelter; and in this climate, they cannot have shelter unless they can build houses; and they cannot build houses unless they have money. It is not here as in Robinson Crusoe's Island, or in the prairies and rocky mountains of the far west, where the land and the wood are not appropriated. A single farm, in the midst of Massachusetts, does not afford range enough for men to create out of the Earth a living, with no other means; as the wild Indians, or the United States Army in Florida may do.

This plan, of letting all persons choose their own departments of action, will immediately place the Genius of In-

struction on its throne. Communication is the life of spiritual life. Knowledge pours itself out upon ignorance by a native impulse. All the arts crave response. "WISDOM CRIES." If every man and woman taught only what they loved, and so many hours as they could naturally communicate, instruction would cease to be a drudgery, and we may add, learning would be no longer a task. The known accomplishments of many of the members of this association have already secured it an interest in the public mind, as a school of literary advantages quite superior. Most of the associates have had long practical experience in the details of teaching, and have groaned under the necessity of taking their method and law from custom or caprice, when they would rather have found it in the nature of the thing taught, and the condition of the pupil to be instructed. Each instructer appoints his hours of study or recitation, and the scholars, or the parents of the children, or the educational committee, choose the studies, for the time, and the pupils submit, as long as they pursue their studies with any teacher, to his regulations.

As agriculture is the basis of their external life, scientific agriculture, connected with practice, will be a prominent part of the instruction from the first. This obviously involves the natural sciences, mathematics, and accounts. But to classical learning justice is also to be done. Boys may be fitted for our colleges there, and even be carried through the college course. The particular studies of the individual pupils, whether old or young, male or female, are to be strictly regulated, according to their inward needs. As the children of the community can remain in the community after they become of age, as associates, if they will; there will not be an entire subserviency to the end of preparing the means of earning a material subsistence, as is frequently the case now. Nevertheless, as they will have had opportunity, in the course of their minority, to earn three or four hundred dollars, they can leave the community at twenty years of age, if they will, with that sufficient capital, which, together with their extensive education, will gain *a subsistence* anywhere, in the best society of the world. It is this feature of the plan, which may preclude from parents any question as to their right to go into this community, and forego forever all hope of

great individual accumulation *for their children;* a customary plea for spending life in making money. Their children will be supported at free board, until they are ten years of age; educated gratuitously; taken care of in case of their parents' sickness and death; and they themselves will be supported, after seventy years of age, by the community, unless their accumulated capital supports them.

There are some persons who have entered the community without money. It is believed that these will be able to support themselves and dependents, by less work, more completely, and with more ease than elsewhere; while their labor will be of advantage to the community. It is in no sense an eleemosynary establishment, but it is hoped that in the end it will be able to receive all who have the spiritual qualifications.

It seems impossible that the little organization can be looked on with any unkindness by the world without it. Those, who have not the faith that the principles of Christ's kingdom are applicable to real life in the world, will smile at it, as a visionary attempt. But even they must acknowledge it can do no harm, in any event. If it realizes the hope of its founders, it will immediately become a manifold blessing. Its moral *aura* must be salutary. As long as it lasts, it will be an example of the beauty of brotherly love. If it succeeds in uniting successful labor with improvement in mind and manners, it will teach a noble lesson to the agricultural population, and do something to check that rush from the country to the city, which is now stimulated by ambition, and by something better, even a desire for learning. Many a young man leaves the farmer's life, because only by so doing can he have intellectual companionship and opportunity; and yet, did he but know it, professional life is ordinarily more unfavorable to the perfection of the mind, than the farmer's life; if the latter is lived with wisdom and moderation, and the labor mingled as it might be with study. This community will be a school for young agriculturalists, who may learn within its precincts, not only the skilful practice, but the scientific reasons of their work, and be enabled afterwards to improve their art continuously. It will also prove the best of normal schools, and as such, may claim the interest of those, who mourn over the inefficiency of our common school system, with its present ill-instructed teachers.

It should be understood also, that after all the working and teaching, which individuals of the community may do, they will still have leisure, and in that leisure can employ themselves in connexion with the world around them. Some will not teach at all; and those especially can write books, pursue the Fine Arts, for private emolument if they will, and exercise various functions of men. — From this community might go forth preachers of the gospel of Christ, who would not have upon them the odium, or the burthen, that now diminishes the power of the clergy. And even if *pastors* were to go from this community, to reside among congregations as now, for a salary given, the fact, that they would have something to retreat upon, at any moment, would save them from that virtual dependence on their congregations, which now corrupts the relation. There are doubtless beautiful instances of the old true relation of pastor and people, even of teacher and taught, in the decaying churches around us, but it is in vain to attempt to conceal the ghastly fact, that many a taper is burning dimly in the candlestick, no longer silver or golden, because compassion forbids to put it quite out. But let the spirit again blow "where it listeth," and not circumscribe itself by salary and other commodity, — and the Preached word might reassume the awful Dignity which is its appropriate garment; and though it sit down with publicans and sinners, again speak "with authority and not as the scribes."

We write, as is evident perhaps, not as members, which we are not, but interested spectators of the growth of this little community. It is due to their modesty to apologize for bringing out so openly, what they have done simply and without pretension. We rest on the spirit of the day, which is that of communication. No sooner does the life of man become visible, but it is a part of the great phenomenon of nature, which never seeks display, but suffers all to speculate thereon. When this speculation is made in respect, and in love of truth, it is most to be defended. We shall now proceed to make some observations that may sound like criticism, but this we do without apology, for earnest seekers of a true life are not liable to be petulant.

The very liberality, and truth to nature of the plan, is a legitimate reason for fearing it will not succeed as a special

community in any given time. The vineyard does not always yield according to the reasonable expectation of its Lord. When he looks for grapes, behold it brings forth wild grapes. For outward success there must always be compromise, and where it is so much the object to avoid the dangers of compromise, as there very properly is here, there is perhaps danger of not taking advantage of such as nature offers.

One of these is the principle of antagonism. It is fair to take advantage of this in one respect. The members may be stimulated to faithfulness and hope, by the spectacle of society around them, whose unnecessary evils can be clearly seen to be folly, as well as sin, from their retreat. The spirit of liberality must be discriminated from the spirit of accommodation. Love is a stern principle, a severe winnower, when it is one with the pure Reason; as it must be, to be holy, and to be effective. It is a very different thing from indulgence. Some persons have said that in order to a true experiment, and to enact a really generous faith in man, there should be any neighborhood taken without discrimination, with the proportion, that may happen to be in it, of the good and bad, the strong and weak. But we differ as to the application in this instance. They are so little fenced about with rules and barriers, that they have no chance but by being strong in the spirit. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," must be their watchword, with respect to the organized falsehoods they have protested against; and with respect to means of successful manifestation, the aphorism of St. Augustine, "God is patient because he is Eternal."

To be a little more explicit. The men and women of the world, as they rise, are not at the present moment wise enough, in the Hebrew sense of the word wisdom, even if they are good-intentioned enough, to enter into a plan of so great mutual confidence. To all the evils arising from constitutional infirmity and perversion they must, especially at first, be exposed. There will always be natures too cold to satisfy the warm-hearted, too narrow for the enjoyment of the wide-visioned, some will be deficient in reason, and some in sensibility, and there will be many who, from defect of personal power, will let run to waste beautiful hearts, and not turn to account great insight of natural wisdom.

Love, justice, patience, forbearance, every virtue under heaven, are always necessary in order to do the social duties. There is no knot that magnanimity cannot untie; but the Almighty Wisdom and Goodness will not allow any tower to be builded by the children of men, where they can understand one another *without* this solvent magnanimity. There must ever be sincerity of good design, and organic truth, for the evolution of Beauty.

Now there can be only one way of selecting and winnowing their company. The power to do this must be inherent in their constitution; they must keep sternly true to their principles.

In the first place, they must not compromise their principle of labor, in receiving members. Every one, who has any personal power, whether bodily or mental, must bring the contribution of personal service, no matter how much money he brings besides. This personal service is not to amount to drudgery in any instance, but in every able-bodied or sound-minded person, it should be at least equivalent to the care of their own persons. Exchange, or barter of labor, so as to distribute to each according to his genius, is to be the means of ease, indefinitely, but no absolute dispensation should be given, except for actual infirmity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is always the word of the divine humanity.

But granting that they keep the gate of entrance narrow, as the gate of life, which is being as liberal as the moral Law, a subtle temptation assails them from the side of their Organization. Wo be unto them if they lean upon it; if they ever forget that it is only what they have made it, and what they sustain it to be. It not only must be ever instinct with spirit, but it must never be thought, even then, to circumscribe the spirit. It can do nothing more, even if it work miracles, than make bread out of stones, and after all, man liveth not by bread alone, but by *every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.* Another temptation assails them, clothed as an angel of light. The lover of man finds in his benevolence a persuasive advocate, when the Devil proposes to him to begin by taking possession of the kingdoms of this world, according to his ability. In their ardor for means of success, they may touch the mammon of unrighteousness. They will be ex-

posed to endowment. Many persons, enlightened enough to be unwilling to let the wealth, they have gained by the accident of birth or of personal talent, go to exasperate the evil of present society, will be disposed to give it, or to leave it as a legacy to this community, and it would be asceticism to refuse it absolutely. But they should receive it greatly. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou *serve*." No person who proposes to endow the community as a University, or as the true system of life, understands what he does, unless he surrenders what he gives, unconditionally, in the same spirit of faith, with which the members throw themselves in, with their lives, their property, and sacred honor. At all events it would violate their principle of progress to accept anything with conditions; unless indeed it may be considered a condition, that they remain an association, governed by the majority of members, according to its present general constitution.

It were better even to forego the advantage of good buildings, apparatus, library, than to have these shackles. — Though space cannot now be given to do more than state these points, it might be demonstrated that to keep to them, is essential to independence, and can alone justify the conscience of endower and endowed.

Another danger which should be largely treated is the spirit of coterie. The breadth of their platform, which admits all sects; and the generality of their plan, which demands all degrees of intellectual culture to begin with, is some security against this. But the ultimate security must be in numbers. Some may say, "already this taint has come upon them, for they are doubtless *transcendentalists*." But to mass a few protestants together and call them transcendentalists, is a popular cant. Transcendentalism belongs to no sect of religion, and no social party. It is the common ground to which all sects may rise, and be purified of their narrowness; for it consists in seeking the spiritual ground of all manifestations. As already in the pages of this periodical, Calvinist, and Unitarian, and Episcopalian, and Baptist, and Quaker, and Swedenborgian, have met and spoken in love and freedom, on this common basis; so it would be seen, if the word were understood, that transcendentalism, notwithstanding its

name is taken in vain by many moonshiny youths and misses who assume it, would be the best of all guards against the spirit of coterie. Much as we respect our friends of the community, we dare not hope for them quite so much, as to aver that they *transcend*, as yet, all the limitations that separate men from love and mutual trust.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When Love is an unerring light
And Joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain;
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find the *strength of Law* according to their need!

We had intended to subjoin some further remarks, by way of inquiry, into the possibility of other portions of society, not able to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of city life, beginning also to act, in a degree, on the principles of coöperation. Ameliorations of present evils, initiation into truer life, may be made we believe everywhere. Worldly wisdom, for its own purposes, avails itself of what is outward in the community plan; at least of the labor-saving element. Why may not the children of light be equally wise?

There may be some persons, at a distance, who will ask, to what degree has this community gone into operation? We cannot answer this with precision, for we do not write as organs of this association, and have reason to feel, that if we applied to them for information, they would refuse it, out of their dislike to appear in public. We desire this to be distinctly understood. But we can see, and think we have a right to say, that it has purchased the Farm, which some of its members cultivated for a year with success, by way of trying their love and skill for agricultural labor; — that in the only house they are as yet rich enough to own, is collected a large family, including several boarding scholars, and that all work and study together. They seem to be glad to know of all, who desire to join them in the spirit, that at any moment, when they are able to enlarge their habitations, they may call together those that belong to them.

E. P. P.

THE PARK.

The prosperous and beautiful
To me seem not to wear
The yoke of conscience masterful
Which galls me everywhere.

I cannot shake off the god;
On my neck he makes his seat;
I look at my face in the glass,
My eyes his eyeballs meet.

Enchanters! Enchantresses!
Your gold makes you seem wise:
The morning mist within your grounds
More proudly rolls, more softly lies.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That Night or Day, that Love or Crime
Lead all souls to the Good.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun,
Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk,
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse,
Unarmed faced danger with a heart of trust,
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay? —
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

GRACE.

How much, Preventing God! how much I owe
To the defences thou hast round me set:
Example, custom, fear, occasion slow, —
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.
I dare not peep over this parapet
To guage with glance the roaring gulf below,
The depths of sin to which I had descended,
Had not these me against myself defended.

THE SENSES AND THE SOUL.

"WHAT we know is a point to what we do not know." The first questions are still to be asked. Let any man bestow a thought on himself, how he came hither, and whither he tends, and he will find that all the literature, all the philosophy that is on record, have done little to dull the edge of inquiry. The globe that swims so silently with us through the sea of space, has never a port, but with its little convoy of friendly orbs pursues its voyage through the signs of heaven, to renew its navigation again forever. The wonderful tidings our glasses and calendars give us concerning the hospitable lights that hang around us in the deep, do not appease but inflame our curiosity; and in like manner, our culture does not lead to any goal, but its richest results of thought and action are only new preparation.

Here on the surface of our swimming earth we come out of silence into society already formed, into language, customs, and traditions, ready made, and the multitude of our associates discountenance us from expressing any surprise at the somewhat agreeable novelty of Being, and frown down any intimation on our part of a disposition to assume our own vows, to preserve our independence, and to institute any inquiry into the sweet and sublime vision which surrounds us.

And yet there seems no need that any should fear we should grow too wise. The path of truth has obstacles enough of its own. We dwell on the surface of nature. We dwell amidst surfaces; and surface laps so closely on surface, that we cannot easily pierce to see the interior organism. Then the subtlety of things! Under every cause, another cause. Truth soars too high or dives too deep for the most resolute inquirer. See of how much we know nothing. See the strange position of man. Our science neither comprehends him as a whole, nor any one of its particulars. See the action and reaction of Will and Necessity. See his passions, and their origin in the deeps of nature and circumstance. See the Fear that rides even the brave. See the omnipresent Hope, whose fountains in our consciousness no metaphysician can find. Consider

the phenomenon of Laughter, and explore the elements of the Comic. What do we know of the mystery of Music? and what of Form? why this stroke, this outline should express beauty, and that other not? See the occult region of Demonology, with coincidence, foresight, dreams, and oméns. Consider the appearance of Death, the formidable secret of our destiny, looming up as the barrier of nature.

Our ignorance is great enough, and yet the fact most surprising is not our ignorance, but the aversation of men from knowledge. That which, one would say, would unite all minds and join all hands, the ambition to push as far as fate would permit, the planted garden of man on every hand into the kingdom of Night, really fires the heart of few and solitary men. Tell men to study themselves, and for the most part, they find nothing less interesting. Whilst we walk environed before and behind with Will, Fate, Hope, Fear, Love, and Death, these phantoms or angels, whom we catch at but cannot embrace, it is droll to see the contentment and incuriosity of man. All take for granted, — the learned as well as the unlearned, — that a great deal, nay, almost all, is known and forever settled. But in truth all is now to be begun, and every new mind ought to take the attitude of Columbus, launch out from the gaping loiterers on the shore, and sail west for a new world.

This profound ignorance, this deep sleep of the higher faculties of man, coexists with a great abundance of what are called the means of learning, great activity of book-making, and of formal teaching. Go into one of our public libraries, when a new box of books and journals has arrived with the usual importation of the periodical literature of England. The best names of Britain are on the covers. What a mass of literary production for a single week or month! We speculate upon it before we read. We say, what an invention is the press and the journal, by which a hundred pale students, each a hive of distilled flowers of learning, of thought, — each a poet, — each an accomplished man whom the selectest influences have joined to breed and enrich, are made to unite their manifold streams for the information and delight of everybody who can read! How lame is speech, how imperfect the communication of

the ancient Harper, wandering from castle to hamlet, to sing to a vagrant audience his melodious thoughts! These unopened books contain the chosen verses of a hundred minstrels, born, living, and singing in distant countries and different languages; for, the intellectual wealth of the world, like its commercial, rolls to London, and through that great heart is hurled again to the extremities. And here, too, is the result, not poetic, of how much thought, how much experience, and how much suffering of wise and cultivated men! How can we in America expect books of our own, whilst this bale of wisdom arrives once or twice in a month at our ports?

In this mind we open the books, and begin to read. We find they are books about books; and then perhaps the book criticized was itself a compilation or digest of others; so that the page we read is at third or fourth hand from the event or sentiment which it describes. Then we find that much the largest proportion of the pages relates exclusively to matter of fact — to the superficial fact, and, as if systematically, shuns any reference to a thought or law which the fact indicated. A large part again, both of the prose and verse, is gleanings from old compositions, and the oft repeated praise of such is repeated in the phrase of the present day. We have even the mortification to find one more deduction still from our anticipated prize, namely, that a large portion of ostentatious criticism is merely a hired advertisement of the great booksellers. In the course of our turning of leaves, we fall at last on an extraordinary passage — a record of thought and virtue, or a clarion strain of poetry, or perchance a traveller makes us acquainted with strange modes of life and some relic of primeval religion, or, rarer yet, a profound sentence is here printed — shines here new but eternal on these linen pages, — we wonder whence it came, — or perhaps trace it instantly home — *aut Erasmus aut Diabolus* — to the only head it could come from.

A few thoughts are all we glean from the best inspection of the paper pile; all the rest is combination and confectionary. A little part abides in our memory, and goes to exalt the sense of duty, and make us happier. For the rest, our heated expectation is chilled and disappointed.

Some indirect benefit will no doubt accrue. If we read with braced and active mind, we learn this negative fact, itself a piece of human life. We contrast this mountain of dross with the grains of gold, — we oversee the writer, and learn somewhat of the laws of writing. But a lesson as good we might be learning elsewhere.

Now what is true of a month's or a year's issue of new books, seems to me with a little qualification true of the age. The *stock-writers*, (for the honesty of the literary class has given this population a name,) vastly outnumber the thinking men. One man, two men, — possibly, three or four, — have cast behind them the long-descended costume of the academy, and the expectations of fashion, and have said, This world is too fair, this world comes home too near to me than that I should walk a stranger in it, and live at second-hand, fed by other men's doctrines, or treading only in their steps; I feel a higher right herein, and will hearken to the Oracle myself. Such have perceived the extreme poverty of literature, have seen that there was not and could not be help for the fervent soul, except through its own energy. But the great number of those who have voluminously ministered to the popular tastes were men of talents, who had some feat which each could do with words, but who have not added to wisdom or to virtue. Talent amuses; Wisdom instructs. Talent shows me what another man can do; Genius acquaints me with the spacious circuits of the common nature. One is carpentry; the other is growth. To make a step into the world of thought is now given to but few men; to make a second step beyond the first, only one in a country can do; but to carry the thought on to three steps, marks a great teacher. Aladdin's palace with its one unfinished window, which all the gems in the royal treasury cannot finish in the style of the meanest of the profusion of jewelled windows that were built by the Genie in a night, is but too true an image of the efforts of talent to add one verse to the copious text which inspiration writes by one or another scribe from age to age.

It is not that the literary class or those for whom they write, are not lovers of truth, and amenable to principles. All are so. The hunger of men for truth is immense; but they are not erect on their feet; the senses are too strong

for the soul. Our senses barbarize us. When the ideal world recedes before the senses, we are on a retrograde march. The savage surrenders to his senses; he is subject to paroxysms of joy and fear; he is lewd, and a drunkard. The Esquimaux in the exhilaration of the morning sun, when he is invigorated by sleep, will sell his bed. He is the fool of the moment's sensations to the degree of losing sight of the whole amount of his sensations in so many years. And there is an Esquimaux in every man which makes us believe in the permanence of this moment's state of our game more than our own experience will warrant. In the fine day we despise the house. At sea, the passengers always judge from the weather of the present moment of the probable length of the voyage. In a fresh breeze, they are sure of a good run; becalmed, they are equally sure of a long passage. In trade, the momentary state of the markets betrays continually the experienced and long-sighted. In politics, and in our opinion of the prospects of society, we are in like manner the slaves of the hour. Meet one or two malignant declaimers, and we are weary of life, and distrust the permanence of good institutions. A single man in a ragged coat at an election looks revolutionary. But ride in a stage-coach with one or two benevolent persons in good spirits, and the Republic seems to us safe.

It is but an extension of the despotism of sense, — shall I say, only a calculated sensuality, — a little more comprehensive devotion which subjugates the eminent and the reputed wise, and hinders an ideal culture. In the great stakes which the leaders of society esteem not at all fanciful but solid, in the best reputed professions and operations, what is there which will bear the scrutiny of reason? The most active lives have so much routine as to preclude progress almost equally with the most inactive. We defer to the noted merchants whose influence is felt not only in their native cities, but in most parts of the globe; but our respect does them and ourselves great injustice, for their trade is without system, their affairs unfold themselves after no law of the mind; but are bubble built on bubble without end; a work of arithmetic, not of commerce, much less of considerate humanity. They add voyage to voyage, and buy stocks that they may buy stocks, and no ulterior

purpose is thought of. When you see their dexterity in particulars, you cannot overestimate the resources of good sense, and when you find how empty they are of all remote aims, you cannot underestimate their philosophy.

The men of letters and the professions we have charged with the like surrender to routine. It is no otherwise with the men of office. Statesmen are solitary. At no time do they form a class. Governments, for the most part, are carried on by political merchants quite without principle, and according to the maxims of trade and huckster; so that what is true of merchants is true of public officers. Why should we suffer ourselves to be cheated by sounding names and fair shows? The titles, the property, the notoriety, the brief consequence of our fellows are only the decoration of the sacrifice, and add to the melancholy of the observer.

> "The earth goes on the earth glittering with gold,
> The earth goes to the earth sooner than it should,
> The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
> The earth says to the earth, all this is ours."

All this is covered up by the speedy succession of the particulars, which tread so close on each other's heel, as to allow no space for the man to question the whole thing. There is somewhat terrific in this mask of routine. Captain Franklin, after six weeks travelling on the ice to the North Pole, found himself two hundred miles south of the spot he had set out from. The ice had floated; and we sometimes start to think we are spelling out the same sentences, saying the same words, repeating the same acts as in former years. Our ice may float also.

This preponderance of the senses can we balance and redress? Can we give permanence to the lightnings of thought which lick up in a moment these combustible mountains of sensation and custom, and reveal the moral order after which the world is to be rebuilt anew? Grave questions truly, but such as leave us no option. To know the facts is already a choosing of sides, ranges us on the party of Light and Reason, sounds the signal for the strife, and prophesies an end to the insanity and a restoration of the balance and rectitude of man.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ESSEX,

Spoken in the character of the Queen. — From the German of Goethe.
(*She advances, leaving her attendants in the background.*)

No Essex here! Unblest! They give no sign;
And shall such live while Earth's best nobleness
Departs and leaves her barren. Now, too late,
Weakness and cunning both are exorcised.
How could I trust those whom I knew so well?
Am I not like the fool of fable — he
Who in his bosom warmed the frozen viper,
And fancied man might hope for gratitude
From the betrayer's seed. — Away. — begone —
No breath — no sound shall here insult my anguish;
Essex is dumb and they shall all be so;
No human presence shall control my mood;
Begone, I say. The Queen would be alone.
(*They all go out.*)
Alone and still. — This day the cup of woe
Is full, and while I drain its bitter dregs
Calm — queenlike — stern — I would review the past.
Well it becomes the favorite of fortune,
The royal arbitress of others' weal,
The world's desire, and England's deity,
Self-poised, self-governed, clear and firm to gaze
Where others close their aching eyes — to dream.

Who feels imperial courage glow within
Fears not the mines which lie beneath the throne,
Bold he ascends, though knowing well his peril,
Majestical and fearless holds the sceptre;
The golden circlet of enormous weight
He wears, with brow serene and smiling air,
As though a myrtle chaplet graced his temples;
And thus didst thou. The far-removed thy power
Attracted and subjected to thy will;
The hates and fears which oft beset thy way
Were seen, were met, and conquered by thy courage;
Thy tyrant father's wrath, thy mother's hapless fate,
Thy sister's harshness — all were cast behind;
And to a soul like thine, bonds and hard usage
Taught fortitude, prudence, and self-command,
To act or to endure. Fate did the rest;
One brilliant day thou heardst "Long live the Queen!"
A Queen thou wast. And, in the heart's despite,
Despite the foes without, within, who ceaseless
Have threatened war and death, a Queen thou art
And wilt be while a spark of life remains.
Yet this last deadly blow — I feel it *here*,
(*laying her hand on her heart.*)

But the low-prying world shall ne'er perceive it.
Actress! they call me! — 'T is a queen's vocation;
The people stare and whisper — What would they
But acting to amuse them? Is deceit
Unknown, except in regal palaces?
The child at play already is an actor.
Still to thyself, let weal or woe betide,
Elizabeth, be true and steadfast ever,
Maintain thy fixed reserve; 't is just; What heart
Can sympathize with a Queen's agony?
The false, false world, it woos me for my treasures,
My favors, and the place my smile confers,
And if for love I offer mutual love,
My minion, not content, must have the crown.
'T was thus with Essex. Yet to thee, O heart,
I dare to say it, thy all died with him.
Man must experience, be he who he may,
Of bliss a last irrevocable day.
Each owns this true, yet cannot bear to live,
And feel the last has come, the last has gone —
That never eye again in earnest tenderness
Shall turn to him, no heart shall thickly beat
When his footfall is heard, no speaking blush
Tell the soul's wild delight at meeting — never
Rapture in presence — hope in absence more
Be his — no Sun of Love illume his landscape;
Yet thus it is with me, within the heart
Deep night, — without no star. — What all the host
To me — my Essex fallen from the heavens!
To me he was the centre of the world,
The ornament of time. Wood, lawn, or hall,
The busy mart, the verdant solitude
To me were but the frame of one bright image.
That face is dust; those lustrous eyes are closed,
And the frame mocks me with its empty centre.

How nobly free, how gallantly he bore him,
The charms of youth combined with manhood's vigor;
How sage his counsel, and how warm his valor,
The glowing fire, and the aspiring flame,
Even in his presumption he was kingly.
Yet ah! does memory cheat me? what was all
Since truth was wanting and the man I loved
Could court his death to vent his anger on me,
And I must punish him or live degraded?
I chose the first, but in his death I died,
Land, sea, church, people, throne, — all, all are naught;
I live a living death and call it royalty.
Yet, wretched ruler o'er these empty gauds,
A part remains to play and I will play it.
A purple mantle hides my empty heart;
The kingly crown adorns my aching brow;
And pride conceals my anguish from the world.

But, in the still and ghostly midnight hour,
From each intruding eye and ear set free,
I still may shed the bitter, hopeless tear,
Nor fear the babbling of the earless walls.
I to myself may say, — I die, I die;
Elizabeth, unfriended and alone,
So die as thou hast lived, alone, but queenlike.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The more liberal thought of intelligent persons acquires a new name in each period or community; and in ours, by no very good luck, as it sometimes appears to us, has been designated as Transcendentalism. We have every day occasion to remark its perfect identity, under whatever new phraseology or application to new facts, with the liberal thought of all men of a religious and contemplative habit in other times and countries. We were lately so much struck with two independent testimonies to this fact, proceeding from persons, one in sympathy with the Quakers, and the other with the Calvinistic Church, that we have begged the privilege to transcribe an extract from two private letters, in order that we might bring them together.

The Calvinist writes to his Correspondent after this manner.

"All the peculiarities of the theology, denominated Trinitarian, are directly or indirectly transcendental. The sinfulness of man involves the supposition of a nature in man, which transcends all limits of animal life and of social moralities. The reality of spirit, in the highest sense of that holy word, as the essence of God and the inward ground and law of man's being and doing, is supposed both in the fact of sin, and the possibility of redemption from sin. The mystery of the Father revealed only in the Son as the Word of Life, the Light which illumines every man, outwardly in the incarnation and offering for sin, inwardly as the Christ in us, energetic and quickening in the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, — the great mystery wherein we find redemption, this, like the rest, is transcendental. So throughout, as might be shown by the same induction suggested in relation to another aspect of the matter. Now here is my point. Trinitarians, whose whole system from beginning to end is transcendental, ideal, — an idea is the highest truth, — war against the very foundations of whatever is transcendental, ideal; all must be empiric, sensuous, inductive. A system, which used to create and sustain the most fervid enthusiasm, as is its nature, for it makes God all in all, leads in crusade against all even the purest and gentlest enthusiasm. It fights for the letter of Orthodoxy, for usage, for custom, for tradition, against the Spirit as it breathes like

healing air through the damps and unwholesome swamps, or like strong wind throwing down rotten trees and rotten frameworks of men. It builds up with one hand the Temple of Truth on the outside; and with the other works as in frenzy to tear up its very foundations. So has it seemed to me. The transcendentalists do not err in excess but in defect, if I understand the case. They do not hold wild dreams for realities; the vision is deeper, broader, more spiritual than they have seen. They do not believe with too strong faith; their faith is too dim of sight, too feeble of grasp, too wanting in certainty. I regret that they should ever seem to undervalue the Scriptures. For those scriptures have flowed out of the same spirit which is in every pure heart; and I would have the one spirit recognise and respond to itself under all the multiform shapes of word, of deed, of faith, of love, of thought, of affection, in which it is enrobed; just as that spirit in us recognises and responds to itself now in the gloom of winter, now in the cheer of summer, now in the bloom of spring, now in the maturity of autumn; and in all the endless varieties of each."

The Friend writes thus.

Hold fast, I beseech you, to the resolution to wait for light from the Lord. Go not to men for a creed, faint not, but be of good courage. The darkness is only for a season. We must be willing to tarry the Lord's time in the wilderness, if we would enter the Promised Land. The purest saints that I have ever known were long, very long, in darkness and in doubt. Even when they had firm faith, they were long without *feeling* what they *believed in*. One told me he was two years in chaotic darkness, without an inch of firm ground to stand upon, watching for the dayspring from on high, and after this long probation it shone upon his path, and he has walked by its light for years. Do not fear or regret your isolation from men, your difference from all around you. It is often necessary to the enlargement of the soul that it should thus dwell alone for a season, and when the mystical union of God and man shall be completely developed, and you feel yourself newly born a child of light, one of the sons of God, you will also feel new ties to your fellow men; you will love them all in God, and each will be to you whatever their state will permit them to be.

"It is very interesting to me to see, as I do, all around me here, the essential doctrines of the Quakers revived, modified, stript of all that puritanism and sectarianism had heaped upon them, and made the foundation of an intellectual philosophy, that is illuminating the finest minds and reaches the wants of the least cultivated. The more I reflect upon the Quakers, the more I admire the early ones, and am surprised at their being so far in advance of their age, but they have educated the world till it is now able to go beyond those teachers.

"Spiritual growth, which they considered at variance with intellectual culture, is now wedded to it, and man's whole nature is advanced. The intellectual had so lorded it over the moral, that much onesided cultivation was requisite to make things even. I remember when your intellect was all in all, and the growth of the moral sense came after. It has now taken its proper place in your mind, and the intellect appears for a time prostrate, but in due season both will go on harmoniously, and you will be a perfect man. If you suffer more than many before coming into the light, it is because your character is deeper and your happy enlargement will be proportioned to it."

The identity, which the writer of this letter finds between the speculative opinions of serious persons at the present moment, and those entertained by the first Quakers, is indeed so striking as to have drawn a very general attention of late years to the history of that sect. Of course, in proportion to the depth of the experience, will be its independence on time and circumstances, yet one can hardly read George Fox's Journal, or Sewel's History of the Quakers, without many a rising of joyful surprise at the correspondence of facts and expressions to states of thought and feeling, with which we are very familiar. The writer justly remarks the equal adaptation of the philosophy in question "to the finest minds, and to the least cultivated." And so we add in regard to these works, that quite apart from the pleasure of reading modern history in old books, the reader will find another reward in the abundant illustration they furnish to the fact, that wherever the religious enthusiasm makes its appearance, it supplies the place of poetry and philosophy and of learned discipline, and inspires by itself the same vastness of thinking; so that in learning the religious experiences of a strong but untaught mind, you seem to have suggested in turn all the sects of the philosophers.

We seize the occasion to adorn our pages with the dying speech of James Naylor, one of the companions of Fox, who had previously been for eight years a common soldier in the army. Its least service will be to show how far the religious sentiment could exalt the thinking and purify the language of the most uneducated men.

"There is a spirit which I feel," said James Naylor a few hours before his death, "that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exultation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with entreaty, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life."

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PLAN OF SALVATION.*

This book is brought forward in a somewhat peculiar manner. Its author conceals his name, and declares that even his personal friends will not probably be able to detect him. He professes to believe that the method of inquiry pursued in this book is the only one which can satisfy any intelligent inquirer of the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and that no other treatise which he is acquainted with, contains such a course of reasoning. "A very small edition has been published. There is one class of men into whose hands the author is not desirous that the book should immediately fall. Some copies will be distributed, and a few placed in the bookstores for sale. Should any be sold at the price asked for them, a portion of the money will be devoted to advance the interests of evangelical Christianity." The book is dedicated to Dr. William. E. Channing, and the author modestly intimates his hope that it may have the effect of converting him to the truth.

The work, thus introduced to us, we have read with attention. We find in it considerable power of intellect, but much narrowness, many acute thoughts, but no large or profound views. We should like to change the name of the book, and call it "An argument to show the adaptation of revealed religion to some parts of man's nature and circumstances." It contains very little philosophy, and its logic even is often weak, and rather plausible than convincing. It is a lawyer-like attempt at demonstrating certain points, having both the merits and the faults of special pleading.

The substance of the argument may be thus stated. "Take man as he is, with his present nature and circumstances, and the mode of operation ascribed to God in the Old and New Testaments is the only one by which he could be saved from sin and misery. The religion of the Bible is therefore worthy of God." Or, to state it syllogistically, the argument stands thus.

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* Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. A book for the times. By an American Citizen. *Cupimus enim investigare quid verum sit: neque id solum, sed quod cum veritate, pietatem, quoque præterea erga Deum habeat conjunctam.* — Sadolet. New York: Published for the Author. 1841.

FIRST SYLLOGISM.

1. There is but one way by which man, as he actually exists, can be redeemed from sin.
2. But this one way is that taken in the Bible.
3. Therefore the religion of the Bible takes the only way to redeem man from sin.

SECOND SYLLOGISM.

1. The religion, which adopts the only way of redeeming man, must be from God.
2. But the Bible is such a religion.
3. Therefore the Bible is of God.

Now, supposing the major and minor propositions of the first syllogism to be proved, the rest follows necessarily. The whole stress of the argument is upon these two. No one will deny, that if our author can show that there is but one way of saving man, and that the religion of the Bible takes that way, that then it is a divine religion. But in order to this, it would seem necessary that he should be acquainted with every imaginable plan of salvation, and able to prove all but one insufficient. But this again would imply a perfect knowledge of human nature, a knowledge which no one, we suppose, would claim to possess. Here, then is a fault which vitiates the entire argument of the book. There is no possibility for any being, not possessing a perfect knowledge of human nature, to prove the main proposition, upon which the whole chain of reasoning depends. Considered as a demonstration, therefore, the whole argument falls to the ground.

Still, however, the value of the work may not be essentially impaired. If it can be shown that the mode of operation, ascribed to God in the Bible, is a *good* way; is adapted to man's nature and needs; is in harmony with the course of divine providence in other respects: then, though we may not be able to show that it is the *only possible way*, we have done much to remove doubts and difficulties. Let us therefore look at our author's course of argument, to see whether he has accomplished this end.

ANALYSIS OF THE ARGUMENT.

"It is the nature of man to worship. But the character of what he worships will influence his own. Reason and history show that natural religion must always corrupt, and cannot improve man. History shows it, for heathen religions made their worshippers always worse, never better. Reason shows it, for man's mind cannot conceive the idea of a being holier and better than he already is himself. There-

fore, there is no help for man in natural religion. His only help is in having a pure object of worship placed before his soul, and this revelation being accompanied with power sufficient to influence him to worship it."

Having disposed thus summarily of natural religion, our author proceeds to show how the Deity brought before the human mind the idea of himself by means of the Jewish dispensation.

"The Jews were first bound together by strong ties, so that they could resist outward influences, and hold fast their own ideas and peculiarities. These ties were, 1st. Descent from a common parent, Abraham; 2d. Common Sufferings in Egypt; 3d. A common Deliverer from bondage."

The only way for a superhuman being to reveal himself is by superhuman acts — therefore miracles.

It was necessary that these miracles should be of such a character as to show the superiority of the true God to the gods of Egypt. Hence the miracles of Moses were directed against the serpents; the River Nile; the god of Flies; the cattle, which were objects of worship; Serapis, who was believed to protect them from locusts; Isis and Osiris, the sun and moon.

Man's mind can only receive truth by degrees — it is subject to the law of progress. Hence God revealed himself gradually — making known first, his existence, and calling himself I Am.

All happy obedience must arise from affection, and affection can be developed only by the sight of goodness. Hence God manifested himself to the Jews as a deliverer from Egypt.

Man cannot discover a perfect system of duty, but he needs a law, and that law to be freely chosen. Hence the Moral Law.

As there was no object in the material world from which the idea of *moral purity*, or *holiness* could be derived, it was necessary to institute some symbolic ordinances to convey it to the mind of the Jews. Hence the distinction of animals into clean and unclean, the purifications, the priesthood and holy places, &c. in the Mosaic system.

A sense of the evil of sin, and God's disapprobation of it can only be revealed to the human mind by the penalty affixed to it. Hence sacrifices, in which the death inflicted on the animal expressed the penalty to which the offender was justly liable.

Having reached this point, our author passes from the Old Covenant to the New. He says that the ideas being thus developed in a single nation can now be transferred to all others as spiritual truths by means of language. Therefore the old dispensation comes to an end. But as man can be taught spiritual

truth perfectly only by the life and word of man, therefore Jesus becomes the Teacher of the world.

He then goes on to argue that Jesus is the true Christ, from the idea he gave of the Messiah, from his lowly condition, from the nature of his miracles and teaching, from his making faith fundamental.

Affectionate obedience was produced under the old covenant by the deliverance of the Jews from temporal evils. Under the new it must be produced by a deliverance from spiritual evils. We must therefore be made first to feel the spiritual evil of our condition, and our inability to help ourselves. Therefore Jesus applies the moral law to the heart and thought, and so convinces us of sin, and then declares that infinite woe will follow it, and so convinces us of our danger. Then we must be delivered from this evil and danger by the hand of God, and so be led to love him as a Saviour.

We have now reached the central and vital doctrine of the PLAN of SALVATION. God must in some way *suffer* and make *self-denials* for us, for this it is which awakens human affection toward a benefactor. Scripture testifies that he did so. The death of Jesus is said to remove the disorder of the world. But if Christ be not God, he and not God will receive our love. Therefore Christ must be God, and those who do not believe in his divinity cannot love God.

The effects of this faith on the nature of man and on society prove it to be from God.

Having thus endeavored to state our author's train of thought, we shall now proceed to offer some criticisms upon it.

We object, first, to the phrase "Plan of Salvation," and to every equivalent mode of expression, as calculated to mislead the mind. To speak of a *plan* of salvation or a *scheme* of redemption, is degrading Christianity to a mere expedient, a contrivance for getting over a difficulty. God does not plan nor scheme. These terms can with propriety be applied to the human understanding only, which being surrounded by limitations must use contrivance to attain its objects. But He, who sees the end from the beginning, looks on everything which he has made, and calls it ALL very good. There is adaptation certainly everywhere. The eye is adapted to the light, but no more than the light is adapted to the eye. Christianity is adapted to the nature of man, but the nature of man is also adapted to Christianity. We object to every view of revelation which considers it as a separate work of God, an interposition, a remedy, a patch on the universe. Nature and Revelation are parts of the same system, and proceed from one source.

Christianity is nowhere called in the Bible a plan or scheme.

It was a part of the Divine Decree in the beginning; foreordained before the foundation of the world; the way for it was prepared by law and prophets; its path was made straight by Jewish teacher and Gentile sage, by Moses and by Socrates; and it came in the fulness of time, a ripe fruit of the past struggle and thought and prayer of preceding ages; an end not less than a means; a result itself rather than a mere expedient or remedy; and its coincidence with the wants of the age was not contrivance, but harmony.

Let the great doctrine of Divine Decrees but once be understood by those who profess to believe it, and they will cease to speak of Christianity as an expedient. That doctrine teaches that Christianity lay at first in the mind of God as a necessary part of the great whole, and that neither sin nor redemption are casual, or unnecessary to the unity and harmony of creation.

We object, secondly, to the utter depreciation of natural religion from which our author's view proceeds; and we place our objection not upon philosophic but on theological grounds. It is easy to show that if there is no inward and universal revelation of the true God, no light which lightens every man who comes into the world, that then there is no possibility of knowing the true God in his outward revelation. But omitting all such considerations, we contend that the only intelligible view of the doctrine of the Trinity, the key-stone of Christian theology, requires us to admit a revelation of the true God in nature.

The doctrine of the Trinity teaches that God exists in one substance, but in three persons, and that it is a heresy either to divide the substance or to confound the persons.

But we *divide the substance* and so interfere with the doctrine of divine unity, when we make the Trinity to penetrate the essential nature of God. If then there is no Trinity of essence, then the Trinity must reside in manifestation or relation, which corresponds with the original meaning of *person*, both in Greek and Latin.

And accordingly we find, as a matter of fact, that there are three manifestations or revelations of God to man — three, and no more. God makes himself known to us in Nature and Providence, in the constitution and order of things — he makes himself known to us through Inspired men, and the fulness of this Inspiration is in Jesus Christ — he makes himself known to us finally in our own hearts by an Inward Influence. Besides these three manifestations of God there is no other. The first shows him as the Father, the second as the Son, the third as the Holy Spirit.

It is then "dividing the substance," to separate God's revelation through Inspired men, from his revelation in Nature, and not to perceive that one is the preparation for the other. To deny that God reveals himself in Nature is to deny the first person of the Trinity, and to deny the Father. It is to fall back upon the Jewish error, and suppose that God is not a universal but a partial parent, to forget that he has never left himself without the witness of his works in the world, that he is no respecter of persons, that we are all his offspring, that his light lightens every man, that all men have the law written in the heart. This mistake is committed by our author in common with many others, who in denouncing nature, are not aware that they are denouncing the Almighty, and for whom we should pray in the words of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." — And yet we may add in the language of Paul — "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men, everywhere to repent." The time has come, in which men ought to perceive the harmony between all God's manifestations, and repent of opposing Reason to Revelation, Nature to Scripture, the Word spoken through the outward creation to the Word made flesh.

But if our author, with most of those called orthodox, still Judaizes and "divides the substance" of the Trinity; the opposite error of "confounding the Persons" is committed by many others, and should be equally condemned. Those who think Christianity only a republication of the religion of nature, and suppose the manifestation of God in Christ to be the same with his manifestation in natural reason, wishing to reduce the gospel to a mere summary of truths of the pure reason, discharging from it everything individual and peculiar, fall into this error. This is the mistake of the Rationalists. Those also confound together the separate manifestations of God, who suppose the inspiration of the natural light to be the same with the Influence of The Holy Spirit. This is the mistake committed sometimes by those called Transcendentalists. The doctrine of the Quakers is more correct, for they distinguish between the natural light, or universal inspiration, and the comforter or Holy Spirit, whose coming is conditioned by the reception of the man Christ Jesus.

The great truth, which has lain hid under the doctrine of the Trinity for a thousand years, and the importance of which, when truly understood, cannot be over estimated, is briefly this. It is one and the same God who reveals himself in natural reason and the outward universe, in Jesus Christ, and in the regenerate heart — yet these three revelations are not repetitions but completions of each other.

We object, in the third place, to the work before us, that its reasoning is very inaccurate. Of this we will give a few instances.

1. *Inconsistent* reasoning.

He asserts (page 169 and elsewhere) that "human nature, as at present constituted," could not be made to feel the goodness of God's mercy, except God should make self-denials for man's benefit. "Mercy can be manifested to man so as to make an impression in his heart, *in no other way* than by labor and self-denial" (page 170). Hence he argues that God did make self-denials in Christ, and deduces the important inference that those, "who deny the divinity of Christ, cannot believe in God's benevolence" (page 172). That this is "the soul-destroying heresy," because if we do not believe that Christ is God, we cannot believe that God suffered for us, and therefore cannot love Him.

But on page 60, our author shows that God gained the affections of the Jews by appearing as their deliverer from Egyptian bondage. He says, (page 61,) "Now it may be affirmed without qualification, that, in view of the nature and circumstances of the Israelites, no combination of means could be so well adapted to elicit and absorb all the affections of the soul as this wonderful series of events." But in this series there is no appearance of self-denial or suffering on their behalf on the part of the Deity. He simply interposes by miracles to deliver them. According to the reasoning therefore on page 169, it should have made no impression on their heart at all. Our author is placed in this dilemma. He is either wrong in asserting so strenuously that "mercy cannot be manifested to man" except by self-denials, or else in declaring that God took the best possible way to gain the affections of the Israelites, when he rescued them from Egypt without self-denial.

2. Sweeping Inferences.

It is very common with our author to show that a certain course of conduct is *one way* to a particular end, and then immediately to infer that it is the *only way* to that end. Examples of this abound through the whole volume.

In the argument just referred to, in Chap. 15th, our author shows that self-denial and labor on the part of a benefactor tends to produce love in him who is the object of it; and then immediately infers that affection can be created in no other way, so that those, who do not believe in God's self-denials for the sake of man, cannot love him, and therefore cannot be saved.

But if this is so, it is somewhat remarkable that the Scripture, which nowhere alludes to the suffering or self-denial of God, should constantly assure us that his love was manifested by giving his Son to die for us. "God so loved the world, that

he gave his only begotten Son." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son the propitiation for our sins." That the sight of suffering borne for our sake has a tendency to produce affection is certain, but that this is the only source of affection is surely a very sweeping assertion. Is not love, true and high, produced also by the sight of noble and lovely qualities, though not manifested toward ourselves?

Again, after attempting to show that the Jewish nation was prepared to worship God purely by his various providences, he infers (page 37), that "a nation could have been prepared by *no other* agent, and in *no other* way," — certainly a very far step from the premises.

Page 83, after showing that one effect of a penalty affixed to crime is to show the legislator's aversion to it, he immediately declares — "Penalty, therefore, inflicted on the transgressor, is *the only way* by which the standard of Justice, as it exists in the mind of God, could be revealed."

Page 98, after showing that one way, to convey the idea of holiness to the world, was by originating it among the Jews by a peculiar system, and then transferring it into other languages by a dispersion of the nation, he quietly adds — "there could be *no other possible way* of transferring ideas from one language to another, but by the methods above mentioned."

We have given a few instances to show the rash and sweeping style of argument and inference which prevails through this little volume. Of hasty assertions, such as that on page 140, "to obey a parent, or to obey God, from interested motives, would be sin," we say nothing, merely asking in this particular instance, what difference is there in moral character between an act of obedience, whose motive is interest, and one whose motive is an affection, based as it is (according to our author) wholly upon interest? Faults of style, such as the use of the word "happify" (page 186), "unholiness" (page 180), "righteousness and benevolence produces," (205), "no being can be happy in obeying one whom *they do* not love" (140), we refer to only as showing the general haste with which the volume appears to have been prepared.

There are, notwithstanding these errors and defects, many valuable thoughts, and a very honest and earnest, though dogmatical and narrow spirit, displayed in this production. We have, however, thought it best to point out these defects, as they are of such importance, believing that we could in no other way render so much service both to the author and to the public. If the former will enlarge the sphere of his vision, and learn to reason with greater severity and accuracy, he may produce an argument in behalf of Christianity, which, if less

original than he believes the one before us to be, will probably be on that very account, more profitable and more profound.

J. F. C.

Motherwell's Poems. Boston: Published by William D. Ticknor.

We see an American edition of these poems with pleasure. They are mostly strains of a private and domestic beauty, and will be tenderly cherished by those who receive them at all. They are, however, of very unequal merit, and some of them will scarce find excuse for publication. Among those new to us, we do not find any to compare with the old favorites introduced to us years ago by Blackwood; "Jeanie Morrison" — "My heid is like to rend, Willie" — and "Wearie's Well," while we miss with regret one which we have seen attributed to Motherwell, and which has a simple dignity about it rarely seen to-day, beginning

"She was not fair nor full of grace."

We transcribe Wearie's Well, as the best recommendation to any who may not as yet have become acquainted with the volume.

"In a saft simmer gloamin'
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

"The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

"We heard and we saw nought
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,

And they drapt on your wee loof, —
A warld's wealth to me.

"Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart

"Ye 've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye 'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

"Fareweel, and forever,
My first luve and last,
May thy joys be to come, —
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!"

Egmont, a Tragedy in five acts. Translated from the German of Goethe. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1841.

In reading this translation through, we easily recognise our old impressions of the original, and do not find those impressions much disturbed. In comparing a few passages, line for line, we find the version faithful. And we chose for this experiment two scenes, in the highest, and in the lowest style, which the Play affords. One was the opening scene, the shooting match in the streets of Brussels, where we have the great man reflected in the common gossip of the idol-worshipping, fickle crowd; and the other, which carries us into the private sanctuary of his ideal character, the sublimely poetic Monologue of Egmont in prison awaiting his execution. Indeed the Play seems to lose but little by translation; the spirit of the whole seems transfused without much evaporation, and the details faithfully copied. This is partly owing to the bold and decided beauty of the noble prose poetry of the original, which

cannot fail to leave its mark, of which the rudest copy, if it give the greater features, like the tracing of the outer edge and principal veins of a leaf, readily suggests the whole. But partly, and largely too, it is the translator's merit. His work shows a just conception and feeling of the piece, a nice criticism of language, and that first merit of a translator, faith enough in the indwelling beauty and eloquence of the original to let it speak for itself, and not dilute it and modify it, for fear of strangeness, into the common-place Review style of English. Translators have been long in learning that it is safe to be literal. The translator, in the present case, deserves our thanks. May he find it worth his while to give us more of the same good work.

Monaldi, a Tale. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

> "Who knows himself must needs in prophecy
> Too oft behold his own most sad reverse."

We seized with eagerness upon these leaves, for it is always a great pleasure, to see the same hand skilful with various implements, the same mind in various costumes. "He of the Pen and Sword" is more than doubly interesting to us; and when the touch is masterly upon the lyre or with the pen, as the grasp is strong upon the sword, we exult in a presentiment of the full development of man. To see the same mind many-wise, it is all we ask; it is the secret of nature.

This tale casts some light upon the mind which, more than any other, has represented among us the pure reign of beauty. And, thus considered, its thoughtful sweetness has captivated even those who object to the conduct of the story and the external mode of treating the stronger passions. Here indeed is a gap as between two lives; for, while the reproduction of the life of the sentiments and intellect bespeaks a ripe and rich experience, that of the passions is represented as from the impressions of a much more youthful period.

The coarse jealousy, which can be incited by the slanders of the stranger, or even by the strongest circumstantial evidence, should not, we all feel, get the better in such a nature as Monaldi's of the instincts of the soul and the picture of womanly sweetness and delicacy, exhibited by his wife in the interview where he tries her faith. When Othello cries,

> "If she be false, oh! then Heaven mocks itself!"

we can only endure that the noble Moor should again distrust the voice of his own heart, because the tempter is so widely and deeply intellectual, and because the circumstances of the marriage and the warning of Desdemona's father,

> "Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see,
> She has deceived her father and may thee"—

have prepared the mine now about to destroy her. This indeed is managed with such perfection of artless art, that when Iago says,

> "She did deceive her father, marrying you,
> And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
> She loved them most,
> *Othello.*— And so she did!"

we also mentally exclaim,

> And so she did;

a thought which had been lying dormant, and indeed had never been in conscious existence, suddenly finding voice when the occasion calls. Of similar processes in the histories of our connexions in daily life all are conscious, yet who but thou, Shakespeare, ever wove the woof thus silent and gradual like nature, calling out the meaning of a before unobserved thread by the other which regulates its place in the pattern.

Besides, the temperament of Othello is impassioned, sudden, and ripened amid influences unlikely to offer it check or balance. The very tragedy of the play is that a single thought the other way might have undeceived him, had he but known how to distrust his impressions; thus is his greatness his ruin. But in a character like that of Monaldi, so profound, so religious, and of slower movement, we see too easily how such wretchedness might have been averted, to be willing to accompany him into it.

It is a fine touch of nature to make Maldura, even in his penitence, preserve the habit of selfishness and egotism, which makes him, by his prolonged confession, stab to the heart once more the unfortunate to whom he meant to atone.

The conception of the two characters is admirable, showing as much depth as delicacy of thought. The key offered in the following passage offers a treasury, not of the minted gold, but of gems of the secret mine.

"Among the students of a seminary at Bologna, were two friends, more remarkable for their attachment to each other, than for any resemblance in their minds or dispositions. Indeed there was so little else in common between them, that hardly two boys could be found

more unlike. The character of Maldura, the eldest, was bold, grasping, and ostentatious; while that of Monaldi, timid and gentle, seemed to shrink from observation. The one, proud and impatient, was ever laboring for distinction; the world, palpable, visible, audible, was his idol; he lived only in externals, and could neither act nor feel but for effect; even his secret reveries having an outward direction, as if he could not think without a view to praise, and anxiously referring to the opinion of others; in short, his nightly and daily dreams had but one subject — the talk and eye of the crowd. The other, silent and meditative, seldom looked out of himself either for applause or enjoyment; if he ever did so, it was only that he might add to, or sympathize in the triumph of another; this done, he retired again, as it were, to a world of his own, where thoughts and feelings, filling the place of men and things, could always supply him with occupation and amusement.

"Had the ambition of Maldura been less, or his self-knowledge greater, he might have been a benefactor to the world. His talents were of a high order. Perhaps few have ever surpassed him in the power of acquiring; to this he united perseverance; and all that was known, however various and opposite, he could master at will. But here his power stopped; beyond the regions of discovered knowledge he could not see, and dared not walk, for to him all beyond was "outer darkness;" in a word, with all his gifts he wanted that something, whatever it might be, which gives the living principle to thought. But this sole deficiency was the last of which he suspected himself. With that self-delusion so common to young men of mistaking the praise of what is promising for that of the thing promised, he too rashly confounded the ease with which he carried all the prizes of his school with the rare power of commanding at pleasure the higher honors of the world. But the honors of a school are for things and purposes far different from those demanded and looked for by the world. Maldura unfortunately did not make the distinction. His various knowledge, though ingeniously brought together, and skilfully set anew, was still the knowledge of other men; it did not come forth as in new birth, from the modifying influence of his own nature. His mind was hence like a thing of many parts, yet wanting a whole — that *realizing* quality which the world must feel before it will reverence. In proportion to its stores such a mind will be valued, and even admired; but it cannot command that inward voice — the only true voice of fame, which speaks not, be it in friend or enemy, till awakened by the presence of a master spirit.

"Such were the mind and disposition of Maldura; and from their unfortunate union sprang all the after evils in his character. As yet, however, he was known to himself and others only as a remarkable boy. His extraordinary attainments placing him above competition, he supposed himself incapable of so mean a passion as envy; indeed the high station from which he could look down on his associates gave a complacency to his mind not unfavorable to the gentler virtues; he was therefore, often kind, and even generous without an effort. Besides, though he disdained to affect humility, he did not want discretion, and that taught him to bear his honors without arrogance. His claims were consequently admitted by his schoolfellows without a murmur. But there was one amongst them, whose praises were marked by such

warmth and enthusiasm as no heart not morally insensible could long withstand; this youth was Monaldi. Maldura had naturally strong feelings, and so long as he continued prosperous and happy, their course was honorable. He requited the praises of his companion with his esteem and gratitude, which soon ripened into a friendship so sincere that he believed he could even lay down his life for him.

"It was in this way that two natures so opposite became mutually attracted. But the warmth and magnanimity of Monaldi were all that was yet known to the other; for, though not wanting in academic learning, he was by no means distinguished; indeed, so little, that Maldura could not but feel and lament it.

"The powers of Monaldi, however, were yet to be called forth. And it was not surprising that to his youthful companions he should have appeared inefficient, there being a singular kind of passiveness about him easily mistaken for vacancy. But his was like the passiveness of some uncultured spot, lying unnoticed within its nook of rocks, and silently drinking in the light, and the heat, and the showers of heaven, that nourish the seeds of a thousand nameless flowers, destined one day to mingle their fragrance with the breath of nature. Yet to common observers the external world seemed to lie only

'Like a load upon his weary eye;'

but to them it appeared so because he delighted to shut it out, and to combine and give another life to the images it left in his memory; as if he would sleep to the real and be awake only to a world, of shadows. But, though his emotions seldom betrayed themselves by any outward signs, there was nothing sluggish in the soul of Monaldi; it was rather their depth and strength that prevented their passage through the feeble medium of words. He regarded nothing in the moral or physical world as tiresome or insignificant; every object had a charm, and its harmony and beauty, its expression and character, all passed into his soul in all their varieties, while his quickening spirit brooded over them as over the elementary forms of a creation of his own. Thus living in the life he gave, his existence was too intense and extended to be conceived by the common mind; hence the neglect and obscurity in which he passed his youth.

"But the term of pupilage soon came to an end, and the friends parted — each, as he could, to make his way in the world.

The profession which Monaldi had chosen for the future occupation of his life was that of a painter; to which, however, he could not be said to have come wholly unprepared. The slight sketch just given of him will show that the most important part, the mind of a painter, he already possessed; the nature of his amusements (in which, some one has well observed, men are generally most in earnest) having unconsciously disciplined his mind for this pursuit. He had looked at nature with the eye of a lover; none of her minutest beauties had escaped him, and all that were stirring to a sensitive heart and a romantic imagination were treasured up in his memory, as themes of delightful musing in her absence; and they came to him in those moments with that neverfailing freshness and life, which love can best give to the absent. But the skill and the hand of an artist were still to be acquired.

"But perseverance, if not a mark of genius, is at least one of its

practical adjuncts; and Monaldi possessed it. Indeed there is but one mode of making endurable the perpetual craving of any master passion — the continually laboring to satisfy it. And, so it be innocent, how sweet the reward! giving health to the mind without the sense of toil. This Monaldi enjoyed; for he never felt that he had been toiling, even when the dawn, as it often happened, broke in upon his labors."

There are many passages in the book of the same graceful lightness of expression and fineness of thought. They speak with the Ariel tone we dream of in the enchanted solitudes to which the pencil of the artist has introduced us. By very slight indications we are made to feel the "real presence" of that inward life revealed to most men, only at rare intervals, but here flowing like a brook hidden amid sighing reeds, with a steady silver sound.

Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso. By R. H. Wilde. New York: Alexander V. Blake, 59, Gold Street. 1842.

Beside the riddles which the historians have only *seemed* to solve, there are a few over which no veil of plausible explanation has been cast. These themes, if not more pregnant with meaning, and productive of scenes and figures, than the passages of romance presented us by daily life, derive a value from the accumulated interest of generations, as well as from the historic importance of the names which furnish them. Even as the great classic subject, taken from the annals of Greece never tire, because we are always more and more interested to see what gloss a new mind will put on the old text, so are we never weary of the argument as to the innocence of the Queen of Scots, conjectures as to the Iron Mask, or the imprisonment of Tasso.

Chiefly on account of this mystery Tasso is to us a personage more living than the other great poets, of as beautiful and romantic aspect, but whose loves and lives we know better than our own, inasmuch as they have been more minutely painted, expressed with a more ardent eloquence, and present a whole more rounded and compact to the imagination. The pretensions of the work before us are very modest, and the promise set forth by its author is more than redeemed. His aim has been to arrange materials in a graceful order, and furnish us with good translations of the less known poems and letters of Tasso, rather than to show his ingenuity and critical adroitness by defending some theory of his own. Wherever he is clear in his own mind, he says so, but without attempting to enforce

upon the reader his opinion. Thus can we look at the evidence he has brought forward with a quite undisturbed pleasure.

The papers produced in these volumes alone must convince any mind, that ever doubted on the subject, that Tasso was not insane, yet that those around him may sometimes have doubted, we cannot wonder.

There are natures who must always know, before they can act or feel. Is a thought present to them? — let it become flesh! The intellect leads the way; turning its dark lantern carefully from side to side to show the difficult path; performance comes lagging, oftentimes halting, after. Truth is their desire; if not too cold, they attain it; but slowly, and their light, though pure, is faint.

There are other natures who must always act and feel before they can know. Does an impulse come to them?— they act it out and inquire its meaning through which to enlarge and purify their lives. Flame-like the soul shoots up from amid such fuel as existence offers; it sinks as suddenly as it rose; it kindles afresh in its dull bed, and bursts forth more vehement than ever; it retires into reflection only when all is burned that was there to be burned; glimmering more calmly amid the ashes.

There is a nature nobler, wider, from its earliest existence better balanced than either. Of this I need not now speak, for Tasso belonged to the second class.

Of no speculative force of wing to sustain himself by the great ideas which alone can steer and harmonize those ardent and unequal natures, so that, while writing the Jerusalem even, he doubted not only as to Christ, but the immortality of the soul, and yet, (oh lamentable weakness of human nature!) dared not confess these doubts to a priest, *lest he might not receive absolution*, and afterwards laid aside his doubts with the same haste and superficial examination as he had taken them up; of an imagination that required to be kindled by the passions, then burning with a beauty more intense than radiant, gave heat rather than light; and finding no security in the bosom where it was brought forth, required some outward influence to help it to an altar; seizing the object before him with a vigor unknown to those of wider ken and steadier pulse, always over or underrating the moment, through the very splendor of his powers of conception and illustration; how could Tasso fail to be admired by all, loved much by many, despised by those who admired when his flights suddenly baffled them, loved with constancy only by a nature large enough to understand, larger if not so deep as his own. Whether he found such an one is doubtful; doubtful whether the idol of his muse, even, had force to trust him through his wild moods and alternation of misery and

splendor. Petrarch and Dante suffered, yet felt themselves recognised upon the earth at least by one fair soul; but Tasso writes thus from his imprisonment.

"Miserable is it, truly, to be deprived of country and despoiled of fortune; to wander about in poverty and peril; to suffer the treachery of friends, the injustice of kinsmen, and the mockery of patrons, to be at once infirm in body, and afflicted in mind, harassed by the melancholy recollection of things past, the pains of the present, and the fears of the future. And miserable is it, that benevolence is repaid with hatred, simplicity with craft, sincerity with fraud, and generosity with baseness; most miserable, that I should be hated, because I have been wronged, and even after the injury hated not the offenders; that I should pardon acts, while others will not pardon words; that I should forget injuries received, and others not forget injuries inflicted; that I should desire the honor of another, even with my own ill, while they desire my shame without their benefit. But still more miserable is it, that I have fallen into this wretchedness not from malice, but simplicity; not from fickleness, but constancy; not from being too eager for my own advantage, but too neglectful of it; and most miserable is it, that in all my misery, I have found no sympathy, neither in the beginning of my misfortures, when they affected me deeply, nor since, when more accustomed to suffering, I endured it with fortitude."

In the full and florid eloquence of this passage, written from the damp cell of Santa Anna, we see distinctly how this born brother of Rousseau loved to dwell upon his pain, and deck the deepest wounds of Earth with the richest verdure. Seizing upon a passage of sorrow, or a petty and hard character, his fervid genius so transfused them, that in proportion to the darkness of the substance was the depth of the glow seen within it.

But the subject is inexhaustible, and I must stop here for the present. Let me add as the best criticism, for the hearing of those that will hear, one of those matchless scenes in which Goethe represents the sudden blazes of eloquence, the fitful shadings of mood, and the exquisite sensitiveness to all influences, that made the weakness and the power of Tasso. — It also presents the relation that probably existed between the princess and the poet, with more truth than their confessors could discern it, for the poet is the only priest in the secrets of the heart.

ACT SECOND, SCENE FIRST.

A Hall.

THE PRINCESS. TASSO.

TASSO. — As with uncertain steps I follow thee,
Wild and disordered thoughts oppress my mind,

And ask some hours of solitude, to still
Their feverish tumult. Yet to gaze on thee
Is like the dawning of another day,
And must unloose my bonds. Yes, I must tell thee,
Our unexpected visitor has waked me
With most ungentle touch from my sweet dream,
His words, his presence, have with sudden force
Roused up new feelings to confuse my soul.

PRINCESS. — It is impossible that an old friend,
After an absence passed in scenes unlike
Those which we knew together, should appear,
In the first moment of reunion, near
And dear as when we parted. Yet we should not
Impatient deem that we have lost him. Soon
The strings respond again to their concordance,
And harmony makes glad the waiting heart.
He is unchanged within; the jars arise
But from a change of atmosphere. Antonio,
When he has learned to know thee and thy works,
Will hold forth eloquently in thy praise,
As late in Ariosto's. —

TASSO. — Ah, believe me,
Those praises were delightful to my ear,
My heart soft whispered as he spoke, "and thou
Mayst thus enkindle in some soul of honor
These incense-breathing fires. Though lowlier-gifted,
Sincere has been thy striving, great thy love." —
What pained me, was the picture of *his* world,
With all these glowing, grand, and restless shapes,
Which such a man can charm into his circle,
Submissive to the spells his wisdom frames,
For as I gazed, *my* world sank in the distance
Behind steep rocks, — on which I seemed to fade ——
To Echo —— to poor shadow of a sound, —
Bodiless, — powerless.

PRINCESS. — And but now, how dear
Thou felt the ties which bind the bard and hero,
Born to adorn their day with noble rivalry,
By envy unprofaned. The heroic deed,
Which fires the bard, is beautiful; nor less so
The generous ardor which embalms the deed,
The lays whose fragrance breathes o'er far off ages;
Thou must live tranquil, — or thy song is marred.

TASSO. — Here first I saw how valor is rewarded.
I came here at a time when feast on feast
Given to celebrate Ferrara's glory,
Dazzled my boyish eye. — As in the lists
Knighthood displayed its prowess, the first men,
The fairest women of our day looked on,
Flowers of our Fatherland, — bound in one garland.
When the lists opened — when the trumpet sounded,
Helm and shield glittered, coursers pawed the ground;
Pages ran to and fro, — the lances shivered,

And rising clouds of dust hid for a moment
The victor's triumph, and the vanquished's shame.
Oh what a spectacle of worldly splendor!
I felt my littleness, and shrank abashed.

PRINCESS. — How differently did I pass those moments!
Which sowed ambition in thy heart. The lore
Of sufferance I was painfully receiving;
That feast which hundreds since have vaunted to me,
I could not see. In a far dim apartment,
Where not an echo of this gayety
Could penetrate, I lay. Before my eyes
Death waved his broad black pinions. When the light
Of motley-raying life returned upon them,
It showed as through a dusky veil obscured;
In those first days of unhoped convalescence,
I left my chamber leaning on my women, —
I met Lucretia full of joy and health
And guiding thee, their harbinger, to me.
Thou wert the first who welcomed me to this
New lease of life, — I hailed it as an omen,
And hoped much for and from thee, — nor have I
Been by my hope deceived.

TASSO. — And I
Who had been deafened by the tumult, dazzled
By the excess of light — and roused by many
Passions unknown before, — as with thy sister
I met thee in that long, still gallery,
Was like one much harassed by magic spells,
Beneath the influence of celestial spirits.
And since, when wild desires distracting pant
After their thousand objects, has the memory
Of that hour bridled them, — and turned aside
My thoughts from their unworthy course. But some
Wildly and vainly search on ocean's sands
To find the pearl, which lies fast locked the while
In its still, secret shell. —

PRINCESS. — Those were fair days, —
And had not Duke d'Urbino wed my sister,
Our happiness were still unclouded. But
We want her life and courage, her gay spirit,
And various wit. —

TASSO. — I know that thou
Canst ne'er forget her loss. Oh I have felt it
Often and keenly —— often have complained
In solitude, that I could not supply
What thou hast lost in her, could nothing be
Where I desired so much. Oh that I might be something,
And not in words but deeds, express to thee
How my heart worships thee! In vain, alas!
I cannot gladden thee, and often vex thee:
In my bewilderment have injured those
Thou wouldst protect, — have marred and frustrated
Thy cherished schemes, —— and still go farthest from thee
When most I sigh to approach.

PRINCESS. — I have never
Doubted thy wishes towards me; and grieve
Only that thou shouldst hurt thyself. My sister
Can live with every one in his own way,
Mightst thou but find thyself in such a friend!
TASSO. — In whom except thyself can I confide?
PRINCESS. — My Brother
TASSO. — He is my sovereign.
Not the wild dreams of freedom bar the way, -
I know, I feel, man was not born to freedom,
And to a worthy heart, 't is happiness
To serve a worthy prince. But I cannot
Serve him, and trust him as an equal friend,
But must in silence learn his will and do it,
E'en should mine own rebel. —
PRINCESS. —. Antonio
Would be a prudent friend. —
TASSO. — And once I hoped
To have him for a friend — but now despair. —
I know his converse and his counsel both
Are what I need. But when the assembled gods
Showered in his cradle rich and various gifts,
The Graces held back theirs; and whom they slight,
(However favored by all other Powers)
Can never build their palaces in hearts.
PRINCESS. — Oh, but he is a man worthy of faith. —
Ask not so much —— he will redeem all pledges
His words and manner give. Should he once promise
To be thy friend, he would do all for thee.
Oh I will have it so! It will be easy,
Unless thou art perverse. But Leonora,
Whom thou so long hast known, and who is surely
Refined and elegant to the degree
Of thy fastidious taste's exaction, why
Hast thou not answered to her proffered friendship?
TASSO. — I had declined it wholly but for thee;
I know not why —— I cannot frankly meet her,
And oft when she would benefit a friend,
Design is felt, and her intent repulsed.
PRINCESS. — This path, Tasso,
Leads through dark valleys and still, lonely woods,
Hope no companion if thou wilt pursue it.
There canst thou only strive that golden time,
Which thine *eye* vainly seeks, within thy *mind*
To form and animate, — even that I fear
Thou vainly wilt essay.
TASSO. — Ah, my Princess,
Do all hearts vainly sigh? That golden time,
Is it quite gone, that age of blissful freedom,
When on the bosom of their Mother Earth
Her children dreamed in fond security?
The ancient trees sheltered from noonday heat,
The happy shepherds with their shepherdesses,

The streams could boast their nymphs. Fawns were familiar,
Snakes had no venom, and the fearless birds,
And unmolested rangers of the forest,
Every gay creature in its frolic play
Taught man the truth, — all which can *bless*, is lawful.

PRINCESS. — My friend, the golden age indeed is past,
Only the good have power to bring it back;
And (shall I frankly tell thee what I think?)
The Poets feign in all their pretty tales
Of that same age. Most like 't was then as now.
United noble hearts *make* golden days,
Interpret to each other the world's beauty;
Change in thy maxim but one single word,
All is explained. All which is *meet*, is lawful.

TASSO. — Might then a synod of the wise and good
Decide on what *is* meet. For now each one
Says that is meet which to himself is pleasing, —
And to the crafty and the powerful
All is permitted, whether just or not. —

PRINCESS. — A synod of good *women* should decide,
It is their province. Like a wall, decorum
Surrounds and guards the frailer sex. Propriety,
Morality are their defence and fortress,
Their tower of strength, — and lawlessness their foe.
And as man loves bold trial of his strength,
So woman, graceful bonds, worn with composure.

TASSO. — Thou thinkst us rude, impetuous, and unfeeling?

PRINCESS. — Not so —— your striving is for distant good,
And must be eager to effect its end.
But ours for single, limited possessions,
Which we would firmly grasp and constant hold.
We have slight hold upon your hearts. — That Beauty
Which wins them is so frail — and when 't is gone
Those qualities to which it lent a charm
Are worthless in your eyes — but were there men
Could know a woman's heart — could feel what treasure
Of truth and tenderness is hoarded there,
Could keep the memory of bygone bliss,
And by its aid could penetrate the veil
That age or sickness o'er her casts; and did not
The gaining of one gem, instead of quieting,
Excite desire for others, then to us
A beauteous day would dawn, and we should know
Our golden age.

TASSO. — Thy words call up
Sharp pains that long have slept within my heart.

PRINCESS. — What meanst thou, Tasso? Frankly tell it me.

TASSO. — I hear that noble princes ask thy hand,
I always knew it must be so, yet have not
These trembling apprehensions taught my heart
To encounter such misfortune. Though 't is natural
That thou shouldst leave us, how shall we endure it?
I know not. —

PRINCESS. — Free thy mind
From all such fears, I dare to say, forever,
I do not wish to go, nor shall, unless
My friends disturb my home with vain dissensions.
TASSO. — Oh teach me but what I shall do for thee,
My life is thine, — my heart beats but to praise,
To adore thy excellence, — my all of bliss
To realize the Beautiful in thee.
The gods are separate and elevate
Far above man, as destiny o'er prudence,
And plans formed by the foresight of us mortals;
Waves which o'erwhelm us with destroying press,
To their wide ken seem but as the brook's ripple;
The wild tornados of our atmosphere
Reach not those azure heights where they are throned;
They hear our wailings with as light regard
As we do children's for their shattered toys;
But thou, serene as they, art not removed
From sympathy, — but oft, sunlike, dost pour
Down from thy heights, floods of consoling light
Upon these eyelids, wet with dew of earth.
PRINCESS. — All women ought to love the bard whose lay
Like thine can praise them. Soft and yet heroic,
Lovely and noble hast thou painted them,
And e'en Armida's faults are half redeemed
By tenderness and beauty.
TASSO. — From one model
I pictured all, — if any shall be deemed
Worthy of immortality, to that model
They owe it. My Clorinda and Hermione,
Her unheeded but undying faith, Olindo,
His sorrow, and Sophronia's magnanimity,
Are not the children of my fancy; now
They exist, — and if profound reality
Give interest to a picture, shall endure
The story of a nobly-placed devotion
Breathed into song.
PRINCESS. — Thy poem's highest praise
Is that it leads us on and on; we listen,
We think we understand, — nor can we blame
That which we understand, — and thus become thy captives.
TASSO. — Thy words breathe heaven, Princess, — but I need
The eagle's eye to bear the new-born light.
PRINCESS. — No more at present, Tasso. If some things
May suddenly be seized, — yet love and virtue
(Nearly, I think, related to each other)
Ask in their quest, patience and self-denial.
Forget not this, — and now adieu, my friend.

SCENE SECOND.

TASSO *alone.*

TASSO. — Is it permitted thee to ope thine eyes,

And look around, above thee? Did these pillars
Hear what she spake? They were the witnesses
How a descending goddess lifted me
Into a new incomparable day!
What power, what wealth, lie in this new-traced circle!
My happiness outruns my wildest dream;
Let the born blind think what they will of colors,
To the cleared eye wakens a novel sense;
What courage! what presentiment! Drunk with joy
I scarce can tread the indicated path, —
And how shall I deserve the choicest gifts
Of earth and heaven? Patience, self-denial,
Must give me claim to confidence; they shall!
Oh how did I deserve that she should choose me,
What shall I do to justify her choice?
Yet that choice speaks my worth; yes, I am worthy,
Since she could think me so. My soul is consecrate,
My Princess, to thy words, thy looks. Whate'er
Thou wilt, ask of thy slave; in distant lands
I'll seek renown, with peril of my life,
Or chant in every grove thy charms and virtues;
Wholly possess the creature thou hast formed, —
Each treasure of my soul is thine. I ne'er can
Express my vast devotion with the pen
In written words. Ah! could I but assist
The Poet's by the Painter's art. — Did honey
Fall from my lips! Now never more shall I
Be lonely, sad, or weak. Thou wilt be with me!
Had I a squadron of the noblest men
To help me do thy bidding, — some great deed
Should justify the boldness of a tongue
Which dared to ask her grace. I meant it not,
I meant not to speak now, — but it is well, —
I take as a free gift what I could never
Have claimed. This glorious future, this new youth!
Rise, heart. Oh tree of Love! may genial showers
Call out a thousand branches toward heaven,
Unfold thy blossoms, — swell thy golden fruit
Until the loved one's hand be stretched to cull it.

We recommend this book, and every good book about Tasso, to the attention of all, who have time to think and feel, or scan the thought and feeling of others.

Boston Academy of Music.

While yet full of gratitude to the Boston Academy of Music, for the happiness, the accession of life and knowledge conferred by their performance of one of Beethoven's great symphonies, we are confounded by hearing that they are likely to be obliged to give up the enterprise, the truly worthy enterprise of forming

the taste of an audience, and cultivating those high feelings of art, which will never be brought out, but rather destroyed by concerts in the popular style, for want of means. Might but this word of gratitude, of sympathy, avail to induce any of those, who would aid largely if they felt the worth of the cause, to consider what we are likely to lose for want of a little money. The opportunity of learning to appreciate the great Art of the age, through the performance of a series of classical works by an excellent orchestra, inspired by a genuine feeling of beauty, must this be taken from us, and these noble enjoyments postponed, perhaps for years, for want of a little activity now? Would that space and time permitted to express our own feelings, and as far as in us lies plead the good cause!

Theory of Teaching. By A Teacher. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1841.

"The more one loves the art, and indeed the better one studies it, the less one is satisfied. This made Titian write under his pictures *faciebat*, signifying that they were only in progress." — *Northcote's Conversations.*

To treat of this book at length, would occupy great space, if we should meet the author's statements of experience with that devotion to the subject, which their energy, talent, and noble tendency deserve. But as the place for such an essay is in a Journal of Education rather than in a Miscellany like this, we must content ourselves with recommending the volume to the attention of all whose minds are engaged in ascertaining the best way not to injure children.

At the request of a friend the following notice is inserted of a book about to be published, called "The Ideal Man." Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1842.

This book is somewhat out of the common course of American books on manners, morals, and religion. But we think it had better have been named the Cultivated Gentleman, than to have assumed the title of *The Ideal Man.* It is a manual of good manners, of pure aims, and of honorable and praiseworthy conduct, and especially is opposed to that negligence of form which runs so to excess with us. But it does not recommend or tolerate anything hollow or unmeaning. The good manners must signify good taste, good morals, good learning, and sincere religion. It bears marks of being written by a foreigner, in its style as well as matter, though he writes in the character of an American.

THE DIAL.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1842. No. IV.

To the Editor of the Dial.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE article, "Days from a Diary," is of too little value to waste words upon. My interest in it has so moderated, that when I learned of your want of room in this Dial, I was glad of that pretext for withdrawing it, and the more if not printed entire. The interest of such documents, takes its color from the writer's moods and varies as these change.

I still incline to receive my manuscript, since you cannot print it in the January Number, for I know it will give me little pleasure to read the same next April. But you shall do as you please. The Dial prefers a style of thought and diction, not mine; nor can I add to its popularity with its chosen readers. A fit organ for such as myself is not yet, but is to be. The times require a free speech, a wise, humane, and brave sincerity, unlike all examples in literature, of which the Dial is but the precursor. A few years more will give us all we desire — the people all they ask.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Concord, 6th Dec. 1841.

DAYS FROM A DIARY.

[LITERATURE affords but few examples of the Diary. Yet this of all scriptures is simplest, most natural, and inviting; and all men delight in that hospitality, humane as it is magnanimous, which makes them partakers of the privatest life of virtue and genius. — Nor Gods nor true persons have secrets. Their lives are made poetic and noble by divine aims, and to themselves are they spectacles of approbation and hope. They prosecute life with a sweet and tender enthusiasm, and espouse interests so large and universal as to lose their own being therein; and they live, not in the gaze of a selfish and vain egotism, but in the steady eye of conscience, whose voice and missionary they are. Nor till life is made thus sincere and poetic shall we have these private documents. For no man writes worthily who lives meanly. His life degrades his thought, and this defrauds his pen of all simplicity and elegancy. When

When true and fair souls come shall we have Records of Persons, and a frank sincerity shall pervade life and literature — a spirit above reserve, and open as the light of the sun.]

Concordia, 1841, *January.*

I. THE FAMILY.

1st. Fire-side. This family is a mystery. It is of all institutions most sacred. It is the primeval fact — the alpha of the social state — that initial dispensation of which the sacred fables of all people have spoken; and which appears atwin with the simplest of arts, the planting of gardens and growing of babes. Great is the house, fair the household; the cope of heaven does not cover a holier fact; and whoso restores its order and divines its law solves life's problem, and recovers to man his lost Eden. For this the world waits in hope.

"A married life," says Hierocles, "is beautiful. For what other thing can be such an ornament to a family, as the association of husband and wife. For it must not be said that sumptuous edifices, walls covered with marble plaster, and piazzas adorned with stones, which are admired by those who are ignorant of the good; nor yet paintings and arched myrtle walks, nor anything else which is the subject of astonishment to the stupid is the ornament of a family. But the beauty of a household consists in the conjunction of man and wife, who are united to each other by destiny, and are consociated to the Gods who preside over nuptials, births, and houses, and who accord indeed with each other, and have all things in common, as far as to their bodies, or rather their souls themselves; who likewise exercise a becoming authority over their house and servants; and are properly solicitous about the education of their children; and pay an attention to the necessaries of life, which is neither, excessive nor negligent, but moderate and appropriate. For what can be better and more excellent, as the most admirable Homer says —

> 'Than when at home the husband and the wife
> Unanimously live.'"

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II. THE SACRED FABLES.

7th. Again I have read the "Paradise Regained, the Comus and Sampson Agonistes," unfolding the doctrines of temptation and chastity. Milton's theories of sin and redemption, though vitiated somewhat by popular traditions are orthodox on the whole. Beautiful beyond compare is this poem of the Comus; and the Sampson Agonistes is characterized by that universality of insight which inheres in all his works.

The great poets fable each on those spiritual verities which are the being of every man. In the Lost Paradise, Milton adopts the Egyptian, the Christian fable in the Paradise Regained. The Comus and Sampson Agonistes are episodes, each complete in itself — the Comus cast in the Grecian form.

I fancy that the Egyptian and Christian Mythologies may be wrought into the Greek fable of Prometheus, and all subordinated to the new Genesis and Apotheosis of the Soul.

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III. EXCERPTS FROM DR. HENRY MORE.

10th. Evening. And this rare poem on the Life of the Soul — Dr. Henry More's — I have read at last. It contains great lines, fine thoughts, but is less a poem than prose discourse in the Spenserean stanza. The author's prose is always most poetic; here he moves with grace and freedom. But the "Cupid's Conflict," is truly a poem throughout, and a fine one. It is a noble defence against the injustice of his contemporaries; and so I have copied it for our Dial, as an answer to the literary bigotry of all time.

I. *Lines from the Psyche-zoa, or Life of the Soul.*

1. Inspiration.

"But all in vain they want the inward skill;
What comes from heaven onely can there ascend,
Nor rage nor tempest that this bulk doth fill
Can profit aught, but gently to attend
The soul's still working; patiently to bend
Our mind to sifting reason, and clear light,
That strangely figured in our soul doth wend·

Shifting its forms, still playing in our sight,
Till something it present that we shall take for right."
Book III. Cant. I.

2. Like by Like.

"Well sang the wise Empodocles of old,
That earth by earth, and sea by sea,
And heaven by heaven, and fire more bright than gold,
By flaming fire, so gentle love descry
By love, and hate by hate. And all agree
That like is known by like."

3. Eternity of the Soul.

"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to him; he'll never them forsake;
When they shall die then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."

4. Body.

"Our body is but the soul's instrument,
And when it fails, only those actions cease
That thence depend. But if new eyes were sent
Unto the aged man, with as much ease
And accurateness as when his youth did please
The wanton lasse, he now could all things see;
Old age is but the watry blood's disease,
My hackney fails, not I, my pen, not sciencie."

II. Great prose is the following, and on the sublimest themes. The like we have not in this decline of divine Philosophy.

5. The Godhead.

"Contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Deity are very consuming and unsatisfactory. 'T is better to drink of the blood of the grape than bite the root of the grape, to smell the rose than to chew the stalk. And, blessed be God, the meanest of men are capable of the former, very few successful in the latter. And the lesse, because the reports of them that have busied themselves that way, have not onely seemed strange to the vulgar, but even repugnant with one another. But I should in charity referre this to the nature of the pigeon's neck rather than to mistake and contradiction. One and the same object in nature affords many and different aspects. And God is as infinitely various as simple. Like a circle, indifferent, whether you suppose it of one uniform line or an infinite number of angles. Wherefore it is more safe to

admit all possible perfections of God, than rashly to deny what appears not to us from our particular posture." — *Preface to the Philosophical Poems*, 1647.

6. Faith in the Soul's Immortality.

"Seeing our most palpable evidence of the soul's immortality is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the best by devotion and purity, by freedom from worldly care and sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body, (otherwise her ethereall will drink in so much of earthly and mortall dregs, that the sense of the soul will be changed, and being outvoted as it were by the overswaying number of terrene particles, which that ethereall nature hath so plentifully imbibed, and incorporated with, she will become in a manner corporeall, and in the extremity of this weakness and dotage, will be easily drawn off to pronounce herself such as the body is, dissolvable and mortal,) therefore it is better for us that we become doubtful of our immortal condition, when we stray from that virgin purity and unspottednesse, that we may withdraw our feet from these paths of death, than that demonstration and infallibility would prove an heavy disadvantage. But this is meant onely to them that are loved of God and their own souls. For they that are at enmity with him, desire no such instructions, but rather embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth, that they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immortall spirit."

7. Infidelity.

"This body, which dissolution waits upon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly. For the soul not seeing itself, judgeth itself of such a nature as those things are to which she is nearest united. Falsely saith, but yet ordinarily, I am sick, I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought but the perishing life of the body that is in such plight, to which she is so close tyed in most intimate love and sympathy. So a tender mother, if she see a knife stuck to the child's heart, would shriek and swound as if herself had been smit; when, as if her eye had not beheld the spectacle, she had not been moved though the thing were surely done. So, I do verily think, that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasy, the body might be destroyed without disturbance to the soul; for how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion." — *Preface to Part Second of the Song of the Soul.*

8. Insight.

"Men of most tam'd and castigate spirits are of the best and most profound judgment, because they can so easily withdraw from the life and impulse of the lower spirit of the body. They being quit of passion, they have upon occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of every thing in their minds, upon which pure, bright sydereall phantasms, unprejudiced reason may work, and clearly discern what is true and probable." — *Preface to Book Third of the Song of the Soul.*

9. Courage.

"Certainly the purging of our natural spirits and raising our soul to her due height of piety, and weaning her from the love of the body, and too tender a sympathy with the frail flesh, begets that courage and majesty of mind in a man, that both inward and outward fiends shall tremble at his presence, and fly before him as darknesse at light's approach. For the soul hath then ascended her fiery vehicle, and it is noon to her midnight, be she awake herself."

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February.

IV. CHILDHOOD.

"Thou by this Dial's shady stealth may'st know
Times' peevish progress to eternity."

8th. Babe. Beside thee, O Child, I seek to compass thy being. But this idea of thee floating in the depths of my thought mocks me the while. For thou art older and more prescient than thought, and I lose myself in thee. Time stretches backward into the period whence it proceeded, and forward to its return therein, yet dates not thy genesis, thine advent, nor ascension. Thou still art, and wast ever, and shalt remain, the horologue of its transits. Thy history the hours do not chronicle. Thou art timeless, dateless. Before time thou wast, and by reason of this thine eternal existence — dost revive eternal memories. The clock that chimes, the sun that rises, but give the chronology of thy terrestrial life; more faithful keepers thou hast of thy spiritual reckoning. For Times' Dial is set by thee, and the orb of day wheels on his courses to illustrate the story of thy Soul. Nature thou art not, but of thee she is the show — Matter is thy shadow as thou runnest on thy behests. Experience itself

is lost in thee — perpetuity shines through all thy powers — thou art prophet and historian of God!

And, O child, thou remindest me of the dawn of mine own being. I see relics of ages in thee; and thou comest to me as inhabitant of a clime once mine own; and thy gentle manners are familiar to me, while yet I seem strange and a stranger here in Time. But thou knowest of no change. Thou deemest thyself in the mansions of thy Father, an inmate of his households, still clad from his wardrobes — still fed from his board. At home art thou; and there shall abide while thou retainest memory thereof, though a dweller the while in these vessels of clay: nor shall feel this seeming absence — this exile in Flesh — this errand in time — this commerce with matter — this dalliance with apparitions; where Seeming is but shadow of Being, where Apprehension finds never the complement of its seekings, and Desire yearns ever for what it hath lost; and where Memory and Hope are but Janus-faces of the soul, surveying unknowingly, like tracts of her cycle of years.† — *Psyche*, 1838.

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V. INSPIRATION.

An Epistle.

Sunday.

22d. You desire, my friend, some exegesis of the Doctrine of Inspiration, through its twofold organs of Conscience and Reason, — with their subordinate functions of Sight and Sense (Faith and Understanding): and the authority, original and final, on all Revelations possible to the Soul. Shall I vex these old questions — tax these divine problems, with hope of success? I do, indeed, tempt these spiritual waters with awe; so slender and frail my line, so short withal — the stillness primeval — the depths profound. And each soul, moreover, singly and alone sails these seas, her own steersman and observer of the heavens, to find her way unaided, if she may, to the celestial havens. — But yet I will dare the theme.

† I shall never be persuaded, says Synesius, to think my soul to be younger than my body. "Before Abraham was, I am," said Jesus.

To the innocent, upright, all is present, instant, in sight. They have not lapsed into forgetfulness; nor memory nor foresight divides the intuitions of their souls.* They partake of the divine omniscience: they are quick with God. They do not fumble, dubious, in the memory; nor clutch, anxious, in hope, for lost or unexpected goods — they are self-fed — they inherit all things. Day by day, hour by hour, yea, pulse by pulse, exhaustless Providences minister to them — each sequel and complement — history and prophesy, of the other — the plenitude of Life rushing gladly into the chambers of the breast, and illuminating their brow with supernal lights. They are Incarnate Words, — prophets, silent or vocal, as the divine influx retreats to its source, or flows over their cloven tongues, bringing glad tidings to all who have access to the urns of being. And such are all bards, saints, babes. These reason never — nor seek truth as lost treasure amidst eruditions, or precédents, of the Past. Having eyes, steadfast, they see; ears, quick, they hear; hearts, vigilant, they apprehend; in the serenity of their own souls, they behold Divinity, and themselves and the universe in Him. These are they, who "walk not in darkness but in the light of life, bearing record of themselves, and knowing their record to be true; knowing whence they came, and whither they go; who are not alone, but the Father with them, and witnessing of themselves, and the Father that sent bearing witness of them."

But this logic of the Breast is subtile, occult. It eludes the grasp of the Reason. It IS, and perpetually reaffirms itself — the I AM of the Soul. Inspiration speaks alway from present, face to face parley with eternal facts. It darts, like lightning, straight to its quarry, and rends all formulas of the schools as it illuminates the firmament of the mind. God enlightens the brain by kindling the heart;

* If souls retained in their descent to bodies the memory of divine concerns, of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would not be dissensions among men about divinity. But all, indeed, in descending drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, *because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion.* But those discern most who have drank least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had then before in the heavens. — PYTHAGORAS.

he is instant in the breast before he is present in the head. All reasoning is but self-finding, self-recovery.* And the head but dreams of the heart, whose oracles are clear, as the life is pure, dark as it is base.† Conscience receives the divine ray, and Reason reflects the same on the sense. The Conscience is an abridgment of God — an Apocalypse of Spirit — and man reads the secrets of ages therein; nor needs journey from his breast to solve the riddles of the world or divine the mysteries of Deity. Therein, the spiritual and corporeal law is enacted and executed; and a true life interprets this to the mind; yea, more, discovers the upholding agencies of all things, and works out the Creator's idea, moulding the worlds anew day by day.

> "Reclused hermits oftentimes do know
> More of Heaven's glory than a worldling can:
> As man is of the world, the heart of man
> Is an epitome of God's great book
> Of creatures, and man needs no farther look."

Receiving thus the divine ray into his breast, man needs not wander from its shining into another's darkness. Assured that none comes to the light save as drawn from within, and that vicarious guidance ever misleads or blinds, let him wend his course through this world of sense, distrusting its beaten pathways, its proffered redeemers, his eye fixed perpetually on the load-star within, that by solitary by-roads, leads direct to his birthplace and home.

And this, my friend, is the Doctrine and Method of

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* Now all right and natural knowledge, in whatever creature it is, is sensible, intuitive, and its own evidence. But opinion or doubting (for they are all but one thing) can only then begin, when the creature has lost its first right and natural state, and is got somewhere and become somewhat that it cannot tell what to make of. Then begins doubting, from thence reasoning, from thence debating; and this is the high birth of our magnified reason, as nobly born as groping is, which has its beginning in and from darkness or the loss of light. — Law's *Way to Divine Knowledge.*

† Every thing is and must be its own proof; and can only be known from and by itself. There is no knowledge of any thing, but where the thing itself is, and is found, and possessed. Life, and every kind and degree of life, is only known by life; and so far as life reaches, so far is there knowledge, and no farther. Whatever knowledge you can get by searching and working of your own active Reason, is only like that knowledge which you may be said to have got, when you have searched for a needle in a load of straw, till you have found it. — Law's *Way to Divine Knowledge.*

Revelation, as taught by the Christs of all time. But, Christendom, how false to its spirit, and hostile to its discipline! She leans as of old, on traditions, nor dares walk erect, a trustful and self-helpful brother, in the light of that common beam which illuminated the face of her Prophet and made Him the joy of the nations. She scoffs at the heavenly doctrines of immediate inspiration; she pores blindly over Scriptures, and worships not the word incarnate in Him, but the skirts of his robe. A Messias, sublimer than Him of Judea, must come to dispel the superstitions that darken his Life, and divest his doctrine from the fables in which it is wrapped. For such Prophet the world now waits — and his advent is nigh!

I am yours,

in all sacred friendships.

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March.

VI. PASSAGES FROM HERAUD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Athenæum, Boston.

5th. Of these Foreign Journals Heraud's Magazine interests me most. It is catholic, free, philosophic. It speaks for universal man, not for sects nor districts, and breathes a charity humane and diffusive. It compares (or did) favorably with our Dial, but is more various in its contents and addresses a wider public. But neither those Journals, nor others, content me. They fail to report the bosom life of the hour; they are not Diaries of the Age — scriptures of the ideas taking body now in institutions and men. But yet we wait, with a calm patience, for souls who shall make organs and a public for the life that is in them — men who shall dial not only the evening and morning ray, but the broad noon of piety and genius.

I. *A Sketch of Jacob Boëhme.* By FRANCES BARHAM.

"1. Boëhme was, in the opinion of all who have studied his works, a man of high spirituality and strong original genius.

His mind was of that heaven-scaling and world-defying heroism, which dares all things, and bears all things, in search of wisdom. By the stern contentions of faith and prayer, by the struggling energies of unflinching reason, and the logical analysis of a few theosophic books, he attained many of the loftiest visions of truth, and completed a system of transcendentalism more brilliant than any which had appeared for ages. He was one of the few coblers who have proved themselves capable of judging above the last. From his dingy stall and workshop issued the Aurora of a theosophic doctrine, which set Europe in a blaze. None but those personally acquainted with the works of Boëhme, and the Boehmists, can justly estimate the influence his doctrine has had on the world. It is not without some reason that such men as Periet, Fenelon, Ramsey, and Law, have eulogized this extraordinary man. It is astonishing to me that his solitary genius should have worked out so many philosophemes resplendent as those of the Cabalists, the Bramins, the Pythagoreans, whom he had never read. It is a proof, if any were needed, of the essential unity and sympathy of true genius in all times and nations. What would Boëhme have executed had he enjoyed the learning of Mirondola, Richlin, Agrippa. How many of his ideas that now loom large in the midst of rhapsody, shadowy and obscure, yet vast and astounding as the ghosts of the mighty dead, would have worn the keen edge and effulgent configuration of positive science. But in spite of his disadvantages, Boëhme is the Plato of Germany, and to him the Kantists owe their brightest theories."

II. *Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence, designed as assistance to the English Student of Transcendental Philosophy.* — These are admirable papers by Heraud, who thus speaks of Boëhme's Theosophic Doctrines.

"2. With Boëhme all opaque matter had a luminous spirit. In the seven planets, in the seven days of the week, he found emblems of the ideas intended by the seven lamps before the throne; and the seven stars in the Apocalypse, the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom; the six steps of Solomon's throne and the throne itself, as emblematic of Sabbatical Rest; the seven seals, the seven phials, the seven trumpets, and the seven candlesticks, — all these symbolized the Seven Spirits of God, which emblem the complete Deity. Our illiterate theologian dared to soar into this sublime region of speculation, and presumed to analyze the seven-fold perfection of God. Now how was he to conduct this analyzation — how declare its results?

What apparatus had he for the process — what language for its expression? Prayer and thought were the instruments of his operations. For language he might select his illustrations from the phenomena of mind, or of matter. The philosophy of mind, however, for him was not; he had to create one for himself. And he had conceived the astonishing idea to account for all material appearances upon spiritual principles, and to prove the identity of the laws which influenced both Nature and Spirit. He was, therefore, teaching two sciences at the same time — Theology and Natural Philosophy — under one name, Theosophy. And no language had he but what was common to both, and all words are derived from the objects of the latter. He, therefore, at once, elected to set forth spiritual laws by their imperfect resemblances as they are to be found in the laws of nature; and more perfect symbols, indeed, may not be found: for the laws of nature are but the forms of the human understanding. What are both, but 'as strings in the great harmony; as articulate words, but distinct parts of the Love-Sport,' as Boëhme says, 'of the angels.' Well! of this seven-fold perfection divine, he presumed to call the first spirit an astringent power, sharp like salt, hidden in the Father. The second is an attractive power, vanquishing the astringent. The astringent and attracting powers, he says, by their contrariety, produce anguish — a raging sense — *not by agent and patient, but by violence and impatience.* This anguish is the third spirit; it is the cause of mind, senses, thoughts. It is an Exultation, the highest degree of joy, excited to a trembling in its own quality. These three spirits are but as millstones without corn, grinding each other. The raging spirit cannot deliver itself from the strong bands of the Astringency, and excites Heat by its struggling, the extremity whereof is Fire. Now is the corn found for the millstones to grind. Heat is the fourth spirit, the beginner of life and of the spirit of life; it generates Light. The food of fire is cold; for want of which heat and fire would fall into anguish. But Infinity has no deficience; therefore the fire, by rarefaction, breathes the sullen cold into liberty of Air. Air, again, by condensation, (being imposed upon by its father the Cold,) falls to water, which again, by the kindled element, is licked up by Nutrition. The fifth spirit, which is the produce of Light, which, as we have already learned, is intellectual as well as material, is Love. The sixth spirit is the Divine Word — whence Speech and Language, Colors, Beauty, and all ornament. And the seventh spirit is the Body generated out of the six other spirits, and in which they dwell as in their Sabbath. The seven spirits are the fountain of all Being. All these spirits together are

God the Father. The life generated by them all, and generating the life in them all, in triumph, is the Son of God — the second person in the Holy Trinity. The power of the seven spirits, proceeding continually in the splendor of the life forming all things in the seventh, is the Holy Ghost.

"Reader, unless thou canst thyself give meaning to these things, we cannot help thee to the significance, but if thou canst with whatever difficulty understand them, take our word first, that they are worth understanding. Thou mayest, however, form some notion of the same by attending a little to the following illustration, which we have abridged and modernized from William Law.

"The first forms of vegetable life, before it has received the sun and air, are sourness, astringency, bitterness. In a ripened fruit, these qualities improve into rich spirit, fine taste, fragrant smell, and beautiful color, having been enriched by the sun and air. This attraction, astringency, desire, is one and the same in every individual thing, from the highest angel to the lowest vegetable. Attraction is essential to all bodies; Desire, which is the same thing, is inseparable from all intelligent beings. And thus, by an unerring thread, may we ascend to the *first Desire*, or that of the Divinity. For nothing can come into being but because God wills or desires it. Its desire is creative; and the qualities of the Creator must necessarily pass into the creature. Herein lies the ground of all analogies between the world without and the world within. And as vegetables by their attraction or astringency, which is their desire, and as an outbirth of the divine desire, attain perfection by receiving the Light and Air of the external world, so do all intelligent beings attain their perfection by aspiring, with their will and desire, to God, and receiving of the word and spirit of God."

These mystic pietists are to me most aromatic and refreshing. How living is their faith — deep their thought — humane and glowing their zeal! Boëhme, Guion, Fenelon, Law — these are beautiful souls. Sad that few of my contemporaries have apprehension of their thought, or faith in their intellectual integrity. O Age! thou believest nothing of this divine lore, but deemest it all moon-struck madness, wild fanaticism, or witless dream! God has ebbed clean from thy heart, and left thee loveless and blind. But, lo! he is rushing in full flood into the souls of thy youth, and thy sons and daughters, driven from the sanctuaries of wisdom and piety, shall prophesy

soon with cloven tongues of fire to thy discomfort and shame; for thy priests are godless, and thou a art slave to the gauds of sense!

III. Let me quote some passages, profound as true, from papers of J. Westland Marston, another of Heraud's contributors.

3. Atheism.

"It is possible to be orthodox in head, and heterodox in heart. It is possible to be credist in view and infidel in character. There is an unloveliness of soul, which is the atheism of being, and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers at the grave."

4. Truth.

"Facts may be true, and views may be true; but they are not truth. Truth is *sincere being:* it is not the perception of man; nor the deed of man; but when it is constituted it becomes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye wretched doctrinnaires, who would almost special plead from God's universe, the privilege of God's mercy — that *all conclusions are heartless of which the heart is not the premise.*"

5. Cowardice.

"We are poor cravens — we fight no battles — we blazon the name of some hero on our standard, and art frequent at parade in unsoiled uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering, in mirror-like armor, were the champions we venerate. Not thus marching after some embroidered name were found Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Coleridge, or Kant. Not thus calling themselves by some human name and exhibiting to the world in trim costume were Luther, Wickliffe, and the great reformers of all ages. Their garments were stained in the conflict; their swords hacked in the warfare. Say that there were fewer attestations to the merit of tailor and cutler, yet were there more testimonies to valor, and to earnestness of purpose."

6. Insight.

"We shall appeal from the recorded belief of every age, to that which inspired it. We shall not be governed by the codes of men, but shall test their declarations by those antecedent intuitions common to us and them. Hitherto we have generally too much resembled sailless vessels towed by the more

fortunate ones which mount their own canvass. We must hoist our own — we must no longer be attached to the sterns of those who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why should we be dragged along in the course of others? There is the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we direction in the voyage to eternity? The wind that wafts is even the pilot that guides." — *Monthly Magazine.*

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April.

VII. ORPHIC SAYINGS.

12th. Listen divinely to the sibyl within thee, saith the Spirit, and write thou her words. For now is thine intellect a worshipper of the Holy Ghost; now thy life is mystic — thy words marvels — and thine appeal to the total sense of man — a nature to the soul.

1. NATURE.

Nature bares never her bones; clothed in her own chaste rhetoric of flesh and blood — of color and feature, she is elegant and fair to the sense. And thus, O Philosopher, Poet, Prophet, be thy words — thy Scriptures; — thy thought, like Pallas, shaped bold and comely from thy brain — like Venus, formed quick from thy side — mystic as Memnon — melodious as the lyre of Orpheus.

2. IMMANENCE.

There is neither void in nature, nor death in spirit, — all is vital, nothing Godless. Both guilt in the soul and pain in the flesh, affirm the divine ubiquity in the all of being. Shadow apes substance, privation fullness; and nature in atom and whole, in planet and firmament, is charged with the present Deity.

3. INCARNATION.

Nature is quick with spirit. In eternal systole and diastole, the living tides course gladly along, incarnating organ and vessel in their mystic flow. Let her pulsations for a moment pause on their errands, and creation's self ebbs instantly into chaos and invisibility again. The visi-

ble world is the extremest wave of that spiritual flood, whose flux is life, whose reflux death, efflux thought, and conflux light. Organization is the confine of incarnation, — body the atomy of God.

4. Faith.

Sense beholds life never, — death always. For nature is but the fair corpse of spirit, and sense her tomb. Philosophy holds her torch while science dissects the seemly carcase. Tis faith unseals the sepulchres, and gives the risen Godhead to the soul's embrace. Blessed is he, who without sense believeth, — for already is he resurrect and immortal!

5. Unbelief.

Impious faith! witless philosophy! prisoning God in the head, to gauge his volume or sound his depths, by admeasurements of brain. Know, man of skulls! that the soul builds her statue perpetually from the dust, and, from within, the spiritual potter globes this golden bowl on which thy sacrilegious finger is laid. Be wise, fool! and divine cerebral qualities from spiritual laws, and predict organizations from character.

6. Oracle.

Believe, youth, despite all temptations, the oracle of deity in your own bosom. 'T is the breath of God's revelations, — the respiration of the Holy Ghost in your breast. Be faithful, not infidel, to its intuitions, — quench never its spirit, — dwell ever in its omniscience. So shall your soul be filled with light, and God be an indwelling fact, — a presence in the depths of your being.

7. Heroism.

Great is the man whom his age despises. For transcendent excellence is purchased through the obloquy of contemporaries; and shame is the gate to the temple of renown. The heroism honored of God, and the gratitude of mankind, achieves its marvels in the shades of life, remote from the babble of crowds.

8. Desert.

Praise and blame as little belong to the righteous as to

God. Virtue transcends desert — as the sun by day, as heat during frosts. Its light and warmth are its essence, cheering alike the wilderness, the fields, and fire-sides of men, — the cope of heaven, and the bowels of the earth.

9. Patience.

Be great even in your leisures; making, accepting, opportunities, and doing lovingly your work at the first or eleventh hour, even as God has need of you. Transcend all occasions; exhausted, overborne, by none. Wisdom waits with a long patience; nor working, nor idling with men and times; but living and being in eternity with God. Great designs demand ages for consummation, and Gods are coadjutors in their accomplishment. Patience is king of opportunity and times.

10. Solitude.

Solitude is Wisdom's school. Attend then the lessons of your own soul; become a pupil of the wise God within you, for by his tuitions alone shall you grow into the knowledge and stature of the deities. The seraphs descend from heaven, in the solitudes of meditation, in the stillness of prayer.

11. Atonement.

All sin is original, — there is none other; and so all atonement for sin. God's method is neither mediatorial nor vicarious; and the soul is nor saved nor judged by proxy, — she saves or dooms herself. Piety is unconscious, vascular, vital, — like breathing it is, and is because it is. None can respire for another, none sin or atone for another's sin. Redemption is a personal, private act.

12. Blessedness.

Blessedness consists in perfect willingness. It is above all conflict. It is serenity, triumph, beatitude. It transcends choice. It is one with the divine Will, and a partaker of his nature and tendency. There is struggle and choice only with the wilful. The saints are elect in perfect obedience, and enact God's decrees.

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May.

VIII. HUSBANDRY.

15th. GARDEN. I planted my seeds and wed my currants and strawberries. I wrought gladly all day, — the air and sun most genial, — and sought my pillow at night with a weariness that made sleep most grateful and refreshing.

How dignified and dignifying is labor — and sweet and satisfying. Man, in his garden, recovers his position in the world; he is restored to his Eden, to plant and dress it again. Once more his self-respect is whole and healthful; and all men, apostate though they be, award him a ready and sincere approval.

The New Ideas bear direct upon all the economies of life. They will revise old methods and institute new cultures. I look with special hope to their effect on the regimen of the land. Our present modes of agriculture exhaust our soil, and must while life is made thus sensual and secular; the narrow covetousness which prevails in trade, in labor, and exchanges, ends in depraving the land; it breeds disease, decline, in the flesh, — debauches and consumes the heart. This Beast, named Man, has yet most costly tastes, and must first be transformed into a very man, regenerate in appetite and desire, before the earth shall be restored to fruitfulness, and redeemed from the curse of his cupidity. Then shall the toils of the farm become elegant and invigorating leisures; man shall grow his orchards and plant his gardens, — an husbandman truly, sowing and reaping in hope, and a partaker of his hope. Labor will be attractive. Life will not be worn in anxious and indurating toils; it will be at once a scene of mixed leisure, recreation, labor, culture. The soil, grateful then for man's generous usage, debauched no more by foul ordures, nor worn by cupidities, shall recover its primeval virginity, bearing on its bosom the standing bounties which a sober and liberal Providence ministers to his need, — sweet and invigorating growths, for the health and comfort of the grower.

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IX. BANQUET.

19th. I brought from our village a bag of wheaten flour for our board. Pythagorean in our diet, we yet make small demands on foreign products; but harvest our dust mostly from this hired acre. I would abstain from the fruits of oppression and blood, and am seeking means of entire independence. This, were I not holden by penury unjustly, would be possible. But abstinence from all participation in these fruits of sin, comes near defrauding one of his flesh and blood, raiment and shelter, so ramified and universal is this trade in Providence. One miracle we have wrought, nevertheless, and shall soon work all of them, — our wine is water, — flesh, bread, — drugs, fruits, and we defy, meekly, the satyrs all, and Esculapius.

The Soul's Banquet is an art divine. To mould this statue of flesh, from chaste materials, kneading it into comeliness and strength, this is Promethean; and this we practice, well or ill, in all our thoughts, acts, desires. But specially in the exercise of the appetites. Thus Jesus, — "That which cometh out of the man, that it is which defiles him. For those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and they defile the man." And to like purpose Philostrates, — "The body is not corrupted save through the soul."

The modern doctrines on diet and regimen derive their authority from man's constitution and wants. Pythagoras declared them long since, and Porphyry wrote elegantly on this subject.

"The soul," he says, "is polluted by anger and desire and a multitude of passions, in which, in a certain respect, diet is a coöperating cause. But as water which flows through a rock is more uncorrupted than that which runs through marshes, because it does not bring with it mud; thus, also, the soul, which administers its own affairs in a body that is dry, and is not moistened by the juices of foreign flesh, is in a more excellent condition, is more uncorrupted, and is more prompt for intellectual energy. Thus, too, it is said, that the thyme, which is the driest and the sharpest to the taste, affords the best honey to bees. The dianoetic, therefore, or discursive power of the soul is polluted; or rather, he who energises dianoetically, when this energy is mingled with the energies of either the imagination or doxastic power. But purification consists in a

separation from all these, and the wisdom which is adapted to divine concerns, is a desertion of everything of this kind. The proper nutriment, likewise, of each thing is that which essentially preserves it. Thus you may say, that the nutriment of a stone is the cause of its continuing to be a stone, and of firmly remaining in a lapideous form; but the nutriment of a plant is that which preserves it in increase and fructification; and of an animated body, that which preserves its composition. It is one thing, however, to nourish and another to fatten; and one thing to impart what is necessary, and another to produce what is luxurious. Various, therefore, are the kinds of nutriment, and various, also, is the nature of the things that are nourished. And it is necessary that indeed all things should be nourished, but we should earnestly endeavor to fatten our most principal parts. Hence the nutriment of the rational soul is that which preserves it in a rational state. But this is intellect, so that it is to be nourished by intellect; and we should earnestly endeavor that it may be fattened through this, rather than that the flesh may become pinguid, through esculent substances. For intellect preserves for us eternal life, but the body when fattened causes the soul to be furnished through its hunger after a blessed life not being satisfied, increases our mortal part, since it is of itself insane, and impedes an attainment of an immortal condition of being. It likewise defiles by corporifying the soul, and drawing her down to that which is foreign to her nature. And the magnet, indeed, imparts, as it were, a soul to the iron, which is placed near it; and the iron, though most heavy, is elevated, and runs to the spirit of the stone. Should he therefore, who is suspended from incorporeal and incorruptible deity, be anxiously busied in procuring food which fattens the body, that is an impediment to intellectual perception? Ought he not rather, by contracting what is necessary to the flesh into that which is little and easily procured, be *himself* nourished, by adhering to God more closely than the iron to the magnet? I wish, indeed, that our nature was not so corruptible, and that it were possible we could live without the nutriment derived from fruits. O! that, as Homer says, we were not in want of meat or drink, that we might be truly immortal: — the poet in thus speaking beautifully signifying that food is the auxiliary not only of life, but also of death. If, therefore, we were not in want of vegetable aliment, we should be by so much the more blessed, in proportion as we should be more immortal. But now, living in a mortal condition, we render ourselves, if it may be proper so to speak, still more mortal, through becoming ignorant that by addition of this mortality, the soul, as Theophrastes says, does not only confer a great

benefit on the body by being its inhabitant, but giving herself wholly to it. Hence it is much to be wished, that we could easily obtain the life celebrated in fables, in which hunger and thirst are unknown, or that, by stopping the every-way-flowing river of the body, we may in a very little time be present with the most excellent natures, to which he who accedes, since deity is there, is himself a God. But how is it possible not to lament the condition of the generality of mankind, who are so involved in darkness, as to cherish their own evil, and who, in the first place, hate themselves, and him who begot them, and afterwards those who admonish them, and call on them to return from ebriety to a sober condition of being!" — PORPHYRY *on Abstinence from Animal Food.*

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June.

X. EPISTLE.

Cottage.

12th. Our garden and fields remind me whenever I step into their presence of your promise of spending awhile with us at the cottage. But lest you should chance to alight at my door, while I am absent, I write now to say, that I purpose to breathe those mountain airs, and shall leave for Vermont on Monday next — so do'nt come till after my return. I shall then have the more to communicate of the spirit of those hills. Lately I have been sent journeying to seek the members of that Brotherhood whom God designs shall dwell together in his Paradise. The time is near when the soul's fabled innocency shall luxuriate as a visible fact, rooted in the soil of New England; and scribes, wise even as the Hebrews of old, record their version of the Genesis of Man, and the peopling and planting of Eden.

I have visited the city, since I saw you, where I met persons a few of wise hearts and growing gifts and graces. God is breeding men and women, here and there, for the new Heaven and Earth. — Have you seen Humanus? He has been passing a few days with me, and a great promise he is to me. The youth is rich in wisdom; a child of deepest and truest life. God has a work for the boy, and set him about it betimes — while his years scarce

numbered an halfscore — and now he is great beside his contemporaries and shall honor his trusts.

Remember I am to see you on my return.

Your friend.

XI. VERMONT.

Green Mountains.

17th. Bland the air, picturesque the scenery of these hills. This is the Switzerland of our Republic, and these mountaineers are parcel of their mountains, and love them as do the Swiss. This, too, is the scenery, this the clime, these the pursuits, for growing freemen. And here is the Haunt of Reform; cherished by these austere ministries of toil and storm, the Child is waxing in stature, and shall leap, soon, from hill to hill, sounding his trump to the four winds of heaven.

Yet over these primeval hills, clothed in perennial verdure — these passes, whose sides are instinct with bleating sheep and lowing kine, or proudly standing with the growths of ages — the wizard Trade has swept her wand of sorceries, and on these shepherds and swineherds are visited the sordid and debasing vices of the distant towns they feed!

But, apart, on this Alp, on the summit of this green range, and in a region of ideas fitly emblemed by the scene, dwells my friend, above the ignoble toils of men below. This forest fell prostrate before his sturdy arm, and gave him these ample ranges for his flocks, with acres now in pasture and tillage; and here, under these cliffs rose his farm house; there more exalted still, his generous barns. And now visited with humane charities, he surrenders portions of the same to sincere and simple persons — the weary and heavy laden children of oppressive institutions — who here find rest in the arms of a Providence, unsold, unbought, and freed from the anxieties of want and dependence. Aware of the change passing fast over all human affairs, he is planting deep in this free soil, the New Ideas, and awaits in faith the growing of a wiser and nobler age.

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July.

XII. CONVERSATION.

9th. These journeyings reveal to me the state of the people. They make plain the need of a simpler priesthood — a ministry at the field, road, fire-side, bed-side; at tables, in families, neighborhoods — wheresoever man meets man truly. Now all ministries are aloof from human needs. Societies, senates, preaching, teaching, conversation, game ignobly with men's hearts; and there is no great and sincere intercourse — souls do not meet; and man, woman, child, bewail their solitude. Sincerity in thought and speech can alone redeem man from this exile and restore confidence into his relations. We must come to the simplest intercourse — to Conversation and the Epistle. These are most potent agencies — the reformers of the world. The thoughts and desires of men wait not thereby the tardy and complex agencies of the booksellers' favor, printers' type, or reader's chances, but are sped forthwith far and wide, by these nimble Mercuries. Christianity was published solely by the lip and pen, and the Christian documents — the entire literature of this great fact — is comprised in a few brief fragments of the Life and Sayings of Jesus, and the Epistles of his immediate adherents. And thus shall the New Ideas find currency in our time and win the people to themselves.

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August.

XIII. PROPERTY.

12th. Cottage. Again I have read "Coleridge's Political Essays" in "the Friend." They please me less than formerly. He distrusts her early dream of realizing a simpler state of society, and plants his State, not in the soil of individual conscience, but in the shallows of expediency; and deems it an institution for the security of freeholds. But to property man has no moral claim whatsoever; use, not ownership of the planet and parts thereof, constitutes his sole inheritance; he is steward of God's estate, and commissary of Heaven's stores to his brethren; nor rightfully hoards or appropriates the same to his own sole benefit.

"Wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers in seeming ours;
She slides from Heaven indeed, but not in Danæ' showers."

This sin of appropriation — this planting the state in ownership of the soil, not in man's spiritual needs — has been the infirmity of all communities called civilized. But the New Order must abrogate this ancient error, and thus remove the fruitful cause of the decline of nations. The Just own nothing. They trade never in the gifts of Providence, perverting these to secular ends, but benefits flow unimpeded through all the channels of household, brotherhood, neighborhood, and Love is the beneficent Almoncerto, all members of the social family.

"All things," says Grotius, "were at first promiscuously common, and all the world had, as it were, but one patrimony. From hence it was that every man then converted what he would to his own use, and consumed whatever was to be consumed, and a free use of this universal right did at that time supply the place of property. For no man could justly demand of another whatever he had thus just taken to himself; which is the better illustrated by that simile of Cicero, 'Since the theatre is common for any body that comes, the place that every one sits in is properly his own.' And this state of things must have continued till now, had men persisted in their primitive simplicity, or lived together but in perfect charity."

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September.

XIV. EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

3d. These Essays are truly noble. They report a wisdom akin to that which the great of all time have loved and spoken. It is a most refreshing book; and I am sure of its reputation with those who make fames and ages.

And yet I qualify my admiration of the author's genius. Great in the isolation of thought, he neither warms nor inspires me. He writes from the intellect to the intellect, and hence some abatement from the health of his statements, the depths of his insights — purchased always at the cost of vital integrity; the mind lapsing in the knowl-

edge thus gained. But yet is this the tax on all pure intellect, — the ghost of the heart which it slays to embrace!

A passage in the Essays indicates this fact.

"The most illuminated class of men are no doubt superior to literary fame, and are not writers. Among the multitude of scholars and authors, we feel no hallowing presence; we are sensible of a knack and skill rather than of inspiration; they have a light, and know not whence it comes, and call it their own; their talent is some exaggerated faculty, some overgrown member, so that their strength is a disease. In these instances, the intellectual gifts do not make the impression of virtue, but almost of vice, and we feel that a man's talents stand in the way of advancement in truth. But genius is religious." And again, "Converse with a mind that is grandly simple and literature looks like word-catching. The simplest utterances are worthiest to be written, yet are they so cheap, and so things of course that in the infinite riches of the soul, it is like gathering a few pebbles off the ground, or bottling a little air in a phial, when the whole earth and whole atmosphere are ours. The mere author, in such society, is like a pick-pocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin. Nothing can pass there or make you one of the circle, but the casting aside your trappings, and dealing man to man in naked truth, plain confession, and omniscient affirmation." —*Oversoul, Essay IX.*

This tendency to thought leads often the scholar to undervalue in practice the more spiritual, but less intellectual life of the will of the pietist, or sublimer mystic — those epic souls to whom the world owes mainly its revelations; — and of whom scholars and bards, naturalists and philosophers, are but interpreters and scribes. Thought is, indeed, but the pen of the soul; genius the eye; love the heart; and all expression, save action, is falsehood fabling in the ciphers of truth.

I would be just to the literary function, and give it rightful place in the soul's order. Character, integrity of will, to this all men yield homage. But thought, the power of drawing the soul from her sanctuary in the breast, and representing her life in words, whether by pen or lip, is in all healthful and innocent natures subordinate to the affections of the will. Then intellect becomes the servant of the moral power; and it is when this function of thought creates a despotism to itself, that its sway becomes

evil. Literary men incline to this extreme; their thoughts tyrannize over their actions; they think not to live, but live solely to think. But the man then lives when all his powers are in willing and contemporaneous exercise; when feeling, thought, purpose, are instant, consentaneous acts. And this entireness of life is the condition and essence of Virtue and Genius.

Two orders of men there are, each fulfilling high trusts to the world, but serving it in diverse manners. Of the one, the world inquires after his word — his thought, of the other, his intent — his act; and both are its redeemers and saviours — breathing the breath of life into the multitudes.

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October.

XV. REFORM. An Epistle.

10th October, 1841.

DEAR SIR,

In addressing you now, I obey an impulse, long felt, to express my sense of the exceeding import of your labors on the well being of mankind; and to declare, moreover, my pleasure in a contemporary who dares, without fear or stint, utter his word to the world. And to this I am urged not from a sense of intellectual benefit merely, but of humanity and justice. For I know how sweet and invigorating is a timely and discerning sympathy to him who suffers for declaring truths above the apprehension of his time; and can appreciate that magnanimous self-respect which appeals greatly from the injustice of contemporaries to the wiser sight of posterity.

We live when Reform slips glibly off the tongues of men, and when almost every vital interest has made to itself zealots, desperate almost in its advocacy, and forged cumbrous weapons to mitigate the evils in the world. But, to me, these popular measures seem quite external, inadequate; and the charlatanry, and cant of reform, is most offensive. This puling zeal — this shallow philanthropy — this wit of the sense, and not of the soul — will neither heal nor save us. The change must orignate within and work outwards. The inner being must first be reorganized. And the method of regeneration must be

learned, not by prescription, but from Experience — from self-conquest — self-insight: its law revealed by fidelity to the spiritual constitution. Renovation of being must precede all outward reformation of organs and functions, and the whole man be first sanctified by the wholesome discipline of a true Life.

Hence reform begins truly with individuals, and is conducted through the simplest ministries of families, neighborhoods, fraternities quite wide of associations, and institutions. The true reformer initiates his labor in the precincts of private life, and makes it, not a set of measures, not an utterance, not a pledge, merely, but a life; and not an impulse of a day, but commensurate with human existence; a tendency towards perfection of being.

Viewed in this wise, your statements of the Doctrine and Regimen of Life, assume great importance in my thought. They demonstrate, and on a scale coördinate with facts, the art of moulding man — of planting the new Eden — of founding the new institutions. They shed a palpable, practical light over the economies of the household — the family — the field — and followed in all their bearings, must give to life, a fullness of comfort, health, purity, inspiration, piety, peace. They lead men to a rerecovery of his innocency — reinstate him, a primeval creature, in his original estate on the earth, in harmony with nature, the animal world, his fellows, himself, his Creator: and make sure both the redemption and conservation of the human race — even as man's hope has divined, his faith affirmed, his hand recorded in the Scriptures of all Time.

These, I conceive, are results, to which the New Ideas, espoused now by living minds, and traced more specially by yourself in their vital bearings are tending. A sublimer faith is quickening the genius of men; and philosophy, science, literature, art, life, shall be created anew by its heavenly inspirations.

I acknowledge, with thanks, though late, the gift of your Lecture, and learn with hope of your intention of printing soon your book on the Relations of the Hebrew Ritual to the Constitution of Man. It will deal another and sure blow, at the superstitions and usages of the popular faith.

I wish it were in my power to urge its claims in prospect on the attention of men; but I am less in favor with the public than yourself even; and shall possibly lose the privilege of availing myself of the lights of your researches — bread, shelter, raiment, being scarce yielded me, by the charity and equity of my time. But,

I am the more
Your friend and contemporary.

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XVI. PYTHAGOREAN SAYINGS.

I.

It is either requisite to be silent or to say something better than silence.

II.

It is impossible that he can be free who is a slave to his passions.

III.

Every passion of the soul is hostile to its salvation.

IV.

We should avoid and amputate by every possible artifice, by fire and sword, and all various contrivances, from the body, disease; from the soul, ignorance; from the belly, luxury; from a city, sedition; from a house, discord; and at the same time from all things, immoderation.

V

Expel sluggishness from all your actions; opportunity is the only good in every action.

VI.

Do those things which you judge to be beautiful, though in doing them you should be without renown. For the rabble is a bad judge of a good action. Despise therefore the reprehension of those whose praise you despise.

VII.

It is better to live lying in the grass confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie in a golden bed with purturbation.

VIII.

A statue indeed standing on its basis, but a worthy man on the subject of his deliberate choice, ought to be immovable.

IX.

It is not death but a bad life that destroys the soul.

X.

The gods are not the causes of evils, and diseases and calamities of the body are the seeds of intemperance.

XI.

The soul is illuminated by the recollection of divinity.

XII.

When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to view, like the statues of a temple. — JAMBLICHUS's *Life of Pythagoras.*

A. B. ALCOTT.

MARIE VAN OOSTERWICH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"WHY do you blush in speaking to me of him, Marie? Is it that you think no longer that the love of the arts should be your only love?"

"Always, Master, but this young man has talent, and I could have wished that you would have accepted him as a pupil,"

"On his account only, Marie?"

The young girl bent her head, and the old man continued, kissing her forehead, —

"My noble child, I regret having forbid him entrance to my studio, for I love thee too much, to give thee pain even in the person of another."

And without waiting Marie's answer, he who spoke thus, laying aside a palette and brushes which he held, hastened

to the door of the studio, and half-opening it, called several times to a person who was descending the stairs.

This Master so paternal, this old man who understood so well a young girl's heart, was Jean David van Heem, a celebrated painter of Utrecht, to whom all the sovereigns of Europe had sent patents of nobility, and who excelled in painting flowers, and the precious vases in which they bloomed.

The artist had founded at Utrecht a celebrated school, where many pupils came to form themselves. The Master's eye divined genius even in the bud, and the pupil who possessed this gift was initiated by him into all the mysteries of the art.

But David van Heem had been a long time without finding any one, in whom he hoped to live again. He saw that he was growing old, and he felt a sadness mixed with pride, that he could not have formed a pupil who should equal him; it seemed to him that he should die without posterity. One day, while finishing a masterpiece, this sad thought drew a tear from his eye. While musing thus, there was a light knock at the door of his studio, and one of his servants announced to him that a minister of the reformed church, accompanied by a young girl, asked to speak with him. The painter quitted his work, and ordered the strangers to be introduced. He rose to receive a man forty years of age, who led by the hand a young girl, who appeared to be about fifteen. This man had a grave demeanor, at once noble and modest. He was habited entirely in black, and his unornamented dress announced the ecclesiastic. His calm and serene aspect seemed a reflection of the Gospel, whose holy doctrines he professed. He was the father of the beautiful child whom he led. The young girl wore a robe of brown merino, which fitted closely to her finely rounded figure, and her beautiful fair hair was imprisoned in one of those coifs of silk and black lace, worn by the wives and daughters of the Dutch citizens. Her young face, around which clustered some golden ringlets, shone forth yet more fresh and rosy under the black covering of this nun's hood. She kept her large blue eyes timidly cast down; she raised them at a word from her father, and smiling, showed her small pearly teeth, of dazzling whiteness. This angelic face attracted

the notice of David van Heem, who took the hand of the young girl kindly, and asked her father what he desired of him. The Protestant minister took from under his daughter's arm a portfolio of drawings, and having opened it, drew from it several sketches which he showed to the great artist.

"The child whom you see there has painted these flowers, without a master, notwithstanding the prohibition of her mother, who would have preferred seeing her at her needlework. For myself I have opposed her taste for the arts, for I thought that the life of a woman to be calm and happy should be retired, that the éclat of talent became not a young maiden, and that especially for her, there is less joy than grief in the applause of this world. But her inclinations have triumphed over my efforts; all the flowers of the field have lived again under her inexperienced hand, which divined drawing, without having learned it; and seeing her imitations equal nature, I said to myself, it was the will of God; and the talent with which he has gifted her will not be fatal to her."

"Say that it will make her glory and her fortune," cried David van Heem, surveying with a beaming face the sketches before him. The child who has painted these flowers is destined to be the ornament of her country."

"Approach Marie," said her father, happy in spite of himself at the future promise to his daughter; — "ask our greatest painter to receive you as a pupil, and henceforth love and respect him as a father,"

"And from this day," replied David van Heem, embracing the young girl; and pressing affectionately the hand of the Protestant minister, "this child shall be treated in my house like my own child, and I will unfold to her all the mysteries of my art."

Some tears fell on Marie's cheeks, but she found no words to express her gratitude. The family of David van Heem became hers, his daughters treated her like a younger sister. Surrounded by love, encouraged by sweet praises, it seemed to her that she already tasted the first fruits of that artist-life, which her master had prophesied for her.

David van Heem understood the tender and enthusiastic soul of Marie. He poured out on her all his paternal

bounty. That she might feel less the absence of her family, and that she might devote herself with ardor to the study of painting, he developed in her that love of art, which had possessed her while a mere child, and soon the whole world concentred itself for the young girl within the compass of the studio, where her labors were mingled with those of her master. David van Heem blessed Heaven that he had found a pupil worthy of him. Sometimes the old man took pleasure in making Marie finish one of his own works, and he was proud as a father, when the amateurs to whom he showed his picture could not distinguish Marie's touch from his own. Under such a master, who, far from dreading her rivalry, encouraged it, the progress of Marie was rapid. After one year's study, she had mastered the whole science, aud equalled the painter in execution; she already knew enough to dispense with lessons, but David could not dispense with her. She was the joy and pride of his age, and often in her bursts of gratitude, she promised the old man never to quit him.

The studio of David van Heem presented a charming picture. The noble old man, palette in hand, standing before a great canvass, destined for some sovereign of Europe, was surrounded by his daughters, good and simple women, who conversed gaily with Marie. The young inspired artist made the flowers bloom on the same canvass with her master. How beautiful she was thus, this young girl of seventeen! Her blue eyes always so sweet, glowed then with all the fire of genius; her cheeks bright with the animation of labor contrasted with the whiteness of her neck, upon which her hair fell luxuriantly. Her figure was of a flexibility full of elegance, and her delicate rosy hands, which held the palette and brushes, seemed to have been formed for a model. She was a wholly poetical being, who realized for her old master the muse of painting.

Baskets of natural flowers, which served for models, exhaled their perfumes; precious vases and antique bronzes from Italy charmed the eye. The portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe, suspended from the walls, attracted the attention. Among them was preëminent the noble head of Louis the Fourteenth, full of grandeur. The king of France had himself sent his portrait to David van Heem, and other princes had followed his example, thus the studio

of the painter was adorned with gifts, which royalty bestows upon genius, as from power to power.

How noble was this artist life! how serene and graceful the interior of the studio! Sometimes the happy laborers were interrupted by illustrious visitors, who came to render homage to their talent, and purchase their paintings. Then only did any news from without reach this sanctuary; generally the world was nothing to them in this peaceful happiness. Often Marie sang with her master some solemn and affecting chant, which the daughters of David van Heem repeated in chorus. They laughed, they played, they admired an effect of light which the brush sought to produce, and the present day flowed on as happy as the past, and the morrow brought the same happiness.

Three years of Marie's life had thus passed away; three years, which had brought forth in her soul only pure and calm sentiments, or those quickening inspirations of art, which kindle the soul, without exhausting it. It is true that the poetical organization of Marie was tempered by that transparent and slightly cold nature, which makes the heart of a German woman beat only by halves. Marie's thoughts were lost in her musings, and asked nothing beyond. Among the pupils of David van Heem, no other had been admitted to his intimacy, no other had obtained the praises of the master, or had been distinguished by him. Marie confounded them in her indifference, her look never rested on any of them, and she could say with Shakspeare's Miranda, that she had never seen a man.

On the evening previous to the day when our story begins, Marie was painting near her master, when the door of the studio opened. A young man asked to speak with David van Heem.

"Enter, my friend," said the artist kindly. "You are not unknown to me," continued he, after having looked at him; "I have seen you before in my studio."

"Yes, and you took no notice of me," replied the young man with assurance, "therefore I take the liberty to come and recommend myself by showing you this sketch."

And he placed before the master triumphantly a very remarkable flower-painting.

"You paint boldly; with strength, but too quickly; there is somewhat of the furioso in your work."

"Master, that is because I am lazy."

"Singular explanation of the fault with which I reproach you! It is from laziness then that you work too quickly?"

"Yes, master, I work quickly, that I may do nothing afterwards."

"And what charm do you find in inaction?"

"When I repose, I travel, I dream, I drink."

At this last word, Marie raised her head, and cast a look of disdainful astonishment upon him who had just uttered it. He continued without appearing troubled, and addressing himself to her;

"Yes, mademoiselle, does that surprise you? does that seem strange to you? A half intoxication inspires in my brain enchanting dreams; then I am surrounded by paintings more exquisite than those of our great master; I contemplate monuments which defy the most magnificent monuments of antiquity; I love and am beloved by young girls nearly as beautiful as you, mademoiselle."

He said this with assurance, fixing his long black eyes full of boldness on Marie's look, which immediately fell.

"We have nothing to do with that, my boy," said David van Heem; "you have talent, if you will apply yourself more closely. You can acquire some day fortune and renown."

"Let fortune go; as for renown, it is, you see, like the fog, which passes over our rivers; I should love as well the water which flows beneath, though, to say the truth, water and I are open enemies."

"Truce to these vulgar pleasantries," said David van Heem with severity. "If you wish that I should find you worthy to be admitted into my studio, you must reform your language and conduct. Nature has well endowed you; but there is much yet to be done to aid nature."

"It is truly admirable!" cried Marie, who had approached some moments before to look at the young man's sketch.

And as if speaking to herself, she added in a low tone, —"I have never done anything so well."

"Do you hear that praise?" said David; "it should make you very proud, for she who has pronounced it is Marie von Oosterwich, one of our greatest painters."

"I knew that," replied the young man; "but that which I was ignorant of, and which is worth more, is that Marie is without doubt the most beautiful woman in the world."

Speaking thus, he looked eagerly at the young girl.

"Is not he a child!" said David, smiling; not being able to conceal the paternal satisfaction which he felt in the praises of Marie; — "I like your frankness, my friend; talk less, be modest, and return to work in my studio," added the good master, tapping him lightly on the shoulder. "But what is your name?"

"Guillaume van Aelst."

"Ah! I knew your uncle; a painter of talent, but too fond of the tavern, and of doing nothing."

"It is a family failing."

"But which can be rooted out," replied David; "promise me to drink no more, and to renounce the 'far niente,' a bad herb brought from Italy."

"Here I shall have no longer need of the intoxication that wine gives," replied Guillaume, glancing again at Marie; "beautiful dreams will come of themselves; but with these dreams how sweet will be the 'far niente.' Labor opposes thought in its vague excursions."

"Bah, bah!" interrupted David.

"Cannot one labor while dreaming?" said Marie in her turn. These were the only words that she uttered. They escaped from her as the involuntary expression of hope.

"If one must work, to please you, master, I will work," said Guillaume, eagerly; and his look addressed itself to Marie.

"Well! to-morrow; I will retain your sketch to examine it more closely."

The young man bowed and retreated slowly, turning his head at each step; he did not meet Marie's eye.

"What a charming figure that young man has," cried the old painter.

"What a fine talent!" said Marie.

"Very well," said David with an arch smile; "I make the remark which you should have made, and you that which became me; you speak like the old man, and I like the young girl."

"What do you mean, master?"

"That you should rather remark the figure of the young man than his talent, and I rather his talent than his figure."

And the happy old man laughed at his own words, and at the embarrassment of the young girl.

"But," said she, "I noticed both."

"And in that case, what do you think of them?"

"I thought his face agreeable, and his talent wonderful. These flowers, are they not supernatural?" said she, pointing to Guillaume's sketch. "This cactus, with its purple flowers, its firm and pointed leaves; these aloes, with their alabaster bunches, bristling with thorns, are they not admirable? We should say they were preserved at Amsterdam in the greenhouses of the Stadtholder."

"How!" said the master, more gaily, "those great black eyes, veiled with drooping lashes, surmounted by two arches of ebony, that pure and intellectual brow, that thick brown hair in wavy masses, that mouth with its coquettish moustache, adorned with dazzling teeth, that elegant figure, which a black velvet doublet displays to advantage, does not all that make a charming cavalier? Ah! ah! ah! you see that I have good eyes."

Marie smiled not; she threw herself with emotion upon the paternal bosom of David, and said to him, half trembling;

"Master, do you wish then that I should love this young man?"

"And why not, if he should become one of our greatest painters, if I can render him worthy of thee? From to-morrow we will begin his education." Saying these words, he went out on business, and left Marie with a new thought, with a sentiment never before awakened in her soul. She understood nothing of the unknown reverie, which took possession of her; she could not explain to herself why she had abandoned her brushes, and remained pensive before Guillaume's sketch. This sketch was very beautiful. She had at first admired it enthusiastically, but she now saw it no longer; instead of those Asiatic flowers, with their brilliant colors and their gigantic forms, which the young painter had designedly chosen to develop the bold and vivid touches of his brush; Marie saw behind them the passionate and expressive face of Guil-

laume. She remained thus many hours, absorbed in a kind of inward contemplation. When David van Heem reëntered the studio, he gently reproved her idleness, for, looking at her work, he perceived that she had not done anything since his departure.

"Are you going to be like Guillaume? Are you going to imitate his idleness, and dream so as to do nothing?" said the good painter laughing.

"Oh! to-morrow I will atone for the time lost," replied she, with emotion, "but to-day I am indisposed."

And the poor child blushed; she thought she had deceived, yet she told the truth; she was not well; an emotion at once deep and quiet threw her body and soul into a soft languor. For the first time in her life she was silent and pensive at evening, and at night her fair lashes were not closed; this was her first sleepless night.

Is love then a grief, that from its first awakening it should express itself in sadness and tears? Its passionate transports, its ardent extasies, its most intoxicating felicities are mixed with dark shadows and melancholy smiles. We do not enjoy this intense happiness. We dream, we desire, we call, and believe that we seize it, when we grasp only its phantom; and when we think that we have lost it, we weep as if we had possessed it. It is but a celestial mirage, but is worth more than all the oases on the earth. Often he who causes this deceitful vision is ignorant, or is unworthy of it; then the soul which deceives itself is the prey of its own dreams, and is consumed in torments of its own creation. Love, that tyrannical sentiment, often enchains hearts, that nothing should draw together. It fixes the virgin thoughts of the young maiden upon the impure man, who profanes them; it unites a calm, sweet life to a stormy and licentious being; it casts devotion to egotism, as a martyr to the lions of the circus.

Marie had none of those forebodings which poison love; but she wondered in her innocence that her thoughts could rest on a young man, of such shameless manners and speech. He was handsome, but of an ignoble beauty; he had talent, but presumption without true pride; he was full of vanity; he was not truly an artist, an inspired artist, at once proud and modest. He believed not in his own genius, and had received it from God, without compre-

hending its greatness. Marie felt all this vaguely; but in the impetuosity of her heart, stronger than her reason and her purity, she accused herself of judging too harshly and too quickly one, who, after all, had received from heaven two marks of special favor, beauty and genius.

On the morrow, Marie's cheeks were pale; yet she had regained her calm exterior, and painted with her master, conversing calmly; yet she felt a vague uneasiness; it was past noon and Guillaume had not arrived.

"Our young man is late," said her master, as if he had divined her thought. "He has not boasted falsely, he is indolent and careless."

Marie did not reply.

"I have made some inquiries concerning him," continued David van Heem; "they say that he is disorderly in his habits, that he works only when urged by necessity; but that, like the Neapolitan lazzarone, living is for him doing nothing."

"He has confessed to us all his faults," said Marie, "and you had hope of correcting them."

"I have reflected on it, and it appears difficult to me."

"What! even before having undertaken it?"

"Poor child!" murmured David. She remained silent, and appeared to muse sadly.

Before admitting Guillaume into the sanctuary of his studio, David van Heem had made inquiries concerning his character. At first he had been won in spite of himself, by his frankness, the power of his talent, and his handsome face; but perceiving that Marie had received the same impressions, he wished to assure himself if he who caused them was really worthy of them. The good old man thought of Marie's future life; he pictured it to himself as calm and brilliant as her present life; and he would have reproached himself with treason, if he had not secured the happiness of the angel, sent by God to his old age. He had learned in the city, that Guillaume, an undisciplined child, had quitted his family at the age of twelve years. Vagabond and idle, he cultivated the talent with which nature had endowed him, merely to gratify his passions, wine and play. Hardly had he attained his nineteenth year, when he was already cited at Utrecht, where he had been but six months, as a frequenter of taverns.

Learning Guillaume's conduct, David van Heem regretted having too quickly and easily consented to give the young painter private lessons, and to admit him into the chaste society of his dear Marie. He almost reproached himself with having been imprudent, and he was thinking how to repair his fault, when Guillaume appeared. He bowed with a careless air, his hair was in disorder, his dress retained the scent of wine, his appearance bore marks of having just left the inn. Marie dared not look at him, and David gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"I have made you wait," said he unconcernedly; "pardon, master; but before immuring myself in a cloister, I was obliged to bid adieu to my companions; and I have just sworn to them eternal friendship, glass in hand."

"It was a young man of talent, and not a sot, that I expected to admit to my studio," said the old man, fixing on Guillaume a stern look.

The young man sustained this look with assurance, and replied smiling;—

"Do you think, master, that the love of wine prevented Schoorel and Mabuse from being great men?"

"I think," replied David half vexed, "that we should imitate their talent, and not their vice. Rubens, the eagle of painting, had as much grandeur in his sentiments as in his genius, and was never sullied by those ignoble habits, that you call relaxations. If the life of Mabuse tempt you, choose a master who resembles him, I shall not suit you."

"Is it a dismissal that you give me?"

"Well! yes, go," said David with some emotion; "our peaceful habits are not yours."

"I could have accommodated myself to them, and found a charm in them."

The old painter shook his head.

"It is well," replied Guillaume haughtily; "I will take my sketch, and bid you adieu. Adieu, Mademoiselle."

Marie answered not; she did not raise her head; she feared lest he might see a tear fall from her long lashes. But when Guillaume had gone, she attempted to justify him; and it was then that the good painter, who could not resist one of Marie's desires, blaming himself for his severity, as he had at first for his indulgence, recalled the young man, who had already passed the staircase. Guil-

laume returned slowly, and reëntered the studio triumphantly.

"You have thought better of it?" said he, "and I think that you are right; I am worth more than I appear to be, and shall perhaps do you honor."

And without waiting a word from the Master, he placed his sketch on an easel, and began to paint. Then his companions seemed to have disappeared from before him; he painted with ardor, with rapture; one would have thought him mastered by his work.

"The plant, which he reproduced from memory, grew under his brushes, as from the hand of nature. Marie and David van Heem looked at him with admiration. When he had finished according to his fancy his sketch, already far advanced, he pushed back the easel with his foot, threw down his brushes and maul-stick, and crossing his arms, he remained motionless, contemplating Marie. Labor had animated his features and stamped them with nobleness and inspiration. His black eye, calm and radiant, had a penetrating glance, which attracted the notice of the young girl; without wishing it, Marie looked at Guillaume, and felt happy in seeing him so handsome. Guillaume smiled like a man in ecstasy; but soon his face lost by degrees every trace of enthusiasm; a kind of languor overspread his features, and his head sank on his breast, his eyes closed, he appeared to sleep.

"He has fainted," cried Marie, with a kind of fright.

"He is asleep," said David van Heem calmly.

"It is the fatigue of labor and inspiration," added Marie, almost with respect.

"It is the fatigue of his voluptuous dreams," murmured the master, who had observed Guillaume, with the sagacity of an old man.

And leading Marie away, he left the young man asleep in his studio.

After some hours of deep sleep, Guillaume awoke, and taking the picture which he had finished during the day, went out. He felt the appetite of twenty years; and as he did not need to pass the night in sleep, he passed it in good cheer. The following morning, leaving the tavern, he went to a broker, where he sold for some florins the masterpiece, which he had finished the preceding evening.

The landlord of the inn waited at the door, and took from Guillaume's hands the money that had just been counted out to him. Remaining without resources for the day, Guillaume thought on working anew, and regained the house of David van Heem; it seemed yet buried in sleep; no sound was heard; but as the gate of the garden which fronted the house was ajar, Guillaume repaired to the studio, where everything was still quiet.

He entered by stealth, and stood some minutes without perceiving Marie, who was deeply engaged in a prayer-book. She herself had not heard the sound of his steps, and Guillaume remained contemplating her, without her raising her head, — she had ceased reading, and remained seated on one of those splendid arm-chairs of ebony, with gothic carvings, so precious in our times. Dressed in a white robe, her arms and shoulders half bare, her hair flowing in golden ringlets over her calm brow and pale cheeks; thus leaning her head on her hand, sad and pensive, she resembled one of those ethereal beings sung by Moore; celestial beings who suspected not our miseries, and were initiated into them by love. Marie had passed a tranquil night; the evening before Guillaume had appeared to her a noble and earnest young man, full of genius and enthusiasm for the arts; she no longer repelled his image; the last words which her master uttered had not reached her ear, and had she heard them, she would not have understood their import. She loved Guillaume, and she knew not that she ought to forbid herself to love him. He was a brother, whom God had sent to her, and at this thought she prayed for him. Suddenly she raised her blue eye, so clear and pure, but she did not see Guillaume. Her look rested on the trellised window, near which she was sitting, and she stretched her hand out mechanically to pluck one of the climbing bell-flowers, which formed on the lattice a mosaic of flowers and verdure. Not being able to reach it, she rose to gather it. The breeze of spring breathing through the trees of the garden into the studio, made Marie's dress flutter, and waving the hair from her face, imprinted on her cheeks a rosy tint as delicate as the flower of the bind-weed which she twisted in her fingers. The sunbeams sparkled over her head like a golden halo. She had an expression so holy, that one must have blessed and

adored her with reverence; but Marie's beauty was at the same time so youthful and moving that it inflamed Guillaume's passions. He rushed towards the young girl, and surrounding her with his arms, as if to prevent her flight, cried; "Oh! Marie, how beautiful you are!" — and he imprinted a kiss on her arm. The innocent girl did not refuse him; she looked at him with happiness, and said to him without blushing; "It is you, ah! it is you, Guillaume, who are beautiful!" And their looks mingled with transport. Marie became pale and cold; Guillaume pressed his burning lips to hers. Then, as if a mysterious and sudden revelation had penetrated her heart, she freed herself from Guillaume's embrace; then returning to herself with dignity, in her turn she touched with her lips the forehead of the young man, and said to him with a trembling voice; — "Guillaume, you are my betrothed, you are the first whose lips have touched mine; Guillaume you will be the last." And tottering with emotion, she fell fainting.

Fright made Guillaume forget that this young girl was in his power; fear made him respectful. Seeing her so pale and cold, terror seized him; he thought that he had killed her. He went to seek assistance, when David van Heem appeared.

Divining the truth, and even more, he seemed to regain the strength of his youth to hurl down Guillaume, and drive him from the studio.

"Miserable wretch, what have you done?" cried he, raising his arm against him.

"Nothing," answered Guillaume, in a tone of frankness. "I love her."

"You love her, and have insulted her?" cried the old painter; "Go; I will know the truth from her."

Guillaume departed. Marie quickly recovered. With the anxiety of a father, David van Heem dared not at first interrogate her. But when he saw that the blood again colored her cheeks, he folded her to his heart, and drying a tear, he demanded from her instantly the truth. She answered by tears; then the avowal of her love escaped from her in these words; "I love him and I have told him so."

"And he?" replied the old master with vivacity.

"Oh! he, he loves me also," said she; and she related frankly the scene which we have described.

David comprehended this spontaneous development of a feeling which we have formerly known; but he foresaw all the abandonment and danger of it. He made Marie understand that she ought to resist, not the transports of her heart, which would be always pure, but Guillaume's desires, which might mislead her. He made her feel that, which natural modesty and innocence reveal but by halves; that love ought to be concealed in the heart of a woman, until the day, when a holy sanction should come, to perpetuate by consecrating it. She understood that until then to avow her love would be to profane it, and she promised her master, that without retracting the words which had escaped from her in her innocence, she would never express to Guillaume what she felt for him,—"until" she added, "you shall tell me. You may love him, and I shall feel that this love is no longer discordant with my other sentiments; for, I must confess to you, master, I should not have chosen this love; it has come to me, it astonishes me, it is contrary to my nature; but I resist in vain; it triumphs; it intoxicates me, and overthrows the peace of my life."

"It is not love that you must conquer, replied David; it is he who is the cause of it that must be changed; there is good in Guillaume, and if he is to become my child by being united to thee, I would treat him henceforth as a son. Go, call him, let him resume his labor. You shall see him every day, at every hour, but never without me."

Marie understood the holy thoughts of the old man, and fell at his kness to bless him. Then, by his order, she recalled Guillaume, who was impatiently pacing the garden; he cleared the staircase at a bound, and rushing into the studio, said with an overflowing heart;—"Well! dear Marie, are you better?"

"So well," said David calmly, "that she is going to resume her brush; come, my children, both to your work."

Guillaume was reassured by Marie's demeanor, by her sweet smile, by her heightened color; he dared not think of dissimulation towards the old painter. Emboldened by the presence of her master, Marie addressed Guillaume first.

"But where is your picture? I have not been able to find it," said she to him.

Guillaume blushed.

"Go, seek it, if you have left it at home," said David van Heem; "I have apoken of it to a merchant, who will give you a good price for it."

"Master," murmured Guillaume, making an effort over himself, and abruptly endeavoring to disembarrass himself, "there is no longer time; I have sold it from necessity."

David van Heem did not reproach him; but he continued with a kindness that Guillaume could not explain:

"My child, that shall be so no longer; I wish that you should live henceforth at my house; you will find there all the pleasures of life, and you can then labor for glory, and not for those miserable florins, which the brokers will pay for your talent."

This indulgent kindness confounded Guillaume; he looked at Marie to know the meaning of it; the face of the young girl expressed gratitude, and her tears silently blessed the provident affection of the old man.

The characters of the greater part of the Flemish painters are a curious study; there are those who unite to a creative force and richness an uncultivated and slothful mind, incessantly stupefied by the intoxication into which their gross passions plunge them. Unpolished diamonds with a rough surface, these odd geniuses have only sparks of greatness; their art makes them touch the sublime, their nature, the base; and when youth has consumed this fleeting fire of an imperfect intellect, they die out, squalid and besotted, on the table of an inn. Guillaume was not yet so bad; but the noble David van Heem, who had seen among his schoolfellows examples of the irregularities and blemishes of genius, discovered with affright the low tendencies of the young painter; he was born with an instinct for good, but he had never had the conviction of it. Sometimes he was moved by the example of a great action or a great sentiment, but he himself never conceived the inspiration or even the first thought of it. Having from his infancy broken the salutary and holy restraints of family ties, he had delivered himself up without restraint to all the fancies which possessed him, and the habits, to which he had accustomed himself, bound him all the more strongly, that he felt a kind of pride in his independence. Guillaume gathered more from his sensations than from his soul. Beauty moved

him, a word of love made him start; the sight of deep grief and a word of despair wrung from the heart would have found him cold. He had an occasional vivacity, which came from the blood; but he was so insensible to the good, that he never had a spontaneous transport for glory or virtue. Already his fine head became less fine; retaining yet the life of youth and health, it lost by degrees that intellectual expression, so charming in the human face.

Why does not God grant to woman, in the hour when he sends her love, one of his piercing glances, which search to their depths misery and vice! Why do so many trusting, ingenuous souls yield themselves up fatally to the impure spirits, that will profane them! Light fails them, while seeking for happiness; but it shines out and seems to taunt them in the abyss of sorrow, into which they are cast, deprived of her. Marie was the soul; Guillaume was matter. He loved her for her beauty; she loved him for the faith which she had in his genius, and the sentiments, which she thought must flow from it. But, enlightened by David, this faith had become less blind. Marie comprehended that Guillaume's nature was not identical with hers, and she feared the same inequality in their loves as in their tastes; yet so powerful was the charm which attracted her to Guillaume, that she felt a deep joy in thinking that he was about to become the guest of his master, and the constant companion of her labors.

During the first days of his instalment in the house of the old painter, Guillaume did not quit the studio. He had begun a new sketch, but he painted with difficulty; — his slothful nature triumphed over his feeble will. He passed hours in looking at Marie, in replying to the words of the young girl by gestures of love; he could find no other expressions, for he had nothing in his soul. She, happy in seeing him, conversed gaily, in accents full of ardor and vivacity; she spoke art, tenderness, happiness. She painted with more sentiment and enthusiasm; love seemed to redouble her powers, whilst it had stupefied those of the young man. Did a direct and burning word of love escape from Marie, if it struck the heart of Guillaume, it did not draw forth a feeling, expressed by a tender and respectful word; the lips of the young man moved, but it

was a kiss that they would give; he inclined towards the young girl, as if to embrace her; loving yet fearful she then fled; her heart was sad and humble, and she wept, saying, "He does not love me!" The old painter remarked with grief the strife of these two opposite natures, which were at variance while seeking to approach each other; he would have separated them forever, but love, by a strange fatality, called them together.

The house of David van Heem was a calm sanctuary, a holy retreat, where virtue secured peace, and the arts that enthusiasm which embellishes and animates virtue. The fortune, which the old man had amassed by his talent, afforded him an honorable maintenance, but no splendor; none of that ostentatious luxury, which seeks to produce a fine outward effect, at the expense of happiness and inward tranquillity. David van Heem's daughters were married; he had no one but his adopted child, his dear Marie; and sometimes he thought in Guillaume's good hours, that he should be happy to unite them and die surrounded by their cares. This consoling dream was dissipated each day; he who had caused it, seemed to seek to destroy it. The hospitality of the old painter seemed burdensome to Guillaume. He found at David's house a plentiful table, but the strong liquors, to which he was accustomed and which brutalized him, never appeared there. At evening some distinguished men of the city, some illustrious travellers, some prince passing through Utrecht came to visit the great painter. They conversed, they became interested in some question of art, and never to turn the conversation, did they have recourse to play, that other bad passion, all powerful in the soul of Guillaume. Enthralled by Marie's beauty, on which he hung enraptured each day, he resisted during several weeks the call of his inveterate habits; but he could not conquer them; he had no resolution. He had finished a second picture; it was not a masterpiece, like the first; it was a work in which the life was wanting. One evening he took away this picture and did not appear at supper. Marie feared some misfortune for him, and wept. His old master foresaw some fault, and remained sad and silent. It grew late. They waited in vain for Guillaume; he did not come.

"Take courage, my noble child," said her master, leaving

her; "this man is unworthy of thee." And these words, which struck her heart, tortured her all the night. She would have rejected an affection so deep and tyrannical, but she felt mastered by it, and not being able to stifle it, she abandoned the attempt. The following day, David van Heem went out, to attend the French ambassador, who had summoned him. Marie entered the deserted studio, pale and disheartened; life seemed to her sad and weary. She recalled to mind sadly the time when she saw the days flow on for her so lightly and joyfully; she stopped before the picture which she had finished the preceding evening; it was a crown of orange flowers and white roses, a nuptial crown, destined for the daughter of Madame de la Valliere, for M'lle de Blois, who was to marry the Prince de Conti.

Although at war with their country, Louis XIV protected the Dutch artists, and had ordered this picture from Marie van Oosterwich, whose fame had reached even the court of France. The young girl had done it with love, for in tracing under her brush this virgin garland, she thought involuntarily on the day, when one similar should encircle her pure brow. Upon an urn of chased gold, Marie had draped one of those magnificent veils of Flanders lace, whose wavy shadows also adorned a likeness of the bride. Her brush had given all the delicacy of the rich design of this precious fabric, and upon this nuptial ornament she had gracefully placed the modest flowers which completed its decoration. Each orange bud, each rose in the crown had been to Marie a long and precious labor; her heart was bound up in this work; she could not bear to part with it; but the French ambassador claimed it. A few days and it would be lost to her; she wished to make a copy, but her strength failed. The tumultuous feelings which convulsed her soul disturbed the calmness requisite for those exquisite works of art.

She was still contemplating this crown which she had made under Guillaume's eye, and thinking on him when the door of the studio was suddenly thrown open. He rushed towards her, his hair in disorder, his features discomposed, bearing the stamp of despair.

"Marie, dear Marie," he cried, "you alone can save me from dishonor, and I come to you with confidence. I have

been separated from you, one day, from you my guardian angel, and my evil life has retaken me, body and soul. I have played, I have lost; I played upon honor, and I should be abused, trampled under foot, if I did not pay. They await me, they have given me but a few hours; Marie, will you save me?"

"What must be done?" said she, happy in seeing him again, and almost forgetting his offences. "Guillaume, do you wish that I should speak to my master? He is generous and good; he will come to our assistance. Do you wish what I possess? Will my little savings suffice for you? I have three hundred florins; take them, Guillaume, I pray you."

"Alas! it is not enough, said he, making an effort over himself; I owe eight hundred florins."

"Well! I will implore my master, and if he cannot give you that sum, Guilliaume, I have the diamond Medallion which the Emperor Leopold sent me; I will pawn it to a Jew."

"It will be useless, Marie; the formalities will consume too much time. I am lost, Marie; adieu, pardon me the injury that I have done you."

"Oh! why do you speak of injury?" she cried; I bless you, for when you are here, I am happy, I suffer no more. Leave me not again, find happiness with me, and take my life if thou needest it. Oh! Guillaume, what can I do to give you peace?"

And the eyes of the young girl spoke passion. She pressed the hands of Guillaume with indescribable tenderness. At this moment, she forgot that he who implored it was unworthy of her. The reunion was so sweet an intoxication, that all fears were forgotten.

"Marie," replied Guillaume, "the sacrifice is too great; I dare not exact it."

"My God! Guillaume, would you ask this picture, destined for the King of France, this picture which belongs to me no longer? I should break my word, yet I will give it you."

"What do you say, Marie? Have you divined my meaning? It is this picture which I need, and I dared not confess it to you; the other day, a broker who admired it valued it at a thousand florins; he said that he would give eight hundred for it."

"And that is the sum which you have lost? Guillaume, take it, I will paint it again from memory, I will pass nights in labor. Guillaume, go quickly, you will be too late."

And as if she had not made an immense sacrifice, she joyfully put into his hands the masterpiece designed for the daughter of Louis XIV.

"Marie, I do not deserve your kindness; I am not worthy to bless you; may God reward you!"

He was about to depart, but stopping suddenly, he felt a kind of remorse.

"I am very guilty, very base; to save myself, I expose you to the anger of the king of France; what will he say to the public sale of this picture, destined for his daughter?"

"Ah, what are such fears to me? Oh! Guillaume, you will never understand my love."

And, overcome by emotion, she fell on his neck, and began to weep; then suddenly freeing herself,

"Go!" she cried, "and may I see you again calm and free from evil remembrances."

When he had departed, she threw herself on her knees, and asked pardon of God for her idolatry. Guillaume hastened rapidly down stairs, and without seeing him, came full against David van Heem, who had just returned home. The old painter had recognised him, and when he found Marie in the studio in tears, he knew all.

"And you have let him carry away that picture," cried he with a kind of affright.

"Master, his honor was at stake; to assist him, I would have given my life!"

"My child," answered David, deeply afflicted, "misfortune has entered our doors with this man."

"Oh! say rather, happiness!" cried she with passionate sincerity; "when I see him, I am happy in dying for him. Even now, it is with joy that I weep. I have given him repose by a sacrifice which seemed sweet to me."

"You have given him repose, by destroying that of your old master. Oh! Marie, love effaces me from thy heart, and thy adopted father is no longer anything to thee!"

"Do not accuse me; can I help loving him? You have seen my struggles; I have striven with my heart; I have

been conquered; but this love is not impious; were it necessary to resign it for you, my father, you know that I would," said she, with resignation.

"Marie, the sacrifice which he has wrung from you will involve us in great misfortunes; the French army is at our gates; Louis prepares to enter our city as a conqueror; at the least offence, he can treat us as enemies. Until now, he has protected us as artists; if we irritate him, he will persecute us as Dutch and Protestants. The French ambassador has just summoned me, he has apprised me of the new successes of the French army. 'You will see our powerful monarch,' he added, 'he comes to reëstablish the Catholic religion in your conquered provinces. You, whom he has named his painter, you, whom he has ennobled, you should give an example of submission by returning into the pale of the church.' I kept silent, and the ambassador understood my thoughts. He coldly assured me of his protection; then, as I was about to take leave, he recalled me to speak of thee, Marie. 'You have,' he said to me, 'a skilful pupil, from whom our great king has ordered a picture; this work is expected at court; is it finished?' — 'Yes my lord.' — 'Well! I will send for it to-day, and I will myself go and see if your pupil will be less rebellious than you to the desires of Louis the Great.'

"'Marie van Oosterwich is the daughter of a Protestant minister,' I answered; 'she cannot renounce her religion without giving a death-blow to her father.' — 'The Bishop of Utrecht, whom France has just nominated, will give her to understand, that there is an authority yet more sacred than that of a father; it is that of a king, emanating from that of God.' Pronouncing these words, he hastily left me. You see, my child, we have everything to fear from these hostile dispositions; we must recover this picture, so imprudently delivered to Guillaume."

And without awaiting Marie's answer, David van Heem gave orders, that the young man should be sought after.

"Master," said she firmly, "it is I alone who am guilty, and I wish to bear alone the anger of the ambassador; all this has been done without your counsel; ah! I should be too much punished, should you suffer by it."

"Are you not my daughter?" said David tenderly; "our griefs like our joys cannot be divided. If the unfortunate one visit us, we will receive him together."

Guillaume returned, pale and cast down like a criminal.

"I have had you recalled," said David gravely.

"It is too late," said Guillaume bending down his head.

"I will give you eight hundred florins."

"It is too late, I tell you; the picture is sold."

"Can I not with gold obtain it from the broker?"

"It is no longer in his possession."

"And to whom has he sold it?"

"To the French ambassador," cried Guillaume in despair. "Oh! pardon me this new misfortune; I have been deceived by this man's avidity; he has taken advantage of my distress; but, believe me, oh, believe me, I was ignorant of his intentions."

The old David van Heem was thunderstruck; but he read so much suffering on Guillaume's features, that he could not find words in which to reproach him. Marie began to console them; she pressed her master's hand and the young man's together.

"Why afflict yourselves thus?" said she to them; "to aid our friends in trouble brings sweeter pleasures than the favors of princes. I am going to write to the ambassador, to try and justify myself. If I cannot appease him, why then, master, we will live in obscurity, during the occupation of the French. The triumph of the enemies of our country should indeed humble us, and their protection seem bitter to us."

"Noble child!" murmured David.

Guillaume appeared not to understand this lofty pride. While they were consulting on the means to be used to avoid persecution, a friend of David van Heem, a sheriff of the city of Utrecht, entered the studio, and said sadly to the old man; "What madness has seized you to resist the king of France? why furnish our enemies with pretexts to persecute us? The weak should submit, waiting till they shall be strong enough to revolt." And the sheriff, pressed by questions as to what they had to fear, told David van Heem, that he entered the house of the French ambassador, as he was on the point of going out, and that he had found him very much irritated at the resistance which the painter had offered to his idea of Catholic proselytism. The ambassador had wished to convert some of the distinguished citizens, and see them follow the triumphal

entry, which was in preparation for Louis XIV. He had not succeeded in his attempt on the painter, and was thinking how to revenge himself, when the Jewish broker to whom Guillaume had sold Marie's painting asked to speak with him. This broker carried on a great trade in works of art; he owned a Magazine of immense riches, and already thought of escaping the pillage of the conquerors by putting himself under the protection of the French ambassador. Other Jews, to escape losses by the war, had set the example by sending a considerable tribute of silver to France. This broker had thought of offering rare pictures, thinking thus to flatter the sovereign who had declared himself protector of the arts. When Guillaume had delivered Marie's masterpiece to the Jew, the man saw all the advantage that he could obtain from this work, by carrying it himself to the French ambassador, and offering it to him under the respectful form of a restitution. This step of the Jew had all the success that he had hoped from it. The ambassador learning that the picture came from the studio of David van Heem had promised the broker to reward his disinterestedness. At the same time he broke out in threats against the arrogant artist, "who," he said, "dared to revolt against Louis the Great." Hearing an account of this scene, David understood all the imminence of the danger which menaced him; yet he hoped to escape persecution by leading a retired life during the sojourn of the French in Utrecht. The sheriff shook his head.

"You are not a man who can be forgotten," said he to him; "if you had slavishly submitted to the will of the king, he would have loaded you with honors; you have dared to resist; much more, you have apparently dared to brave him; Louis XIV. will persecute you, he will make an example of you. You are celebrated; he will think to render his authority more imposing by the severity which he will display towards you."

"The peace of my old age is destroyed," said David van Heem sadly. "What can be done?"

"Depart with me, master, said Marie; we will go to my family at Delft, my native town, an obscure place, that persecution will not visit; there we shall regain the peace and security necessary for labor. Master, let us de-

part, and regret nothing since we shall not be separated."

She looked at Guillaume; he appeared to reflect.

"This young girl is right," said the sheriff; "you must depart, and that as quickly as possible. When you shall be no longer here, I can preserve your house from pillage; I will obtain sureties. All your arrangements can be made during the day; to-morrow be far away from Utrecht; fly from the persecution, which, doubt not, is preparing for you."

"The will of God be done," said the old David with resignation; "if my last days should be evil, at least may he watch over those of my child. My friend, I will follow your advice; I will depart to-morrow, with Marie."

"And with Guillaume," cried she full of love.

"If he wishes to share our fate," replied the master.

Guillaume seemed to awake from the reverie in which he was plunged.

"It is I who have troubled your beautiful and tranquil life," said he; "but if you forgive me, if you do not fear the influence of my society, I will never leave you."

"Never," said Marie, "and we shall be happy wherever we go." She could no longer restrain her love, it overflowed in spite of herself.

The departure was decided upon. David gave some orders to Guillaume, who went to execute them, and during his absence, he arranged with Marie all that was necessary for their emigration. While making these sad preparations, the expression of the old painter seemed more than usually melancholy; but by a contrast which existed for the last time between the sentiments of the master and the pupil, Marie's beautiful face beamed with an involuntary joy, while she was actively engaged in all the preparations for departure. David observed this emotion, and gently reproached her for it.

"When I leave in sadness the house where I was born, and should have died," said he, "without a hope of ever again returning to it, "why dost thou not share my affliction, thou, my daughter, who formerly comprehendedst all my feelings?"

"And you, master," replied she, "why can you not feel that I am happy, in giving happiness to all; to you, to my

father, to my family, whom we shall again see; to the town which we shall inhabit? Oh! it seems to me that our life will be henceforward one long festival. Guillaume loves me; this misfortune, which overtakes us, and of which he is perhaps the cause, has made his love known to me; you have heard him, Master, he has told us himself that he will never leave us. Repentance has made him good; and do you wish me to be afflicted by a misfortune which gives me his heart?"

"My God! grant that she may be happy, for it would kill her to be deceived!" said David in a low and fervent tone. "Yes, my daughter, thy happiness will make me forget my sorrows. May this happiness be as great as I desire!"

"He loves me; I wish nothing more."

"Trust to my experience to sound Guillaume's heart upon this love; let me question him. If I find him worthy of thee, from this evening he shall be thy betrothed. He will protect thee from the dangers which may menace our journey, better than I, a poor old man; and if he prove himself noble and good, on our arrival at your father's house, your union shall be accomplished."

"Master, here he is," cried Marie, who heard footsteps. "Ah! let me hear what you say to him; my heart understands his better than yours can, and I wish to hear his answer to you."

Then, as Guillaume approached, at a sign of assent from her master, she concealed herself in a corner of the carved stone balcony upon which the window of the studio opened.

Guillaume had been absent several hours; but he had not been employed all this time in executing the orders which his master had given him. He had met on his way the companions of his Bacchanalian orgies, those who the evening before had won from him the eight hundred florins. He would have avoided them; but entangled with them, he had yielded anew to that humiliating ascendency, which vice exercises over the man, who has once been weak enough to accept its dominion. Guillaume was dragged to the inn.

"I bid you adieu," said he, emptying a glass which had been just poured out; "I depart to-morrow; I leave Utrecht for a long time."

"What! you depart, when pleasures arrive?" cried all his friends.

"Do you call the triumphal entrance of our enemies into this city, which they will pillage to their heart's content, pleasure?"

"There are no enemies but crime and misery," said they, laughing; "let us unite ourselves to the victors, and we shall cease to be the vanquished. A city taken, or one which opens its gates, is a mine of pleasure for artists; noisy saturnalia, easy amours, riches quickly gained and dissipated, all this for him who knows how to enjoy it, and the 'far niente,' the 'dolce far niente' is assured to us during this happy season."

Guillaume was allured by these inducements; still he feebly resisted.

"I have promised to go," said he, "and I will go."

"Let us see! fate will decide that," cried several voices; "come, take up the dice and try; you go, or you stay; you go if you win, you remain if you lose; you must see that all the chances are in your favor; though losing, you still gain, for your departure is doubtless a penance imposed on you, and from which we shall deliver you. Good Heavens! to depart at the moment of a military invasion is renouncing the joys of taverns, and confessing yourself unworthy of them. Come, take up the dice, and let fate overcome your indecision!"

Guillaume still hesitated, but he yielded to the railleries heaped on him; he shook the dice-box, and as the dice came down,

"This pledges your word," said they; "if you lose, you remain; that is your word of honor!"

"So be it," murmured he.

The dice fell; Guillaume had lost, he was conquered.

"And now perform your oath! you will remain with us."

"'T is well, I have never failed in a promise at play; but I ought not to have done it; I had consented to depart, and I dare not go and disengage myself."

Guillaume spoke truly; cowardly and timid in all his actions, he was neither proud enough, nor strong enough, to resist the persuasions of others; and when he had yielded to them, he had not the courage to avow openly that he

had done so. To avoid all explanation with David van Heem, and especially to escape Marie's presence, he had thought of letting them both depart without seeing them again; but a remnant of delicacy prevented him; he had received money from the old painter to make some purchases; he must render an account of it.

They made him swear again that he would not depart, and he must perform this oath; for he, who violated the most sacred duties, believed himself bound by an oath, made at play in a drunken fit. Till we meet again, repeated he; and walked slowly towards the quiet house of David van Heem, which night already veiled.

Entering the studio, he was happy not to see Marie.

"My son," said David to him kindly, "you are very late."

"Master, here are your purchases; these colors, these oils, these brushes required selection; it has taken me a long time. This is what I have expended, here is the money due to you."

"It is well, my friend."

"Adieu, master; I have now something to do for myself."

And already he had repassed the threshold of the door.

"Is the affair which calls you so pressing, that you cannot listen to me?"

"Master, I will return."

He sought to avoid an explanation by a falsehood. David took him by the arm.

"Guillaume, it concerns the happiness that I wish to give you; do you love Marie?"

"She is so beautiful!" said the young man with vivacity, who could understand in this woman, the noblest of beings, nothing but her beauty.

"But do you love her?" replied the master; "do you understand the worth of her soul and genius?"

"I understand that I love her, while beholding her."

"And when you think of her, do you understand it?"

"I love rather her presence, than the remembrance of it; a word of love uttered by her mouth, rather than a word of love that she may write to me; a kiss of love that she might give me would be sweeter than her acts of devotion; but Marie will never understand that; she is cold as the marble virgins of our temple."

Eternal reproach of the libertine to the modest woman, of the man who mistakes the fire of the blood for warmth of soul, and believes not in the love which is drowned in tears, but in that which bursts forth boldly.

"Marie loves you enough," replied David, "to give you all the pleasures of which she dreams in her virgin heart, and those which you might wish to obtain from her."

"She loves me in her way, which is not mine; I must renounce her."

"Renounce her," cried the old man, pained as if the blow, which was to strike Marie, had reached him. "You believe yourself then unworthy of Marie? your vices are then so inveterate that love cannot make you conquer them? Guillaume, return to the right path, there is yet time; an angel and an old man near your heart might guide you in life; if you repulse them, you will perish in the mire."

"I am unworthy of you, I am unworthy of her."

"Unworthy by weakness, unworthy because you do not love; for love strengthens us and overturns all obstacles; it renders easy that which seems impossible to one who does not love. It melts the soul by its tenderness, it elevates it by its greatness, it illumines it by its brightness. Guillaume, Marie's love ought to shine on you and regenerate you." The old man spoke warmly, and the young man remained cold; he could not understand.

"The love of this angel will change your nature, continued David; it is the happiness which awaits your life; evil will flee, when you shall have fled from it; you will return to her pure; let this day efface the past. Banish the remembrance of the images of vice; you are no longer the young lawless rover, Guillaume, you may at this moment become the betrothed of Marie. Say only that you love her enough to make her happy; that you feel bold and strong enough to protect her against dangers during our flight? After this noviciate of happiness, you will be her husband; there is the goal, it depends on you to attain it."

Guillaume did not reply. David thought for a moment that the intoxication of his soul rendered him dumb.

"Come," he said to him, "let me bless thee. I will call Marie, I will place the nuptial ring on your finger; this consecration will unfold a new life to you."

"I will return," murmured Guillaume, bending down his head with shame."

"What is your thought?" murmured David with deep emotion, for a dreadful doubt struck him. "If you have an infamous design, dare at least to avow it."

"I cannot depart," said Guillaume in a low tone.

"Ah! I knew it," said David, rushing upon him; "you are a scoundrel; you have drawn misfortune upon the young girl and the old man; you have pillaged them, and now you abandon them. You have killed my child; coward, take my curse; I could wish you dead."

Guillaume freed himself from the grasp of the unfortunate painter, and meanly quitted that dwelling into which he had brought despair. Then David hastily went to Marie; he had heard the fall of a body, and felt that it was his dearly loved child who was dying. As if pierced by a dagger, Marie had fallen under the stroke of a word that broke her heart. The emotion of the old man was as violent; but it was all inward; seeing the baseness of Guillaume, that cool baseness which acts without remorse, he would have crushed him like a reptile, and when his arm fell powerless, he regretted his youth and wept. This dreadful hour, this strife of bitter feelings had at once made David a man of an hundred years. The preceding evening his vigorous and flourishing old age gave promise of many and happy years. The thought that he could die never occurred to those who looked at him. A sudden change, a death-blow stunning as a stroke of apoplexy had fallen upon him. Pale, exhausted, his complexion dull and lifeless, you would have said that his blood was petrified in his veins, that it no longer circulated; looking at him you would have thought that the end of life was fast approaching. When Marie had recovered, she fixed her looks on her master, who wept and supported her in his arms. She was struck by the dreadful change in his features, and throwing aside the grief which was killing herself; "Oh! speak to me," said she to the old man; do not be so sad and despairing; do not weep for me, these tears kill you. See, I am strong, I will live for you, only live for me. My master, my father, forget this dreadful dream, and let us again find that peace which we once had." And she sought to console him, she who was in-

consolable; she appeared again to hope, she who hoped no longer; she spoke of living, while she carried death in her bosom; for her eyes had been suddenly opened. This old man, who had surrounded her with paternal love and true happiness, might in an instant fall dead beside her, struck down by a grief which came through her, and which he felt to the depths of his soul as keenly as she had done. She understood this exceeding great affection, she saw it in all its depth, and the idea that he, who lavished it upon her each day, might die, made that fatal sentiment, that love which had caused it, appear impious to her. She violently tore the image of Guillaume from the depths of her soul; she rent her bosom, to bury it there, and smiled on the old man whom her sufferings had overwhelmed.

"We must depart before to-morrow's dawn," said she calmly; "master, take some rest; I will complete with your servants the preparations for departure. See, I am well now; but you, you suffer? renew the strength necessary for our journey." — And when he would console her; "fear nothing," said she; "God has cured me."

David slept deeply and painfully. Marie watched all the night, sometimes at his bedside, sometimes busy in giving orders. During this painful watch a feverish trembling seized her; her thoughts crowded upon one another in her burning head, and dreadful images passed before her eyes. Sometimes she appeared to dream; it seemed to her that her spirit wandered in a mysterious and dread infinity, an eternal circle formed in space by grief. She had strange visions, trances, which annihilated her. It seemed to her that her body was dissolved, and that her soul suffered alone in incessant torment. She had no longer a distinct perception of what had thrown her into this mental delirium. Guillaume was mingled with the phantoms of her tortured imagination, and by turns before her under the seducing form of the angel and the impure one of a reptile. Night and misfortune made all their shadows glide before her; when the day which began to dawn came to dissipate her sad dreams, she made a supernatural effort to free herself from grief, but dragged it with her. She quitted the couch of her master who still slept, and seeking bitter emotions with a strange avidity, she wished to see again for the last time the studio, where her beautiful years

had flowed on so calmly and sweetly. She leaned upon that trellised window, where the bind-weed and the clematis intertwined their flowers. The sun shed its first beam in the east, and this ray of light glittered among the leaves, yet sprinkled with pearls of dew. The songs of birds and the perfume of flowers rose from the garden and spread around her. Attracted on awaking by the fragrance and the sweet sounds, she remembered suddenly, that on a similar morning, two months before, Guillaume had found her musing on him, in this same place; a word and a kiss had escaped from their souls at the same time and mingled on their lips. Marie had given up her life in that kiss; she had believed that a new world was opened for her, she had peopled it with wonders and felicity; and now this world was bare and waste; grief had sowed it with thorns.

"Undeceived so soon, oh my God!" cried she, "what have I done to deserve this dreadful grief?" She wept; then she began praying for resignation. Pale and dismayed like the Magdalen of Canova, there was no longer anything terrestrial in her touching features; the freshness of youth and health had left her cheeks; one night had sufficed to make her old; and she also would have been startled at the change in her features, if she had thought of looking at them. Prayer had opened her soul to resignation, to that regenerating virtue, whose worship fills half of the life of woman, and succeeds her days of blighted hopes. The young Christian rose grave and sad. She repaired to her master, to assist him in putting on a travelling dress, and supporting the sinking old man, she put him into the modest travelling carriage which was to convey them far from Utrecht. One faithful servant took charge of the equipage. When they had lost sight of the house, Marie felt her heart sink, but she restrained her tears. The old painter had not the same strength; he wept; he felt that the adieu was eternal. They travelled on some time in silence, neither speaking; they feared lest all their emotion should betray itself in their speech. The old man spared the grief of his child, the child that of the old man; at last emotion overcame them, it broke forth in sobs; these paroxysms of grief, which occurred many times during the journey, completed the wreck of the dying painter's strength.

The same day that these two exiles departed so sadly from the sleeping town, it awoke joyful, tumultuous, and in festal attire to open its gates to the king of France who had conquered it.

"Louis," says Voltaire, "made his triumphal entry into this city, attended by his grand Almoner, his confessor, and the nominal Archbishop of Utrecht. They repaired with solemnity to the chief Catholic church. The Archbishop, who bore only the vain name of one, was for some time established in a real dignity. The religion of Louis XIV. made conquests as well as his arms."

Having arrived at Delft, Marie conducted her old master to the house where her family lived; but there a sad trial yet awaited her. No sound issued from the house, animated formerly by Marie's little brothers and sisters; all was sad and desolate at the entrance; the domestic animals no longer grazed at the foot of the walls formerly so full of life. The emigrants knocked at the door with a kind of dismay, and when an old servant, who had brought Marie up, opened it to them,

"My father, my mother?" stammered the young girl, whose emotion altered her voice.

"How! do you not know," replied the servant. "Have you not then received the letter, in which they inform you of their flight, telling you to return to Delft, and watch over your dying grandfather, who could not follow them? It is then Heaven which has inspired you, leading you hither. Come my child, come and see your grandfather, he is expecting you."

Marie followed the good woman to the bedside of the paralytic old man, whose face already bore the marks of death; recognising the child of his son, John van Oosterwich made a motion; he would have extended his arms to Marie, and his strength failing, a tear of grief and tenderness escaped from the old man.

"What has become of them?" cried she in anguish; "why have they left you alone?"

"I forced them to depart," replied the old man feebly, "to escape by flight from the Catholic persecution which menaced them. They have gone to rejoin their brothers in England; there, the protection of all the people will again give them a country. Your father would not leave

me; like Æneas, he would have carried away his old father in his arms; but feeling that I had but few days to live, I did not wish that my body should be buried in a foreign land, and I have depended on thee to close my eyes,"

While hearing the old man's words, Marie held her head bent on her bosom; the sad and calm expression of her face told that her soul was resigned. God had struck her without warning, he had extinguished at once the glory of youth which adorned her brow, and sullied the home of happiness within her soul. He had cast grief on the young maiden, under all forms, and she in her virtue had accepted it without murmuring. Yesterday, and her destiny was brilliant and happy; beauty and genius were resplendent in her, glory summoned her to its triumphs, love to its felicities; to-day, prostrated by deceptions and sufferings, she was bending like an angel between two dying old men; for the counterpart of all his sorrows had annihilated David van Heem, and the old painter seeing John van Oosterwich die, said to himself, that he also was on the brink of the grave.

Some days after her return to her father's house, Marie closed the eyes of her grandfather; and when his coffin was closed, a strong and pious woman, she returned to watch over the couch on which her old master languished. The faculties of the artist had been suspended by misfortune; you would have said that his intellect, formerly so keen, was no longer alive except to suffering; all his brilliant past seemed effaced from his mind; he had retained only the remembrance of that dreadful hour, when Guillaume had given him his death-blow by destroying the happiness of his adopted child. As he felt his last moments approach, this remembrance awoke yet more bitter and poignant. All the clearness of his thoughts seemed to return to him; he spoke to Marie of Guillaume, for a long time, without hatred, coldly, and with that enlightened wisdom which the dying display when speaking of the passions.

"My daughter," said he, imprinting a kiss on Marie's forehead, with his already livid lips, "my daughter, your career will still be long, you will render it illustrious by your talents; you will again love glory, which when you were yet a child smiled on you like a mother, and then

your brow, brightened once more by her, will regain the youth and beauty which grief effaces. That hour of consolation will come to you, and your destiny will again be brilliant; then the man who has troubled your youth, weary of his wandering, miserable life, may seek to shelter himself under your glorious and honored name. Oh, my child, in that hour recollect that he pierced you to the heart, less through cruelty, than through weakness; recollect that he could not conquer himself and renounce vice to render himself worthy of you; and, if he say to you, that misfortune has changed him, do not follow the promptings of your goodness and love. Marie, if you should still love him, when you again see him, if you feel that his life is necessary to yours, exact a proof of repentance, demand that an entire year of diligent labor assure you of the change in his profligate life. Labor ennobles and purifies man. If Guillaume should love you enough to devote a year of his life to labor, virtue, the sap of life, may again arise in his soul. My child, you understand me, a year of trial, a year in which love shall not make you weak; you will be severe to the prodigal child; like an incensed parent, you will conceal your pardon and tenderness in the depths of your soul; you will remember me, and in this remembrance, gather strength to resist. Swear to your dying master that his will shall be accomplished, and he will depart with less pain from that world in which he leaves you without him. The oath which you are about to make will protect you, and you cannot be absolved from it but by happiness."

Marie, melted by the provident tenderness of the dying painter, swore never to belong to Guillaume, until he had passed through the trial exacted by the dying painter. A serene expression shone an instant on the brow of the old man, and as if his last thought had been uttered, he spoke no more, and some minutes after ceased to breathe.

Marie's task was accomplished; what had she to do in this world? The isolation of her life, the void in her heart made her desire to repose near those whom she had lost. She thought not of resuming her brushes; she forgot her art; grief had effaced everything, and she sought no longer that great relief which she formerly found in painting; sadness enchained her thoughts; she remained

bowed down under her burden of grief as if condemned of heaven. She was in this exhausted state, when she received a letter from her family, emigrants in England. Her father, who had learned the death of the two old men, sent for his dearly loved child; he told her that the King of England had offered to her, through him, the office of court painter. He spoke to her of fame and fortune; but these goods were no longer anything to Marie. Besides, would her parents, whom she had not seen from childhood, understand the sufferings that killed her? They knew among the events which had befallen her only the two deaths of which she had been witness; they suspected not the more trying changes which had passed in her heart. In her modest grief, Marie would not reveal her inward torments; her master alone had learned them by sharing them, and had carried the secret with him to his grave. Marie did not feel the strength to confess to her father this love, which had broken into her life and her career of talent. Besides, it seemed to her that her days were coming to a close, and she would have reproached herself for carrying into a family, who awaited her as a consolation, the sight of the agony of her heart. She wrote to her father that she would remain in Holland to finish some works there, and that, wishing to merit the protection which the King of England offered her, she would finish a work worthy of him, which she would herself offer at a future time. This answer, which left her time to die as she thought in the agony of her grief, was dictated by a feeling which she did not confess to herself; to quit Holland without again seeing Guillaume, without knowing his fate, his future life, that was impossible for her heart which had given itself up wholly to him. Besides, that land where she had suffered, where she had loved, was dear to her; like her grandfather, she would be buried there. Notwithstanding the dejection which overwhelmed her, she imposed on herself the duty of fulfilling the promise which she had made to her father, began with the languor of an enfeebled inspiration the picture destined to the King of England; and labor like a soft couch soothed the poignancy of her grief. Her soul, fed with sad images and gloomy recollections, made use of melancholy as of a state of meditation through which we must pass, before raising

ourselves to God. The serenity which labor restored shed around her an atmosphere of peace which resembled happiness, and soon Marie was cited not only as the most honored and famous woman, but as the most happy in the little town where she lived. They knew nothing of her inward sufferings. The old housekeeper, who was present at her birth and still carefully watched over her, did not divine the cause of her sadness, and, seeing her calm and resigned, thought that the mournful scenes of death through which she had passed already began to be effaced from her memory. She resumed her brushes, at first without energy, then the necessity of an active life occurred to her and roused her weakened powers. She painted several little pictures in which she reproduced sad and modest flowers, creations to which she seemed to impart soul and in which her grief was reflected. Her fame attracted princes and illustrious travellers to Delft. She fled from the world, but the world sought her. They imposed tasks on her, loading her with honors. The Empress of Austria and the Queen of England sent her their portraits set in diamonds. They cast round her life pleasures which she did not seek; but the wound which she concealed from all eyes remained always fresh and bleeding. Many years passed away thus. She had hoped to die, and she languished in the midst of a world that worshipped her and believed her happy. Ah! of what avail to her youth was glory, without love. She felt that she was growing old, without having attained the fulfilment of her destiny. She was still beautiful, but of a saddened beauty, which seemed cold and dignified when no tender feeling marked it with the impress of her soul.

In vain had she sought to discover what had become of Guillaume, during the five years which had passed since that day when he had blasted her life by his baseness, and with the same blow struck dead her unhappy master. Since these sad events she had learned nothing of his fate. She strove with herself in her long days of solitude and labor; she tried to stifle a sentiment which seemed to her guilty; she reproached herself remorsefully for the remembrance which linked her to Guillaume, but she could not free herself. There are women whose souls are given but once, and their bodies never. These are angels of purity and

love, whom God banishes for a time, and who return to him unsullied by the earth.

Marie's house was at once modest and elegant; modest in its construction which her father had directed, and which became the simplicity of a minister of the Gospel; elegant through the works of art with which Marie had adorned it, and the gardens which surrounded it from which the rarest flowers breathed their perfumes. Marie's studio opened out upon these gardens; by her exertions this studio now resembled somewhat that, in which she painted with David van Heem at Utrecht. On his dying bed her master bequeathed to her all the precious objects which adorned the sanctuary of his studies, and when labor had rendered her more calm, Marie surrounded herself with all these memorials; she sought to revive the past. The portrait of the old painter himself looked down on her as formerly with tenderness, and seemed to encourage to exertion in her hours of depression and grief. In a frame covered with a veil, which she alone raised, was another head, whose image was imprinted in her soul, and which her brush had reproduced with a miraculous truth; it was Guillaume, young, handsome, and impetuous, as he appeared to her at first. She asked pardon of God and her old master, for having painted it; but an irresistible desire had urged her on; she needed to see him again, in fancy, in dreams; she needed to feel that she saw this phantom which had eluded her love. For this woman, so illustrious and still so young and beautiful, the present and future were nothing; her life was all contained in the days now vanished; life was for her henceforth nothing but remembrance.

In front of the window of the studio, where Marie passed her days, on the other side of the garden which it overlooked, rose a small house, whose windows always closed attracted her sadly wandering eyes in her moments of repose and reverie. She knew that this unoccupied house formerly belonged to a friend of her father, long since dead; the heirs had endeavored to sell it, but had not yet found a purchaser. A door opening into Marie's garden attested the intimacy which had existed between the proprietors of these two houses which thus faced each other. But it was long since this door of communication, closed

by death, had been opened, and the ivy growing in the cracks already twined itself over the deserted dwelling. Marie said to herself sometimes; "Why do these windows remain eternally closed? Why does not some smiling friendly face come and bend down over these stone balconies to look at me? A smile, a look, would do me so much good; my heart is cold in this loneliness. Why, if I should die for it, can I not again see Guillaume? If he lived there, this gloomy dwelling would be animated; I should see him glide behind those windows, where now I see but empty space. I could love him, without telling him of it; but I should feel that he was near me, and my solitude would be peopled, for the torments of an unquiet life are preferable to the tortures of the repose in which I am buried. Oh! return, should thy presence be death; oh, return, for there are hours when I need to love, and I can love none but thee; why resist this love; my God, thou seest the death of my old master could not extinguish it; it is an affliction which thou hast sent upon me, and to which I must submit with resignation. A more profound depression succeeded these transports of her soul. Marie's health sank under it, and she felt a kind of pleasure in seeing her strength decrease, in counting the hours of her life which were passing away.

One summer's day, towards noon, she lay half-reclining on a bank of turf shaded by two flowering acacias. The air around was filled with the exquisite perfume from the alabaster bunches hanging from the branches of the vines. Marie inhaled this air, and sought to warm herself by the pale beams of the sun of the North. She felt a kind of gentle languor free from pain; while a dreamy veil stole over her thoughts as if she were falling asleep. Yet, she saw everything around her; her eyes were not closed; her soul alone had ceased to perceive. She heard the sound of steps, she saw the leaves stirred, a man stood before her; she rose, looked at him some moments without recognising him; then as if her soul had sprung from chaos,

"Guillaume," she cried, and falling in his arms, she strained him to her heart one minute with the energy of a long-expected happiness, then suddenly repelling him, as if conscience-stricken, "Oh!" she cried, "you have killed my master!" The shock of her emotions recalled

her to life. The remembrance of the oath which she had made to the old man, arose between her and her overflowing love. Grief rendered her calm; she reseated herself, and extending her hand to Guillaume; "You are welcome; I needed to see you to pardon you; Guillaume, I do not bear you any ill-will. Are you happy?" and Marie's tears betrayed her emotion. Guillaume fell at her feet; he would have humbled himself before her, and could not find words to express the mingled sensations of pleasure and love which it was yet granted to his imperfect nature to feel; he looked upon her as formerly, but perhaps with less tenderness; she seemed to him less beautiful. Guillaume could not admire this pallid beauty, the saddened reflex of the soul, which strikes but few even of the chosen. Yet this divine charm still enchained his earthly desires, and he said to her with love;

"Marie, I return to you, after many years of misfortunes and follies; I will expiate the past, if you do not reject me; for, I feel it, near you, I can make myself everything that is good."

He pronounced these words with that simple and true accent which enforces conviction.

Guillaume also was changed. If Marie's face bore traces of the lofty, passionate, and pure sentiments which filled her soul, his showed the impress of the gross desires which degraded his life. His eyes were no longer brilliant; his brow was furrowed by untimely wrinkles; his mouth, thick and voluptuous, seemed to have retained the stamp of the strong drink and bad language of taverns. His sallow and hanging cheeks took from the nobleness and purity of his features. He was handsome still, but of a degraded beauty which no longer touched the soul. When she whose life he had blighted looked at him, she asked herself if this was indeed the ideal being, who for five years had kindled her soul, the man whose fatal power had enchained all her faculties, he for whom she died each day. Disenchanted by his presence, she felt herself strong to resist Guillaume, she who in the delirium of her passion, in the despair of solitude had given herself up as lost to the image which she invoked. The ascendency which she regained over her own heart had rendered her calm and tranquil; she spoke to Guillaume with the interest of a sister;

she asked him where had passed his years of absence, what were his wishes for the future. Touched in what of heart still remained to him, by that voice so full of kindness, he replied with eagerness, that she was his future, that he would never leave her, whom he wished to surround with love and devotion. "Ah! let me unite my life to yours," said he, "and I shall become better. Let your shadow shelter me, let me but feel you always near me, and I shall follow a noble path. Marie, do not reject me; you once named me your betrothed, call me now your husband." Those words which Guillaume spoke with assurance, struck Marie's heart, and brought her new illusions. Yet, in the feeling which prompted Guillaume, there was more egotism than true love. Since he remained at Utrecht, abandoning to misfortune so basely the old man and the young girl, he had passed his vagabond life amidst the hardening influences of misery and shame. His indolent temperament preventing him from laboring to satisfy his wants and his vicious passions, he was reduced at times to the depths of poverty. Compromised by his losses at play, and his disputes in taverns, he had shared the malefactors' gaol. In fine he had sullied, with all the impurities of the world, the genius with which Heaven had gifted him. He became weary of this life, because on the little pallet of a hospital or prison he had no longer the pleasure of vice; and then that sensuality, which had driven him to vice, recalled him to virtue. He had travelled in Italy, executed pictures ordered by princes, sojourned at the court of Tuscany, where he had been loaded with favors by the Grand Duke, who, one day, admiring one of his works, sent him, as a token of his satisfaction, a gold chain and medal of honor. Raised from his degradation and coming to himself again, Guillaume remembered Marie, and desired again to see his country. Marie, who was the pride of Holland, had gained, by her talents, fortune and independence. By uniting his life to that of this noble woman, a competency without labor he thought would be assured to him, and his nature led him instinctively to this calculation. Without penetrating the depth of this involuntary selfishness, Marie, resisting his entreaties, recalled the warning of her dying master, and the trial to which she had promised to subject Guillaume, before mingling her pure destiny with his sullied

life. Resolute in opposing her oath to the impulses of her heart, she replied to the passionate words of Guillaume; "I believe in your love; the sentiment which has filled my life could not be a stranger to yours; the past unites us, and it depends on you, that the future should no longer separate us. You see that uninhabited house?" said she, pointing to the deserted mansion which we have described; "that dwelling awaits a master. From this evening, purchased for you it belongs to you; this solitude which has looked gloomy to me will be animated by your presence. I have for a long time cherished this hope as a dream; God has realized it. We shall there be near each other; two fruitful sympathies, labor and love, will make us live in the same thought. In our hours of relaxation, this door, always hitherto closed, will be opened. You shall come to me, Guillaume, to breathe the sweet air of this garden, and behold the beautiful heaven which we shall look upon with eyes that understand one another. We will speak of the happiness which awaits us, when the trial shall be accomplished."

"Why a trial?" cried Guillaume; "time hurries on swiftly; why delay the hour of happiness?"

"To enjoy it more fully! I wish you to love me, and be illustrious; acquire the glory to which your genius is entitled; one year of labor, and my life belongs to thee!"

"One year," murmured Guillaume, "one year lost to love!"

"One year," cried Marie, with grief, "one year of sweet hope, of submission, of love; one year in expiation of five years of torture, which I have endured for thee, say, is it too much, Guillaume?"

He would have opposed and hurried away the unhappy one, but she was firm; misfortune had made her resolute. She required perfect happiness or death; the regeneration of Guillaume's soul, or his renunciation of her.

Guillaume took possession of the house the same evening. By the cares of this angelic woman, the apartment which looked upon the garden, was quickly transformed into a studio, and furnished with works of art. Marie herself installed her friend in the house purchased for him, and of which she made him the gift. Guillaume wished to retain her, and speak to her of love; she resisted him;

then approaching the balcony parallel with that of the opposite house on which would open her studio; "During our hours of labor," she said, "we shall see each other, we shall exchange looks of encouragement, and if you love me, Guillaume, you will not fail in the trial. According to the wish of our dying master, you should each day during a whole year devote eight hours to the study of your art; you should execute the masterpieces of which you conceive the design, but which your idle pencil refuses to produce. You should renounce the bad passions, the indulgence of which has done you so much evil. Adieu; this shall be your initiation to happiness."

Making an effort to tear herself from him, she quickly passed the door which opened into the garden and shut it after her. Then Guillaume, still leaning on the balcony, seeing her disappear under the shade of an alley, exclaimed with vexation; "Cold-hearted woman, in thee pride has destroyed love!" These words struck Marie's heart like the most cutting raillery; her strength gave way under her excitement; she leaned against the trunk of a tree and began to weep. "Cold," cried she, in a hollow voice; "cold, because I do not yield to his desires; cold, while I am dying of a love which he has never been able to understand. My God, hasten for me that hour when the passions are quenched! my blood and my soul burn; I need repose. My God, make me cold by death!" And covering her face with her hands, she remained a long time motionless under the influence of her vehement thought. Seeing Guillaume, comparing him with her remembrance of him, with his image which she had embellished by her passionate reveries, he appeared to her at first, like a fallen being, whom she had strength to resist; but when Guillaume spoke to her of happiness and love, when he revived in her the fresh hopes which had vanished, the man prematurely grown old suddenly regained his youth under the fire of his own words; under Marie's look, his face again became beautiful, and weary of suffering, she attached herself with infatuation to an illusion. "Must I yield myself up wholly to thee, to make thee believe in my love?" thought she; "must I renounce those sentiments which come to me from God? Well, debase me, profane my soul, make me die of grief and humiliation;

since thou canst not render me happy, kill me. Come, I resist thee no longer! . . ." And the madness was in her brain and she demanded an hour of happiness at the expense of eternity. "Come, tell me that you love me, and I will take the intoxication of thy senses for the tenderness of thy soul. I need to be deceived, I need to feel my life confounded with thine, and to die believing that thou hast loved me." Her heart broke under this ardent aspiration, her forehead burned within her hands; she raised her head to inhale the coolness of the night. Her eyes, wet with scalding tears, rested on the calm and radiant moon, which seemed to smile on her. Nature and Heaven were in harmonious repose. In the presence of this imposing serenity, Marie felt humbled by the agitation which devoured her. The contemplation of the heaven recalled to her the soul of her old master, who watched over her. Fortified by this thought, she hastened rapidly from this place so near to Guillaume's abode, and when she had gained her chamber, and when resting on the window, she looked anxiously on the balcony of the deserted house, where she had left him; he was no longer there. Guillaume felt not the restless delirium which overwhelmed his friend.

The words, which he had uttered and which had touched so deeply the heart of the poor girl, had escaped from him as a selfish lamentation, as the complaint of the egotist, who saw escape from him the blessings which he had hoped to enjoy. Yet, pleased with the comfort with which he saw himself surrounded, he resolved to labor according to Marie's wishes, less in response to her love, than to make sure of a position of which he already tasted the sweets. For nearly a month, Guillaume worked with zeal; each morning, Marie opening the window of her studio, saw him, brush in hand, seated before the canvass on which he painted. They saluted from afar with a friendly nod, they exchanged some words of love, then said adieu, and returned to their work; when evening came, they passed some hours together in the garden, whose space had separated them all the day. Marie then spoke of the future; she told her dreams as a woman and an artist, the happiness and glory that awaited them, all that she would do for him; he replied gratefully, and this sentiment lent tenderness to the tone of his voice. But the

feeling was no longer in his heart; for Guillaume, the feeling was, as we have seen, a kind of desire which was no longer excited in the presence of Marie, each day more languid and pale. She seemed to die while waiting for happiness. Her frame, now frail and drooping, had no longer that beauty of blood and life which had attracted the gross organization of the young man, and had drawn from him formerly words of passion. Marie soon perceived the change in the feelings with which she inspired him. She had never felt assured of being beloved, but at times, some expressions of tenderness uttered by Guillaume had renewed her illusion. Now these flashes of hope, these occasional gleams came only to deceive her; pained by the presence of him whom she had so much loved, she would have fled from him, the better to suffer. She felt, with a kind of consolation, that her life was ebbing away. One day she told Guillaume, that repose was needful to her to regain her strength, and that she should not see him for some time. Without doubt, he did not understand that she was about to die, for he quitted her without emotion. In the first days of this seclusion which she imposed on herself, Marie watched eagerly the house opposite hers where Guillaume lived; she followed him with her looks into his studio; she counted his hours of labor, and when he was faithful to his promise, a feeble hope awoke in her heart; but the morning dissipated the illusion of the evening. Soon, she saw Guillaume but a few minutes; he even forgot to place himself at the balcony to salute her; finally, he ceased entirely to make his appearance; he no longer came to the dwelling of his benefactress to inform himself if she were better; and Marie, weary with suffering and hoping in vain, implored death as a deliverer.

One evening she was devoured by fever; she left her bed, and opening her window, she exposed herself half-dressed to the cold night-air. Resting on the balcony, she fixed her looks on the house where Guillaume lived; one window was lighted; her burning eye darted there with avidity; she thought she saw two shadows glide past the window; one of them was Guillaume's, the other, . . . she leaned out of the balcony as if this movement would have cleared the space, . . . the other was the shadow of a woman!

Urged on by emotions of rage and jealousy, to which her pure and resigned nature had heretofore been a stranger, regaining her strength in the excitement of her grief, Marie rushed into the garden, devoured the space, passed the door which communicated with the formerly deserted house, and with one bound ascending the staircase, she placed herself like a shadow on the threshold of the lighted room. Pallid, erect, she resembled a spectre whose haggard eye comes to interrogate the living. You would have said that she demanded an account from that man for the profanation of her life. He was there miserably crouched at a table covered with empty bottles. With purple face, drunken eye, drooping and besotted lips, he smiled on a young villager, seated near him, vigorous, beautiful, but of a merely carnal beauty. The furniture was in disorder about them; the most precious works of art had been profaned; upon pictures of great price lay some remnants of the food; Etruscan vases were filled with liquor and wine, and this apartment, adorned by the love of a noble woman, was now stained by orgies and debauchery. Marie remained motionless; consternation took from her all power of speech; she thought herself mad. Suddenly Guillaume raised his eyes; he saw this white form, this face where there was no longer life; he was affrighted. The girl who was near him turned her head to the same side, and full of fear pressed close to Guillaume, saying; "what does that phantom want of us?" Marie remained motionless; Guillaume trembled; "Pardon," cried he with altered voice, "I knew that you were dying, that you were dead, and I have chosen in life a woman who resembled you; this girl is beautiful as thou wert when I saw thee at Utrecht; she grants me the happiness that you have always refused me; I love her in memory of thee. Oh! Marie, do not curse me!..." Intoxication plunged Guillaume in a kind of hallucination which showed to him, as a spectre escaped from the tomb, her whom he had killed by his outrages. At these words, Marie turned her ardent eye on the young girl, who rested on the heart where she, alas! could never repose; she eagerly scanned her features; and, recalling her own face before grief had faded it, she recognised the resemblance which Guillaume had remarked; there was the same car-

nation, the same form, the same outline; but the seal of feeling and intellect was wanting in this effigy. Marie comprehended then clearly with what love Guillaume knew how to love; and casting on the man of flesh a last look, a look of pity for himself, she said to him slowly; "I pardon thee, adieu. . . ." Then she vanished like a shadow. At these words, which they believed pronounced by a spectre, struck with terror, Guillaume, and she whom he held, fell fainting.

Marie van Oosterwich died that night; her hand was stiffened while writing the testament of her last wishes; she bequeathed to her family half of her fortune, and left the other half to the hospital at Delft, with the reservation, that they should pay yearly an alimony to Guillaume van Aelst, leaving him always ignorant of the hand which imparted the benefit. She did not wish that he, whom she had once loved, should pass through the last degrees of misery and shame.

A.

SILENCE AND SPEECH.

A LITTLE pleasant bubbling up
From the unfathomable ocean,
A little glimmering from the unmeasured sun,
A little noise, a little motion —
Such is human speech:
I to thee would teach
A truth diviner, deeper
Than this empty strife —
For thou art the keeper
Of the wells of life.

Godlike Silence! I would woo thee —
Leave behind this thoughtless clamor,
Journey upward, upward to thee,
Put on thy celestial armor.
Let us speak no more,
Let us be divinities;
Let poor mortals prate and roar;
Know we not how small it is
To be ever uttering,
Babbling and muttering?

Thou canst never tell the whole
Of thine unmanageable soul.
Deeper than thy deepest speech,
  Wiser than thy wisest thought,
Something lies thou canst not reach,
  Never to the surface brought.

Masses without form or make,
Sleeping gnomes that never wake,
Genii bound by magic spells,
Fairies and all miracles,
Shapes unclassed and wonderful,
Huge and dire and beautiful,
Dreams and hopes and prophecies
Struggling to ope their eyes,
All that is most vast and dim,
  All that is most good and bad,
Demon, sprite, and cherubim,
  Spectral troops and angels glad,
Things that stir not, yet are living,
Up to the light forever striving,
Thoughts whose faces are averted,
  Guesses dwelling in the dark,
Instincts not to be diverted
  From their ever-present mark —
Such thy inner soul, O man,
Which no outward eye may scan,
Wonderful, most wonderful —
Terrible and beautiful!
Speak not, reason not — but live;
Reins to thy true nature give,
And in each unconscious act
Forth will shine the hidden Fact.

Yet this smooth surface thou must break,
Thou must give as well as take.

Why this silence long and deep?
Dost thou wake, or dost thou sleep?
Up and speak — persuade and teach!
What so beautiful as speech?
  Sing us the old song,
  Be our warbling bird,
Thou hast sealed thy lips too long,
And the world must all go wrong,
  If it hath no spoken word.

Out with it - - thou hast it!
We would feel it, taste it.
Be our Delphic oracle,
Let the Memnon-statue sing,
Let the music rise and swell,
  We will enter the ring

Where the silent Ones dwell,
And we will compel
The powers that we seek
Through us to sing — through us to speak.
And hark — Apollo's lyre!
Young Mercury, with words of fire!
And Jove — the serene Air — hath thundered,
As when by old Prometheus
The lightning stolen for our use
From out his sky was plundered!

Man to his SOUL draws near,
And silence now hath all to fear,
Her realm is invaded
Her temple degraded —
For Eloquence like a strong and turbid river
Is flowing through her cities. On forever
The mighty waves are dashing, and the sound
Disturbs the deities profound.
God through man is speaking,
And hearts and souls are waking,
Each to each his visions tells,
And all rings out like a chime of bells.
THE WORD — THE WORD — thou hast it now!
Silence befits the gods above,
But Speech is the star on manhood's brow,
The sign of truth — the sign of love.

C.

THOUGHTS ON THEOLOGY.*

AT the present day Germany seems to be the only country, where the various disciplines of Theology are pursued in the liberal and scientific spirit, which some men fancy is peculiar to the nineteenth century. It is the only country where they seem to be studied for their own sake, as Poetry, Eloquence, and the Mathematics have long been. In other quarters of the world, they are left too much to men of subordinate intellect, of little elevation or range of thought, who pursue their course, which is "roundly

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* *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi von den Ältesten Zeiten bis auf die neuesten, dargestellt.* Von J. A. DORNER. a. o. Professor der Theologie an der Universitat Tübingen. Stutgart: 1839. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. xxiv and 556. [Historical development of the doctrine of the person of Christ, from the earliest to the latest times, &c.]

smooth, and languishingly slow," and after a life of strenuous assiduity find they have not got beyond the "Standards," set up ages before them. Many theologians seem to set out with their faces turned to some popular prejudice of their times, their church, or their school, and walk backwards, as it were, or at best in a circle where the movement is retrograde as often as direct. Somebody relates a story, that once upon a time a scholar after visiting the place of his Academic education, and finding the old Professors then just where they were ten years before, discussing the same questions, and blowing similar bubbles, and splitting hairs anew, was asked by a friend, "what they were doing at the old place?" He answered, "One was milking the barren Heifer, and the others holding the sieve."

To this rule, for such we hold it to be, in France, England, and America, at this day, there are some brilliant exceptions; men who look with a single eye towards truth, and are willing to follow wherever she shall lead; men too, whose mind and heart elevate them to the high places of human attainment, whence they can speak to bless mankind. These men are the creatures of no sect or school, and are found, where God has placed them, in all the various denominations of our common faith. It is given to no party, nor coterie, to old school, or new school, to monopolize truth, freedom, and love. We are sick of that narrowness which sees no excellence, except what wears the livery of its own guild. But the favored sons of the free spirit are so rare in the world at large; their attention so seldom turned to theological pursuits, that the above rule will be found to hold good in chief, and Theology to be left, as by general consent, to men of humble talents, and confined methods of thought, who walk mainly under the cloud of prejudice, and but rarely escape from the trammels of Bigotry and Superstition. Brilliant and profound minds turn away to Politics, Trade, Law, the fascinating study of nature so beautiful and composing; men, who love freedom and are gifted with power to soar through the empyrean of thought, seek a freer air, and space more ample wherein to spread their wings. Meanwhile, the dim cloisters of theology, once filled with the great and wise of the earth, are rarely trod by the children of Genius and Liberty. We have wise, and pious, and learned, and elo-

quent preachers, the hope of the church, the ornaments and defence of society; men who contend for public virtue, and fight the battle for all souls with earnest endeavor, but who yet care little for the science of divine things. We have sometimes feared our young men forsook in this their fathers' wiser ways, for surely there was a time when theology was *studied* in our land.

From the neglect of serious, disinterested, and manly thought, applied in this direction, there comes the obvious result; while each other science goes forward, passing through all the three stages requisite for its growth and perfection; while it makes new observations, or combines facts more judiciously, or from these infers and induces general laws hitherto unnoticed, and so develops itself, becoming yearly wider, deeper, and more certain, its numerous phenomena being referred back to elementary principles and universal laws, — Theology remains in its old position. Its form has changed; but the change is not scientific, the result of an elementary principle. In the country of Bossuet and Hooker, we doubt that any new observation, any new combination of facts has been made, or a general law discovered in these matters, by any theologian of the present century, or a single step taken by theological science. In the former country, an eminent philosopher, of a brilliant mind, with rare faculties of combination and lucid expression, though often wordy, has done much for psychology, chiefly however by uniting into one focus the several truths which emanate from various anterior systems, by popularizing the discoveries of deeper spirits than his own, and by turning the ingenuous youth to this noble science. In spite of the defects arising from his presumption and love of making all facts square with his formula, rather than the formula express the spirit of the facts, he has yet furnished a magazine, whence theological supplies may be drawn, and so has indirectly done much for a department of inquiry which he has himself never entered. We would not accept his errors, his hasty generalizations, and presumptuous flights, — so they seem to us, — and still less would we pass over the vast service he has done to this age by his vigorous attacks on the sensual philosophy and his bold defence of spiritual thought. Mr. Coleridge also in England, — a spirit analogous but not

similar to Mr. Cousin, — has done great service to this science, but mainly by directing men to the old literature of his countrymen and the Greeks, or the new productions of his philosophical contemporaries on the continent of Europe. He seems to have caught a Pisgah view of that land of stream and meadow, which he was forbid to enter. These writers have done great service to men whose date begins with this century. Others are now applying their methods and writing their books, sometimes with only the enthusiasm of imitators, it may be.

We would speak tenderly of existing reputations in our own country, and honor the achievements of those men who, with hearts animated only by love of God and man, devote themselves to the pursuit of truth in this path, and outwatch the Bear in their severe studies. To them all honor. But we ask for the theologians of America, who shall take rank as such with our historians, our men of science and politics. Where are they? We have only the echo for answer, Are they?

We state only a common and notorious fact, in saying, that there is no *science* of theology with us. There is enough cultivation and laborious thought in the clerical profession, perhaps, as some one says, more serious and hard thinking than in both the sister professions. The nature of the case demands it. So there was thinking enough about natural philosophy among the Greeks, after Aristotle; but little good came of it in the way of science. We hazard little in saying, that no treatise has been printed in England in the present century of so great theological merit as that of pagan Cicero on the Nature of the Gods, or the preface to his treatise of Laws. The work of Aristotle is still the text-book of morals at the first university in Christian England.

In all science this seems everywhere the rule. The more Light, the freer, the more profound and searching the investigation, why the better; the sooner a false theory is exploded and a new one induced from the observed facts, the better also. In theology the opposite rule seems often to prevail. Hence, while other sciences go smoothly on in regular advance, theology moves only by leaps and violence. The theology of Protestantism and Unitarianism are not regular developments which have grown harmoni-

ously out of a systematic study of divine things, as the theory of gravitation and acoustics in the progress of philosophy. They are rather the results of a spasmodic action, to use that term. It was no difficult thing in philosophy to separate astronomy from the magicians and their works of astrology and divination. It required only years and the gradual advance of mankind. But to separate religion from the existing forms, churches, or records, is a work almost desperate, which causes strife and perhaps bloodshed. A theological reformation throws kingdoms into anarchy for the time. Doctrines in philosophy are neglected as soon as proved false, and buried as soon as dead. But the art of the embalmer preserves, in the church, the hulls of effete dogmas in theology, to cumber the ground for centuries, and disgust the pious worshipper who would offer a reasonable service. It is only the living that *bury* the dead. The history of these matters is curious and full of warning. What was once condemned by authority, becomes itself an authority to condemn. What was once at the summit of the sublime, falls in its turn to the depth of the ridiculous. We remember a passage of Julius Firmicus, which we will translate freely, as it illustrates this point; "Since all these things," namely, certain false notions, "were ill concocted, they were at first a terror unto mortals; then, when their novelty passed away, and mankind recovered, as it were, from a long disease, a certain degree of contempt arises for that former admiration. Thus gradually the human mind has ventured to scrutinize sharply, what it only admired with stupid amazement at the first. Very soon some sagacious observer penetrates to the very secret places of these artificial and empty superstitions. Then by assiduous efforts, understanding the mystery of what was formerly a secret, he comes to a real knowledge of the causes of things. Thus the human race first learns the pitiful deceits of the profane systems of religion; it next despises, and at last rejects them with disdain." Thus, as another has said, "Men quickly hated this blear-eyed religion, (the Catholic superstitions) when a little light had come among them, which they hugged in the might of their ignorance."

For the successful prosecution of theology, as of every science, certain conditions must be observed. We must

abandon prejudice. The maxim of the Saint, CONFIDO, ERGO SUM, is doubtless as true as that of the Philosopher, COGITO, ERGO SUM. But it is pernicious when it means, as it often does, I BELIEVE, AND THEREFORE IT IS SO. The theologian of our day, like the astronomer of Galileo's time, must cast his idols of the Tribe, the Den, the Market-place, and the School, to the moles and the bats; must have a disinterested love of truth; be willing to follow wherever she leads. He must have a willingness to search for all the facts relative to divine things, which can be gathered from the deeps of the human soul, or from each nation and every age. He must have diligence and candor to examine this mass of spiritual facts; philosophical skill to combine them; power to generalize and get the universal expression of each particular fact, thus discovering the one principle which lies under the numerous and conflicting phenomena. Need we say that he must have a good, pious, loving heart? An undevout theologian is the most desperate of madmen. A whole Anticyra would not cure him.

This empire of prejudice is still wide enough a domain for the prince of lies; but formerly it was wider, and included many departments of philosophy, which have since, through the rebellion of their tenants, been set off to the empire of Reason, which extends every century. Theology, though now and then rebellious against its tyrant, has never shaken off his yoke, and seems part of his old ancestral dominion, where he and his children shall long reign. An old writer unconsciously describes times later than his own, and says, "No two things do so usurp upon and waste the faculty of Reason, as Enthusiasm and Superstition; the one binding a faith, the other a fear upon the soul, which they vainly entitle some divine discovery; both train a man up to believe beyond possibility of proof; both instruct the mind to conceive merely by the wind, the vain words of some passionate men, that can but pretend a revelation, or tell a strange story; both teach a man to deliver over himself to the confident dictate of the sons of imagination; to determine of things by measures phantastical, rules which cannot maintain themselves in credit by any sober and severe discourses; both inure the mind to divine rather than to judge; to dispute for maxims rather vehement than solid; both make a man afraid to believe

himself, to acknowledge the truth that overpowers his mind, and that would reward its cordial entertainment with assurance and true freedom of spirit. Both place a man beyond possibility of conviction, it being in vain to present an argument against him that thinks he can confront a revelation, a miracle, or some strange judgment from heaven, upon his adversary to your confusion. It seems, there is not a greater evil in the State, than wickedness established by Law; nor a greater in the Church than error [established] by Religion, and an ignorant devotion towards God. And therefore no pains and care are too much to remove these two beams from the eye of human understanding, which render it so insufficient for a just and faithful discovery of objects in religion and common science. 'Pessima res est errorum apotheosis, et pro peste intellectus habenda est, si vanis accedat veneratio.'"*

Theology is not yet studied in a philosophical spirit, and the method of a science. Writers seem resolved to set up some standard of their fathers or their own, so they explore but a small part of the field, and that only with a certain end in view. They take a small part of the human race as the representative of the whole, and neglect all the rest. As the old geographers drew a chart of the world, so far as they knew it, but crowded the margin, where the land was unknown, "with shrieks, and shapes, and sights unholy," with figures of dragons, chimeras, winged elephants, and four-footed whales, anthropophagi, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," so "divines" have given us the notions of a few sects of religious men, and telling us they never examined the others, have concluded to rest in this comprehensive generalization, that all besides were filled with falsehood and devilish devices. What is to be expected of such methods? Surely it were as well to give such inquirers at starting the result they must reach at the end of their course. It appears legitimate to leave both students and teachers of geology, mathematics, and science in general, to soar on the loftiest thoughts toward absolute truth, only stopping when the wing was weary or the goal reached; but to

* Spencer's Discourse concerning Prodigies. London, 1665. Preface, p. xv.

direct the students and teachers of things divine, to accept certain conclusions arrived at centuries ago! If Faraday and Herschel pursued the *theological* method in their sciences, no harm would be done to them or the world, if they were required to accept the "standard" of Thales or Paracelsus, and subscribe the old creed every lustrum. The method could lead to nothing better, and the conclusion, the inquirer must reach, might as well be forced upon him at the beginning as the end of his circular course. The ridiculous part of the matter is this, — that the man professes to search for whatever truth is to be found, but has sworn a solemn oath never to accept as truth, what does not conform to the idols he worships at home. We have sometimes thought what a strange spectacle, — ridiculous to the merry, but sad to the serious, — would appear if the Almighty should have sent down the brilliant image of pure, absolute Religion, into the assembly of divines at Westminster, or any similar assembly. Who would acknowledge the image?

The empire of Prejudice is perhaps the last strong-hold of the father of lies, that will surrender to Reason. At present, a great part of the domain of theology is under the rule of that most ancient czar. There common sense rarely shows his honest face; Reason seldom comes. It is a land shadowy with the wings of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Fanaticism, the brood of clawed, and beaked, and hungry Chaos and most ancient Night. There Darkness, as an Eagle, stirreth up her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings; taketh her children; beareth them on her wings over the high places of the earth, that they may eat, and trample down, and defile the increase of the fields. There stands the great arsenal of Folly, and the old war-cry of the pagan, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is blazoned on the banner that floats above its walls. There the spectres of Judaism, and Heathenism, and Pope, and Pagan, pace forth their nightly round; the ghost of Moloch, Saturn, Baal, Odin, fight their battles over again, and feast upon the dead. There the eye is terrified, and the mind made mad with the picture of a world that has scarce a redeeming feature, with a picture of heaven such as a good free man would scorn to enter, and a picture of hell such as a fury would delight to paint.

If we look a little at the history of theology, it appears that errors find easiest entrance there, and are most difficult to dislodge. It required centuries to drive out of the Christian Church a belief in ghosts and witches. The Devil is still a classical personage of theology; his existence maintained by certain churches in their articles of faith; and while we are writing these pages, a friend tells us of hearing a preacher of the popular doctrine declare in his public teaching from the pulpit, that to deny the existence of the Devil, is to destroy the character of Christ. In science we ask first, what are the facts of observation whence we shall start? next, what is the true and natural order, explanation, and meaning of these facts? The first work is to find the facts, then their law and meaning. Now here are two things to be considered, namely, FACTS and NO-FACTS. For every false theory there are a thousand false facts. In theology, the data, in many celebrated cases, are facts of assumption, not observation; in a word, are NO-FACTS. When Charles the Second asked the Royal Society, "Why a living fish put into a vessel of water added nothing to the weight of the water?" there were enough, no doubt, to devise a theory, and explain the fact, "by the upward pressure of the water," "the buoyancy of the air in the living fish," "its motion and the reaction of the water." But when some one ventured to verify the fact, it was found to be no-fact. Had the Royal Academy been composed of "Divines," and not of Naturalists and Philosophers, the theological method would have been pursued, and we should have had theories as numerous as the attempts to reconcile the story of Jonah with human experience, and science would be where it was at first. Theology generally passes dry-shod over the first question, — *What are the facts?* — "with its garlands and singing-robes about it." Its answer to the next query is therefore of no value.

We speak historically of things that have happened, when we say, that many, if not most of those theological questions, which have been matters of dispute and railing, belong to the class of explanations of no-facts. Such, we take it, are the speculations, for the most part, that have grown out of the myths of the Old and New Testament; about Angels, Devils, personal appearances of the Deity,

miraculous judgments, supernatural prophecies, the trinity, and the whole class of miracles from Genesis to Revelation. Easy faith and hard logic have done enough in theology. Let us answer the first question, and verify the facts before we attempt to explain them.

As we look back on the history of the world, the retrospect is painful. The history of science is that of many wanderings before reaching the truth. But the history of theology is the darkest chapter of all, for neither the true end nor the true path seems yet to be discovered and pursued. In the history of every department of thought there seem to be three periods pretty distinctly marked. First, the period of *hypothesis*, when observation is not accurate, and the solution of the problem, when stated, is a matter of conjecture, mere guess-work. Next comes the period of *observation and induction*, when men ask for the facts, and their law. Fnally, there is the period when science is developed still further *by its own laws*, without the need of new observations. Such is the present state of mathematics, speculative astronomy, and some other departments, as we think. Thus science may be in advance of observation. Some of the profound remarks of Newton belong to this last epoch of science. An ancient was in the first when he answered the question, "Why does a man draw his feet under him, when he wishes to rise from his seat?" by saying it was "on account of the occult properties of the circle."

Now theology with us is certainly in the period of hypothesis. The facts are assumed; the explanation is guess-work. To take an example from a section of theology much insisted on at the present day, — the use and meaning of miracles. The general thesis is, that miracles confirm the authority of him who works them, and authenticate his teachings to be divine. We will state it in a syllogistic and more concrete form. Every miracle-worker is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Jonah is a miracle-worker. Therefore Jonah is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Now we should begin by denying the *major* in full, and go on to ask proofs of the *minor*. But the theological method is to assume both. When both premises are assumptions, the conclusion will be, — what we see it is. Men build neither castles nor tem-

ples of moonshine. Yet, in spite of this defect, limitation, and weakness, it is a common thing to subject other sciences to this pretended science of Theology. Psychology, Ethics, Geology, and Astronomy are successively arraigned, examined, and censured or condemned, because their conclusions, — though legitimately deduced from notorious facts, — do not square with the assumptions of theology, which still aspires to be head of all. But to present this claim for theology in its present state, is like making the bramble king over the trees of the forest. The result would be as in Jotham's parable. Theology would say, come and put your trust in my shadow. But if you will not, a fire shall go out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Now as it seems to us, there are two legitimate methods of attempting to improve and advance theology. One is for the theologian to begin anew, trusting entirely to meditation, contemplation, and thought, and ask WHAT can be known of divine things, and HOW can it be known and legitimated? This work of course demands, that he should criticise the faculty of knowing, and determine its laws, and see, *à priori*, what are our instruments of knowing, and what the law and method of their use, and thus discover the NOVUM ORGANUM of theology. This determined, he must direct his eye *inward* on what passes there, studying the stars of that inner firmament, as the astronomer reads the phenomena of the heavens. He must also look *outward* on the face of nature and of man, and thus read the primitive Gospel God wrote on the heart of his child, and illustrated in the Earth and the Sky and the events of life. Thus from observations made in the external world, made also in the internal world, comprising both the *reflective* and the *intuitive* faculties of man, he is to frame the theory of God, of man, of the relation between God and man, and of the duties that grow out of this relation, for with these four questions we suppose theology is exclusively concerned. This is the *philosophical* method, and it is strictly legitimate. It is pursued in the other sciences, and to good purpose. Thus science becomes the interpreter of nature, not its lawgiver. The other method is to get the sum of the theological thinking of the human race, and out of this mass construct a system, without attempt-

ing a fresh observation of facts. This is the *historical* method, and it is useful to show what has been done. The opinion of mankind deserves respect, no doubt; but this method can lead to a perfect theology no more than historical Eclecticism can lead to a perfect philosophy. The former researches in theology, as in magnetism and geology, offer but a narrow and inadequate basis to rest on.

This historical scheme has often been attempted, but never systematically, thoroughly, and critically, so far as we know. In England and America, however, it seems almost entirely to have dispossessed the philosophical method of its rights. But it has been conducted in a narrow, exclusive manner, after the fashion of antiquarians searching to prove a preconceived opinion, rather than in the spirit of philosophical investigation. From such measures we must expect melancholy results. From the common abhorrence of the philosophical method, and the narrow and uncritical spirit in which the historical method is commonly pursued, comes this result. Our philosophy of divine things is the poorest of all our poor philosophies. It is not a theology, but a despair of all theology. The theologian, — as Lord Bacon says of a method of philosophizing that was common in his time, — "hurries on rapidly from particulars to the most general axioms, and from them as principles, and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axioms." Of course what is built on conjecture, and only by guess, can never satisfy men, who ask for the facts and their law and explanation.

Still more, deference for authority is carried to the greatest extreme in theology. The sectarian must not dispute against the "Standards" set up by the Synod of Dort, the Westminster Divines, or the Council of Trent. These settle all controversies. If the theologian is no sectarian, in the usual sense of that word, then his "Standard" is the Bible. He settles questions of philosophy, morals, and religion by citing texts, which prove only the opinion of the writer, and perhaps not even that. The chain of his argument is made of Scripture sentences well twisted. As things are now managed by theologians in general, there is little chance of improvement. As Bacon says of universities in his day, "They learn nothing but to believe; first,

that others know this which they know not, and often, [that] themselves know that which they know not. They are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal." And again. "All things are found opposite to advancement; for the readings and exercises are so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road; or if here and there, one should venture to ask a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and if he could dispense with this, he will still find his industry and resolution a great hindrance to his fortune. For the studies of men in such places are confined and penned down to the writings of certain authors; from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator." And still farther. "Their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, did, out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

There are two methods of philosophizing in general, that of the Materialists and the Spiritualists, to use these terms. The one is perhaps most ably represented in the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon, and the other in Descartes' Book of Method and of Principles. The latter was early introduced to England by a few Platonizing philosophers, — now better known abroad than at home, we fancy, — whose pious lives, severe study, and volumes full of the ripest thought have not yet redeemed them, in the judgment of their countrymen, from the charge of being mystics, dreamers of dreams, too high for this world, too low for the next, so of no use in either. But this method, inasmuch as it laid great stress on the *inward* and the *ideal*, — in the Platonic sense, — and, at least in its one-sidedness and misapplication, led sometimes to the visionary and absurd, has been abandoned by our brethren in England. Few British scholars, since the seventeenth century, have studied theology in the spirit of the Cartesian method. The other method, that of Bacon, begins by neglecting that half of man's nature which is primarily concerned with divine things. This has been found more

congenial with the taste and character of the English and American nations. They have applied it, with eminent success, to experimental science, for which it was designed, and from which it was almost exclusively derived by its illustrious author. We would speak with becoming diffidence respecting the defects of a mind so vast as Bacon's, which burst the trammels of Aristotle and the School-men, emancipated philosophy in great measure from the theological method which would cripple the intellectual energies of the race. But it must be confessed that Bacon's Philosophy recognises scarcely the possibility of a theology, certainly of none but a historical theology, — gathering up the limbs of Osiris dispersed throughout the world. It lives in the senses, not the soul. Accordingly, this method is applied chiefly in the departments of natural and mechanical philosophy; and even here Englishmen begin to find it inadequate to the ultimate purposes of science, by reason of its exceeding outwardness, and so look for a better instrument than the Novum Organum, wherewith to arm the hand of science.* One of the most thorough Baconians of the present day, as we understand it, is Mr. Comte, the author of the course of positive Philosophy now publishing at Paris; and it is curious to see the results he has reached, namely, Materialism in Psychology, Selfishness in Ethics, and Atheism in Theology. It is not for us to say he is logically false to his principles.

Some of the countrymen of Bacon, however, have attempted to apply his method in other departments of human inquiry. Locke has done this in metaphysics. It was with Bacon's new instrument in his hand, that he struck at the root of innate ideas; at our idea of Infinity, Eternity, and the like. But here his good sense sometimes, his excellent heart and character, truly humane and Christian, much oftener, as we think, saved him from the conclusions, to which this method has legitimately led others who have followed it. The method defective, so was the work. A Damascus mechanic, with a very rude instrument, may form exquisite blades, and delicate filagree; but no skill of the artist, no excellence of heart, can counteract the de-

* See Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, etc. London, 1840. 2 vols. 8vo. See Preface to Vol. I.

fects of the Novum Organum, when applied to morals, metaphysics, or theology. Hume furnishes another instance of the same kind. His treatise of Natural Religion we take to be a rigid application of Bacon's method in theological inquiries, and his inductions to be legitimate, admitting his premises and accepting his method. A third instance of the same kind is afforded by the excellent Dr. Paley. Here this method is applied in morals; the result is too well known to need mention.

Never did a new broom sweep so clean as this new instrument, in the various departments of metaphysics, theology, and ethics. Love, God, and the Soul are swept clean out of doors.* We are not surprised that no one, following Bacon's scheme, has ever succeeded in argument with these illustrious men, or driven Materialism, Selfishness, and Skepticism from the field of Philosophy, Morals, and Religion. The answer to these systems must come from men who adopt a different method. Weapons tempered in another spring were needed to cleave asunder the seven-orbed Baconian shield, and rout the Skepticism sheltered thereby. No Baconian philosopher, so it seems to us, has ever ruffled its terrible crest, though the merest stripling of the Gospel could bring it to the ground. The replies to Locke, Hume, and Paley come into England from countries where a more spiritual philosophy has fortunately got footing.

The consequences of this exclusive Baconianism of the English have been disastrous to theological pursuits. The "Divines" in England, at the present day, her Bishops, Professors, and Prebendaries, are not theologians. They are logicians, chemists, skilled in the mathematics; historians, poor commentators upon Greek poets. Theology is out of their line. They have taken the ironical advice of Bishop Hare. Hence it comes to pass, either that theology is not *studied* at all; only an outside and preparatory department is entered; or it is studied with little success, even when a man like Lord Brougham girds himself for the task. The most significant theological productions of the last five and twenty years in England are the Bridgewater

* We would not have it supposed we charge these results upon the *men*, but on their systems, if legitimately carried out.

Treatises, some of which are valuable contributions to natural science. Of Lord Brougham's theological writings little need be said, and of the Oxford Tracts we shall only say, that while we admire the piety displayed in them, we do not wonder that their authors despair of theology, and so fall back on dark ages; take authority for truth, and not truth for authority. The impotence of the English in this department is surely no marvel. It would take even a giant a long time to hew down an oak with a paver's maul, useful as that instrument may be in another place. Few attempt theology, and fewer still succeed. Men despair of the whole matter. While truth is before them in all other departments, and research gives not merely historical results to the antiquary, but positive conclusions to the diligent seeker, here in the most important of all the fields of human speculation, she is supposed to be only behind us, and to have no future blessing to bestow. Thus theology, though both Queen and Mother of all science, is left alone, unapproached, unseen, unhonored, though worshipped by a few weak idolaters, with vain oblation, and incense kindled afar off, while strong men and the whole people have gone up on every hill-top, and under every green tree, to sacrifice and do homage to the Useful and the Agreeable. Any one, who reads the English theological journals, or other recent works on those subjects, will see the truth of what we have said, and how their scholars retreat to the time of the Reformation and Revolution, and bring up the mighty dead, the Hookers, the Taylors, the Cudworths, with their illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, who with all their faults had a spark of manly fire in their bosoms, which shone out in all their works. It must be confessed, that theology in England and America is in about the same state with astronomy in the time of Scotus Erigena.

Now theological problems change from age to age; the reflective character of our age, the philosophical spirit that marks our time, is raising questions in theology never put before. If the "Divines" will not think of theological subjects, nor meet the question, why others will. The matter cannot be winked out of sight. Accordingly, unless we are much deceived, the educated laymen have applied good sense to theology, as the "Divines" have not dared

to do, at least in public, and reached conclusions far in advance of the theology of the pulpit. It is a natural consequence of the theological method, that the men wedded to it should be farther from truth in divine things, than men free from its shackles. It is not strange, then, for the pulpit to be behind the pews. Yet it would be very surprising if the professors of medicine, chemistry, and mathematics understood those mysteries more imperfectly than laymen, who but thought of the matter incidentally, as it were.

The history of theology shows an advance, at least, a change in its great questions. They rise in one age and are settled in the next, after some fierce disputing; for it is a noticeable fact, that as religious wars, — so they are called, — are of all others the most bloody, so theological controversies are most distinguished for misunderstanding, perversity, and abuse. We know not why, but such is the fact. Now there are some great questions in theology that come up in our time to be settled, which have not been asked in the same spirit before. Among them are the following.

What relation does Christianity bear to the Absolute? What relation does Jesus of Nazareth bear to the human race? What relation do the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament bear to Christianity?

The first is the vital question, and will perhaps be scarce settled favorably to the Christianity of the Church. The second also is a serious question, but one which the recent discussions of the Trinity will help to answer. The third is a practical and historical question of great interest. In the time of Paul the problem was to separate Religion from the forms of the Mosaic ritual; in Luther's day to separate it from the forms of the Church; in our age to separate it from the letter of Scripture, and all personal authority, pretended or real, and leave it to stand or fall by itself. There is nothing to fear from Truth, or for Truth. But if these questions be answered, as we think they must be, then a change will come over the spirit of our theology, to which all former changes therein were as nothing. But what is true will stand; yes, will stand, though all present theologies perish.

We have complained of the position of theology in England and America. Let us look a little into a single de-

partment of it, and one most congenial to the English mind, that of Ecclesiastical History; here our literature is most miserably deficient. Most English writers quote the Fathers, as if any writer of the first six centuries was as good authority for whatever relates to the primitive practice or opinion, as Clement of Alexandria, or Justin Martyr. Apart from the honorable and ancient name of Cave we have scarce an original historian of the church in the English tongue, unless we except Mr. Campbell, whose little work is candid and clear, and shows an acquaintance with the sources, though sometimes it betrays too much of a polemical spirit. England has produced three great historians within less than a century. Their works, though unequal, are classics; and their name and influence will not soon pass away. To rank with them in Ecclesiastical history, we have Echhard, Milner, Waddington, Milman! The French have at least, Du-Pin, Jillemont, and Fleury; the Germans, Mosheim, Walch, Arnold, Semler, Schroeckh, Gieseler, and Neander, not to mention others scarcely inferior to any of these. In America little is to be expected of our labors in this department. We have no libraries that would enable us to verify the quotations in Gieseler; none perhaps that contains all the important sources of ecclesiastical history. Still all other departments of this field are open to us, where a large library is fortunately not needed.

Now in Germany theology is still studied by minds of a superior order, and that with all the aid which Science can offer in the nineteenth century. The mantle of the prophet, ascending from France and England, and with it a double portion of his spirit has fallen there. Theology has but shifted her ground, not forsaken the Earth; so, it is said, there is always one phenix, and one alone, in the world, although it is sometimes in the Arabian, sometimes in the Persian Sky. In this country, we say it with thanksgiving, theology is still pursued. Leibnitz used to boast that his countrymen came late to philosophy. It seems they found their account in entering the field after the mists of morning had left the sky, and the barriers could be seen, when the dew had vanished from the grass. They have come through Philosophy to Theology still later; for the theology of the Germans before Semler's time, valuable

as it is in every respect, is only related to the modern, as our Scandinavian fathers, who worshipped Odin and Thor, two thousand years ago, are related to us. Germany is said to be the land of books. It is *par eminence* the land of theological books. To look over the Literatur Anzeiger, one is filled with amazement and horror at the thought, that somebody is to read each of the books, and many will attempt inward digestion thereof. Some thousands of years ago it was said "of writing books there is no end." What would the same man say could he look over the catalogue of the last Leipsic fair?

We do not wonder that the eyes of theologians are turned attentively to Germany at this time, regarding it as the new East out of which the star of Hope is to rise. Still it is but a mixed result which we can expect; something will no doubt be effected both of good and ill. It is the part of men to welcome the former and ward off the latter. But we will here close our somewhat desultory remarks, and address ourselves to the work named at the head of this article.

In any country but Germany, we think, this would be reckoned a wonderful book; capable not only of making the author's literary reputation, but of making an epoch in the study of Ecclesiastical history, and of theology itself. The work is remarkable in respect to both of these departments of thought. Since copies of it are rare in this country, we have been induced to transfer to our pages some of the author's most instructive thoughts and conclusions, and give the general scope of the book itself, widely as it differs in many respects from our own view. Its author is a Professor of Theology at one of the more Orthodox Seminaries in Germany; and so far as we know this is the only work he has given to the public in an independent form.

In one of the prefaces, — for the work has two, and an introduction to boot, — the author says, that as Christianity goes on developing itself, and as men get clearer notions of what they contend about, all theological controversies come to turn more and more upon the person of Christ, as the point where all must be decided. With this discovery much is gained, for the right decision depends, in some

measure, on putting the question in a right way. It is easy to see that all turns on this question, whether it is necessary that there should be, and whether there actually has been, such a Christ as is represented in the meaning, though not always in the words of the Church. That is, whether there must be and has been a being, in whom the perfect union of the Divine and the Human has been made manifest in history. Now if Philosophy can demonstrate incontestably, that a Christ, in the above sense, is a notion self-contradictory and therefore impossible, there can no longer be any controversy between Philosophy and Theology. Then the Christ and the Christian Church, — as such, — have ceased to exist; or rather Philosophy has conquered the whole department of Christian Theology, as it were, from the enemy; for when the citadel is taken, the outworks must surrender at discretion. On the other hand, if it is shown that the notion of an *historical*, as well as an *ideal* Christ, is a necessary notion, "and the speculative construction of the person of Christ" is admitted, then Philosophy and Theology, essentially and most intimately set at one with each other, may continue their common work in peace. Philosophy has not lost her independence, but gained new strength. Now one party says, this is done already, "the person of Christ is constructed speculatively;" while the other says, the lists are now to be closed, inasmuch as it has been demonstrated that there can be no Christ, who is alike historical and ideal.

Professor Dorner thinks both parties are wrong; that "the speculative construction of the Christ" is not yet completed. Or in other words, that it has not yet been shown by speculative logic, that an entire and perfect incarnation of the Infinite, in the form of a perfect man, is an eternal and absolute idea, and therefore necessary to the salvation and completion of the human race; nor on the other hand has the opposite been demonstrated. Faith has been developed on one side, and Reason on the other, but not united. Philosophy and Religion are only enamored of one another, not wed, and the course of their true love is anything but smooth. His object is to show what has already passed between the two parties. Or, to speak without a figure, to give the net result of all attempts to explain by Reason or Faith, the idea of the Christ; to

show what has been done, and what still remains to be done in this matter. He thinks there is no great gulf fixed between Faith and Reason; that if Christianity be rational, that Reason itself has been unfolded and strengthened by Christianity, and may go on with no limit to her course.

He adds, moreover, that if Christ be, as theologians affirm, the key to open the history of the world, as well as to unloose all riddles, then it is not modesty, but arrogant inactivity which will not learn to use this key, and disclose all mysteries. He assumes two things in this inquiry, with no attempt at proof, namely, first, that the idea of a God-man, — a being who is at the same time perfect God and perfect Man, — is the great feature of Christianity; that this idea was made actual in Jesus of Nazareth: and again that this idea of a God-man exists, though unconsciously, in all religions; that it has been and must be the ideal of life to be both human and divine; a man filled and influenced by the power of God. Soon as man turns to this subject, it is seen that a holy and blessed life in God can only be conceived of as the unity of the divine and human life. Still farther, the ideal of a revelation of God consists in this, that God reveals himself not merely in signs and the phenomena of outward nature, which is blind and dumb, and knows not him who knows it, but that He should reveal Himself in the form of a being who is self-conscious, and knows him as he is known by him. In the infancy of thought, it was concluded no adequate representation of God could be made in the form of a God-man; for the Divine and Human were reckoned incompatible elements, or incommensurable quantities. God was considered an abstract essence of whom even Being was to be predicated only with modesty. In its theoretic result, this differed little from Atheism; for it was not the Infinite, but an indefinite being, who revealed himself in the finite.

Now Christianity makes a different claim to the God-man. It has been the constant faith of the Christian Church, that in Jesus, the union of the Divine and Human was effected in a personal and peculiar manner. But the objection was made early and is still repeated, that this idea is not original in Christianity, since there were parallel historical manifestations of God in the flesh, before Je-

sus. But if this objection were real, it is of no value. Its time has gone by, since Christianity is regarded as a *doctrine*, and not merely *an historical fact*; as the organization of truth, which unites the scattered portions into one whole, that they may lie more level to the comprehension of men. But to settle this question, whether the idea is original with Christianity, it becomes necessary to examine the previous religions, and notice their essential agreement or disagreement with this.

"In this posture of affairs, all contributions will be welcome which serve to give a clearer notion of the ante-christian religions. So far as these contributions contain only the truth, it is a matter of indifference, whether they are made with a design hostile or favorable to Christianity. For the more perfectly we survey the field of ante-christian religions in its whole compass, the more clearly, on the one hand, do we perceive the preparation made for Christianity by previous religions, and its historical necessity; and, on the other hand, as we look back over all the phenomena in this field, we see not less clearly the same newness and originality of the Christian religion, which has long been admitted by every sound, historical mind, as it looks forward and sees its world-traversing and inexhaustible power. Yes, we must say, that it is for the sake of proving the truth of Christianity, and in particular of its all-supporting fundamental idea, — the absolute incarnation of God in Christ, — that we have abandoned the more limited stand-point which was supported by single peculiarities, such as inspiration, prophecy, and the like; that taking our position in the more comprehensive stand-point supported by the whole course of religious history before Christ, we may thoroughly understand how the whole ante-christian world strives towards Christ; how in him the common riddle of all previous religions is solved, and how in him, or still more particularly, in his fundamental idea, lies the solution by which we can understand all these religions better than they understood themselves. So long as all religions are not understood in their essential relation to Christianity, as negative or positive preparations for it, so long the historical side thereof will swing in the air." — pp. 3, 4.

He then goes on to inquire if it were possible this idea of the God-man could proceed from any religion before Christ, or was extant in his time. The Jews were hostile to it, as appears from the various forms of Ebionitism embraced by the Jewish Christians. Besides, the doctrine, or the fact, finds no adequate expression in Peter, or James,

in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Hence some have conjectured it came from heathenism, and the conjecture seems at first corroborated by the fact, that it was not developed in the Church until the Gentiles had come in, and the apostles who lived in the midst of the heathens were the men who taught this doctrine.* But this natural suspicion is without foundation. Heathenism may be divided into Eastern and Western. The Indian religion may be taken as the type of one, the Greek of the other. But neither separates God distinctly enough from the world. Both deserve to be called a worship of nature.† One proceeds from the Divine in the objective world, the other from the finite, and both seek the common end, the unity of the Divine and Human. Hence in the East, the various incarnations of Krishna, in one of which he assumes the human form as the highest of all. Here the God descends to earth and becomes a man. Again Vishnu actually becomes man. The idea of the God-man appears, as in Christianity, in the condescension of God to the human form. There is no doubt these notions were well known in Alexandria in the time of Jesus. But the Christian idea cannot be explained from this source, for the *true unity* of the divine and human natures nowhere appears, therefore the redemption of men by the Eastern religion is but momentary. The incarnate Deity does not draw men to him. Besides, the Dualism of this system destroys its value and influence. It ends at last in a sort of Quietism and Pantheism, which denies the existence of the world.

The Greek religion is the opposite of this. It deifies man, instead of humanizing God. It admitted Polytheism, though a belief in Fate still lingered there, as the last relic of primitive Pantheism. It does not develop the ethical idea, but confounds it with physical causes. It begins in part the

* The influence of heathenism on the opinions of the primitive Christians has never yet, it would seem, had justice done it by writers of ecclesiastical history. We see traces of it in the apochryphal Gospels and Epistles, some of which are perhaps as ancient as the canonical writings. In our view, the Divinity of Christ, and its numerous correlative doctrines come from this source.

† This we think true of neither, except while the religion was in its weak and incipient stages. In the Greek Religion there are three stages, the Saturnian, Olympian, and Dionysian. Only the first is a worship of nature.

opposite way from the Indian, but comes to the same conclusion at last, a denial of all but God, "the one divine substance before which all the finite is an illusion."* Besides, our author finds the moral element is wanting in the Greek religion. In this conclusion, however, we think him too hasty; certainly the moral element has its proper place in such writers as Æschylus, Pindar, and Plato. It would be difficult to find an author in ancient or modern times, in whom justice is more amply done to the moral sense, than in the latter.

However, Dr. Dorner thinks Parsism is an exception to the general rule of ancient religions. Here the moral element occurs in so perfect a form, that some will not reckon it with the heathen religions. But this has not got above the adoration of Nature, which defiles all the other heathen forms of religion. Besides, the Dualism, which runs through all the oriental systems, allows no true union of the Divine and Human. Accordingly the Parsee Christians always had a strong tendency to Manichæism, and ran it out into the notions of the Docetæ, and then found that in Jesus there was no union of the two natures. According to Parsism the Divine can never coalesce with the Human; for the Infinite Being, who is the cause of both Ormusd and Ahriman, remains always immovable and at perfect rest. It, however, admits a sort of Arian notion of a mediator between him and us, and has a poor sort of a God-man in the person of Sosioch, though some conjecture this is a more modern notion they have taken from the Jews. Thus it appears the central idea of Christianity could have proceeded from no heathen religion.

Could it come from the Hebrew system? Quite as little.† Of all the ancient religions, the Hebrew alone separates God from the world, says our mistaken author, and recognises the distinct personality of both God and man. This solves the difficulty of heathenism. It dwells on the moral

* This wholesale way of disposing of centuries of philosophical inquiry is quite as unsafe, as it were to take the middle-age philosophers, the Mystics, the Sensualists of England and France, with the Transcendentalists of Germany, as the natural results and legitimate issue of the Christian Religion.

† See the attempt of Mr. Hennell, (Inquiry into the Divine Origin of Christianity. London. 1839. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 8-23,) to derive some of the Christian ideas from the Essenes.

union of man and God, and would have it go on and become perfect, and, in the end, God write the law in the heart, as in the beginning He wrote it on tables of stone.* But in avoiding the adoration of Nature, the Jews took such a view of the Deity, that it seemed impossible to them that he should incarnate himself in man. All the revelations of God in the Old Testament are not the remotest approach to an incarnation like that in Jesus. They made a great chasm between God and man, which they attempted to fill up with angels, and the like.† The descriptions of Wisdom in Proverbs, the Apocrypha, and Philo, are not at all like the Christian incarnation. The Alexandrian Jews assimilated to the Greek system, and adopted the Platonic view of the Logos, while the Palestine Jews, instead of making their idea of the Messiah more lofty and pure, and rendering it more intense, only gave it a more extensive range, and thought of a political deliverer. Thus it appears the idea of a God-man could not come from any of these sources, nor yet from any contemporary philosophy or religion. It must therefore be original with Christianity itself. It was impossible for a heathen or Hebrew to say in the Christian sense, that a man was God, or the son of God. But all former religions were only a *præparatio evangelica* in the highest sense. This fact shows that Christianity expresses what all religions sought to utter, and combines in itself the truths of heathenism and Judaism.

"Judaism was great through the idea of the absolute, personal God; the greatest excellence of heathenism is the idea of the most intimate nearness and residence of a divine life in a free human form. But the idea of the personal existence of God in Christ was both of them united together into a higher unity. According to the heathen way of considering the matter, the divine, alone absolute and impersonal Being, who soars above the gods, — if it is possible for him to reveal himself, —

* If we understand the Hebrew Scriptures and St. Paul, they both teach that He *did* write the *law in the heart* in the *beginning*, else the law of stone were worthless.

† Here also the author fails to notice the striking fact of the regular progress of the theophanies of the Old Testament. 1. *God appears himself*, in human form, and speaks and eats with man. 2. It is an *angel of God* who appears. 3. He *speaks only in visions, thoughts*, and the like, and his appearance is entirely subjective. We see the same progress in all primitive religious nations.

must have first in Christ come to a personal consciousness, for himself, which he had not before; but this would be the generation of a personal God, through the form of human life, and therefore a human act. Judaism had for its foundation not an obscure, impersonal being, a merely empty substance, but a subject, a personality. But to such as admitted its form of Monotheism, the incarnation of God seemed blasphemy. But Christianity is the truth of both systems. In the personality of Christ, it sees as well a man who is God, as a God who is man. With the one it sees in Jesus, as well the truth of the Hellenic Apotheosis of human nature, as with the other it sees the complete condescension of God, which is the fundamental idea in the East. But it required long and various warfare, before the Christian principle went through the Greek and Jewish principle, and presented to the understanding its true form. We shall see that even now its work is not completed." * — pp. 33, 34.

He next turns to consider the historical development of this central idea, which Jesus brought to light in word and life. This remained always *enveloped* in the Church, but it was not *developed*, except gradually, and part by part. Then he proceeds on the clever hypothesis, that all moral and religious truth was *potentially involved* in the early teachers, though not professed consciously, and *actually evolved* by them; a maxim which may be applied equally to all philosophers, of all schools, for every man *involves* all truth, though only here and there a wise man *evolves* a little thereof. Now the Church did not state all this doctrine in good set speech, yet it knew intuitively how to separate false from true doctrine, not as an individual good man separates wrong from right, by means of conscience. This is rather more true of the Church, than it is of particular teachers, who have not been inventors of truth, but only mouths which uttered the truth possessed by the Church.† However, amid conflicting opinions, where he gets but intimations of the idea of a God-man, and amid many doctrines taught consciously, he finds this tendency to glorify Christ, even to deify him, which he regards as a proof that the great central idea lay there. This also we

* We have given a pretty free version of portions of this extract, and are not quite certain that in all cases we have taken the author's meaning.

† But these mouths of the Church seem smitten with the old spirit of Babel, for their "language was confounded, and they did not understand one another's speech," nor always *their own*, we fancy.

take to be a very great mistake, and think the tendency to deify persons arose from several causes; such as the popular despair of man. The outward aspect of the world allows us to form but a low opinion of man; the retrospect is still worse. Besides some distrusted the inspiration which God gives man on condition of holiness and purity. Therefore, when any one rose up and far transcended the achievements and expectations of mere vulgar souls, they said he is not a man, but a god, at least the son of a god; human nature is not capable of so much. Hence all the heroes of times pretty ancient are either gods or the descendants of gods, or at least *miraculously* inspired to do their particular works. Then the polytheistic notions of the new converts to Christianity favored this popular despair by referring the most shining examples of goodness and wisdom to the gods. Hence, for those who had believed that Hercules, Bacchus, and Devanisi were men, and became gods by the special grace of the Supreme, it was easy to elevate Jesus, and give him power over their former divinities, or even expel them, if this course were necessary. Now there are but two scales to this balance, and what was added to the divinity of Jesus was taken from his humanity, and so the power of man underrated. Hence we always find, that as a party assigns Jesus a divine, extra-human, or miraculous character, on the one hand, just so far it degrades man, on the other, and takes low views of human nature. The total depravity of man and the total divinity of Jesus come out of the same logical root. To examine the history of the world, by striking the words and life of Jesus out of the series of natural and perfectly human actions, and then deciding as if such actions had never been, seems to us quite as absurd as it would be, in giving a description of Switzerland, to strike out the Alps, and the lakes, and then say the country was level and dull, monotonous and dry. To us, the popular notions of the character of Jesus "have taken away our Lord, and we know not *where* they have laid him." To our apprehension, Jesus was much greater than the evangelists represent him. We would not measure him by the conceptions formed by Jewish or heathen converts, but by the long stream of light he shed on the first three centuries after his death, and through them on all time since.

But to return to our task. Dr. Dorner admits this idea does not appear in the earliest Christian writings, which we think is quite as inexplicable, taking his stand-point, as it would be if Columbus, after the discovery of the new continent, had founded a school of geographers, and no one of his pupils had ever set down America in his map of the world, or alluded to it, except by implication. But as Christianity went on developing, it took some extra-christian ideas from the other religions. Thus from Judaism it took the notion of a *primitive man*, and a *primitive prophet*; from heathenism, the *doctrine of the Logos*. These two rival elements balanced each other, and gave a universal development to the new principle. Thus while Christianity attacked its foes, it built up its own dogmatics, not unlike the contemporaries of Ezra, who held the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. He finds three periods in the history of Christology. I. That of the establishment of the doctrine, that there were two essential elements in Jesus, the Divine and Human. II. Period of the one-sided elevation of either the one or the other; this has two epochs. 1. From the Council of Nice to the Reformation; period of the divine side. 2. From the Reformation to Kant; period of the human side. III. Period of the attempt to show both in him, and how they unite. We must pass very hastily over the rest of the work; for after we have thus minutely described his stand-point and some of his general views, and have shown his method, the student of history will see what his opinions must be of the great teachers in the Church, whose doctrines are well known.

To make the new doctrines of Christianity intelligible, the first thing was to get an adequate expression, in theological dogmas, of the nature of Christ. On this question the Christian world divides into two great parties; one follows a Hebrew, the other a Greek tendency; one taking the human, the other the divine side of Christ. Hence come two independent Christologies, the one without the divine, the other without the human nature in Jesus. These are the Ebionites and the Docetæ. "Docetism, considered in antithesis with Ebionitism, is a very powerful witness of the deep and wonderful impression of its divinity, which the new principle had made on mankind at its appearance;

an impression which is by no means fully described by all that Ebionitism could say of a new, great, and holy prophet that had risen up. On the other hand, Ebionitism itself, in its lack of ideal tendency, is a powerful evidence on the historical side of Christianity, by its rigid adhesion to the human appearance of Christ, which the other denied." — p. 36. Strange as it may seem, these two antithetic systems ran into one another, and had both of them this common ground, that God and man could not be joined; for while the Ebionites said Jesus was a *mere man*, the Christ remained a pure ideal not connected with the body, a redemption was effected by God, and Jesus was the symbol; while the Docetæ, denying the *body* of Jesus had any objective reality, likewise left the Christ a pure ideal, never incarnated. "Both were alike unsatisfactory to the Christian mind. Both left alike unsatisfied the necessity of finding in Christ the union of the human and divine; therefore this objection may be made to both of them, which, from the nature of things, is the most significant, namely, that man is not redeemed by them, for God has not taken the human nature upon himself, and sanctified it by thus assuming it. The Church, guided rather by an internal tact and necessity, than by any perfect insight, could sketch no comprehensible figure of Christ in definite lines. But by these two extreme doctrines it was advanced so far, that it became clearly conscious of the necessity, in general, of conceiving of the Redeemer as divine and human at the same time."—p. 39.

Various elements of this doctrine were expressed by the various teachers, in the early ages. Thus, on the divine side it was taught, first, by the Pseudo-Clement, Paul of Samosata, and Sabellius, that a *higher power* dwelt in Christ; next by Hippolytus, that it was not merely a higher *power*, but a *hypostasis* that dwelt in Christ. Tertullian, Clement, and Dionysius of Alexandria, with Origen, considered this *subordinate* to the Father, though the latter regarded it as *eternally begotten*. The next step was to consider this hypostasis not merely subordinate, but eternal; nor this only, but of the *same essence* with the Father. This was developed in the controversy between Dionysius of Rome and of Alexandria, between Athanasius and Arius. At the same time the human side also was devel-

oped. Clement and Origen maintained, in opposition to the Gnostics, that Christ had an actual human body. Then Apollinaris taught that Christ had a human *soul* (ψυχη), but the Logos supplied the place of a human *mind* (νους). But in opposition to him, Gregory of Nazianzen taught that he had a human mind also. Thus the elements of the Christ are "speculatively constructed" on the human and divine side; but still all their elements were not united into a human personal character, — for the human nature of Christ was still regarded as impersonal. But attempts were made also to unite these parts together, and construct a whole person. This, however, led rather to a mixture than an organic and consistent union; therefore the separateness and distinctness of the two natures also required to be set forth. This was done very clearly. The Council of Nice declared he was *perfect God*; that of Chalcedon, that he was *perfect man* also, but did not determine how the two natures were reconciled in the same character. "The distinctive character of these two natures" — we quote the words of Leo the Great — "was not taken away by the union, but rather the peculiarity of each nature is kept distinct, and runs together with the other, into one *Prosopon* and one *Hypostasis*."* Next

* We give the Greek words *Prosopon* and *Hypostasis*, and not the common terms derived from the Latin. The subtleties of this doctrine can only be expressed in the Greek tongue. A Latin Christian could believe in three *personæ* and one *substantia*, for he had no better *terms*, while the Greek Christian reckoned this heretical, if not atheistical, as he believed in *one essence and three substances*. But to say *three persons*, — τρια προσωπα — *in the Godhead*, was heresy in Greece, as to say *three substances*, *(tres substantiæ,)* was heresy at Rome. Well says Augustine, apologizing for the Latin language, "dictum est tres personæ, non ut illud diceretur, sed ut non taceretur." — De Trinitate, lib. v. c. 9.

St. Augustine has some thoughts on this head, which may surprise some of his followers at this day. "And we recognise in ourselves an image of God, that is, of the Supreme Trinity, not indeed equal, nay, far and widely different; not coëternal, and (to express the whole more briefly,) not of the same substance with God; yet that, than which of all things made by Him none in nature is nearer to God; which image is yet to be perfected by re-formation, that it may be nearest in likeness also. For we both are to know that we are to love to be this and to know it. In these then, moreover, no falsehood resembling truth perplexes us." — Civ. Dei. Lib. xi. c. 26, as translated in *Pusey's* ed. of Augustine's Confessions. London: 1840. 1 vol. 8vo. p. 283, note.

The late Dr. Emmons seems aware of the imperfection of language, and its inability to express the idea of a Trinity. "Indeed there is no word, in any language, which can convey a precise idea of this incom-

follow the attempts to construct one person out of these two natures. Some said there was one Will, others two Wills, in the person of Christ. This was the quarrel of the Monothelites and the Dyothelites. Others said the union was effected by the loss of the attributes of the Human, or Divine being; some supposing the one passed into and so became the other, or that both coalesced in a *tertium quid*, a Συνθετος φυσις. But it became orthodox to affirm that each retained all its peculiar attributes, and so the two were united. Now this doctrine may seem very wise, because it is very puzzling; but the same words may be applied to other things. We have very little skill in showing up absurdities, but can apply all this language to very different matters, and it shall sound quite as well as before. Thus we may take a Circle instead of the Father, and a Triangle for the Son, and say the two natures were found in one, the circle became a triangle, and yet lost none of its circularity, while the triangle became a circle yet lost none of its triangularity. The union of the two was perfect, the distinctive character of each being preserved. They corresponded point for point, area for area, centre for centre, circumference for circumference, yet was one still a circle, the other a triangle. But both made up the circle-triangle. The one was not inscribed, nor the other circumscribed. We would by no means deny the great fact, which we think lies at the bottom of this notion of the trinity, a fact, however, which it seems to conceal as often as to express in our times, that the Deity diffuses and therefore incarnates himself more or less perfectly in human beings, and especially in Jesus, the climax of human beings, through whom "proceed" the divine influences, which also "proceed" from the Father. Hence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. This truth, we think, is expressed in all religions; in the incarnations of Vishnu; the Polytheistic notions of the Greeks; the angels, archangels, and seraphs that make up the Amshaspand of the Persians, which Daniel seems to imitate, and the author of the Apocalypse to have in his eye.

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prehensible distinction; for it is not similar to any other distinction in the minds of men, so that it is very immaterial whether we use the name person, or any other name, or a circumlocution instead of a name, in discoursing upon this subject." — Sermon iv. p. 67. Wrentham: 1800.

But to return. These points fixed, the Catholic church dwelt chiefly on the Divine in Christ, and continued to do so till the Reformation, while the human side was represented by heretics and mystics, whom here we have not space to name.

We now pass over some centuries, in which there was little life and much death in the Church;—times when the rays of religious light, as they came through the darkness, fell chiefly, it seems, on men whom the light rendered suspicious to the Church,—and come down to times after the Reformation. After the great battles had been fought through, and the Council of Trent held its sessions, and the disturbances, incident to all great stirs of thought, had passed over, and the oriental and one-sided view of Christ's nature had been combatted, the human side of of it comes out once more, into its due prominence. "By the long, one-sided contemplation of the Divine in Christ, his person came to stand as somewhat absolutely supernatural, as the other side of and beyond human nature; something perfectly inaccessible to the subjective thought, while it is the greatest thing in Christianity to recognise our brother in him." With the Reformation there had come a subjective tendency, which laid small stress on the old notions of Christ, in which the objective divine nature had overlaid and crushed the subjective and human nature in him. This new subjective tendency is a distinctive feature of the Reformation. It shows itself in the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and quite as powerfully in the altered form of Christology. But here, too, we must tread with rapid feet, and rest on only two of the numerous systems of this period, one from the Reformers themselves, the other from a Theosophist. The human nature is capable of divinity, (humana natura divinitatis capax) said the early Protestants; what Christ has first done, all may do afterwards. Well said Martin Luther, strange as it may seem to modern Protestants who learn ecclesiastical history from the "Library of Useful Knowledge," "Lo, Christ takes our birth (that is, the sinfulness of human nature,) from us unto himself, and sinks it in his birth, and gives us his, that we thereby may become pure and new, as if it were our own, so that every Christian may enjoy this birth of Christ not less than if he also, like Jesus, were born bodily of the

Virgin Mary. Whoso disbelieves or doubts this, the same is no Christian." Again. "This is the meaning of Esaias, To us a child is born, to us a son is given. To us, to us, to us is he born, and to us given. Therefore look to it, that thou not only gettest out of the Evangel a fondness for the history itself, but that thou makest this birth thine own, and exchangest with him, becomest free from thy birth, and passest over to his, — then thou indeed shalt sit in the lap of the Virgin Mary, and art her dear child." This thought lay at the back-ground of the Reformation, which itself was but an imperfect exhibition of that great principle. He, that will look, traces the action of this same principle in that great revival of Religion, five centuries before Christ, in the numerous mystical sects from the first century to the reformation, in such writers as Ruysbröck, Harphius, Meister, Eckhart, Suso, Tauler, the St. Victors, and many others. Perhaps it appears best in that little book, *once* well known in England under the title Theologia Germana, and now studied in Germany and called Deutsche Theologie; a book of which Luther says, in the preface to his edition of it, in 1520, "Next to the Bible and St. Augustine, I have never met with a book, from which I have learnt more what God, Christ, man, and all things are. Read this little book who will, and then say, whether our theology is old or new; for this little book is not new."

We give a few words from it, relating to the incarnation of God, for the private ear of such as think all is *new* which they never heard of before, and all naughty things exist only in German. It says, man comes to a state of union with God, "when he feels and loves no longer this or that, or his own self, but only the eternal good, so likewise God loves not himself as himself, but as the eternal good, and if there were somewhat better than God, the God would love that. The same takes place in a divine man, or one united with God, else he is not united with him. This state existed in Christ in all its perfection, else he would not be the Christ. If it were possible that a man should be perfect and entire, in true obedience be as the human nature of Christ was, that man would be one with Christ, and would be by grace, what he was by nature. Man in this state of obedience would be one with God,

for he would be not himself, but God's Own (Eigen) and God himself would then alone become man. Christ is to you not merely the Objective, isolated in his sublimity, but we are all called to this, that God should become man in us. He that believes in Christ believes that his (Christ's) life is the noblest and best of all lives, and so far as the life of Christ is man, so far also is Christ in him." In this book, — and its ideas are as old in this shape, as the time of Dionysius the Areopagite, — the historical Christ is only the primitive type, the divine idea of man, who appears only as a model for us, and we may be all that he was, and we are Christians only in so far as we attain this. It is only on this hypothesis, we take it, there can be a Christology which does not abridge the nature of man.* This same idea, — that all men are capable of just the same kind and degree of union with God, which Jesus attained to, — runs through all the following Christologies. It appears in a modified form in Osiander and Schwenkfeld, whom we shall only name.† But they all place the historical below the internal Christ which is formed in the heart, and here commences what Dr. Dorner calls the degeneracy of the principle of the Reformers, though the antithesis between nature and grace was still acknowledged by the Protestants. But as our author thinks, the subjective view received a one-sided development, especially in Servetus and the Socinians, who differ, however, in this at least, that while the former, in his pantheistic way, allows Christ to be, in part, uncreated (res increata) the lat-

* Dr. *Baur*, a very able Trinitarian writer and Professor at Tübingen, sums up the various Christological theories in this way. Reconciliation must be regarded, either, (1) as a necessary process in the development of the Deity himself, as he realizes the idea of his being, or (2) as an analogous and necessary process in the development of man, as he becomes reconciled with himself, the one is wholly objective, the other wholly subjective, or (3) as the mediation of a *tertium quid*, which holds the human and divine natures both, so involves both the above. In this case reconciliation rests entirely on the historical fact, which must be regarded as the necessary condition of reconciliation between God and man, of course he, who takes this latter view, considers Jesus as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. See his Die Christliche Lehre von der Versohnung in ihrer geschichtliche Entwickelung, &c. Tüb. 1838.

† See Osiander's Confessio de unico Mediatore J. C. et Justificatione fidei, 1551. His Epistola in qua confutantur, etc., 1549. See also Schwenkfeld quæstiones von Erkentnis J. C. und seiner Glorien, 1561, von der Speyse des elvigon Lebens, 1547. Schwenkfeld's Christology agrees closely in many respects, with that of Swedenborg.

ter considers him certainly a created being, to whom God had imparted the divine attributes.

We pass over Theophrastus and Paracelsus, and give a few extracts from Valentine Weigel's "Güldene Griff." With him, man is an epitome of the whole world, — a favorite notion with many mystics, — all his knowledge is self-knowledge. "The eye, by which all things are seen, is man himself, but only in reference to natural knowledge, for in supernatural knowledge man himself is not the eye, but God himself is both the light and the eye in us. Our eye therefore must be passive, and not active. Yet God is not foreign to men in whom he is the eye, but that passive relation of man to him has this significance, that man is the yielding instrument by which God becomes the seeing eye." This Light in us, or the Word, is for him the true Christ, and the historical God-man disappears entirely in the back-ground. The book whence all wisdom comes is God's Word, a book written by the finger of God in the heart of all men, though all cannot read it. Out of this are all books written. This book of life, to which the Sacred Scriptures are an external testimony, is the likèness of God in man, the Seed of God; the Light; the Word; the Son; Christ. This book lies concealed in the heart; concealed in the flesh; concealed in the letter of Scriptures. But if it were not in the heart, it could not be found in the flesh and the Scripture. If this were not preached within us, if it were not always within us, — though in unbelief, — we could have nothing of it. A doctrine common enough with the fathers of the first three or four centuries. If we had remained in Paradise, we should never have needed the outward Word of Scripture, or the historical incarnation of Jesus.* But expelled from Paradise, and fallen through sin, it is needful that we be born again of Christ, for we have lost the holy Flesh and the Holy Ghost, and must recover both from Christ. Be-

* Quaint George Herbert has a similar thought. We quote from memory.

> "For sure when Adam did not know
> To sin, or sin to smother,
> He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
> As from one room to another."

cause we cannot read this inner book, God will alter our spirit by Scriptures and Sermons. All books are only for *fallen* men. Christ was necessary to the race, as the steel to the stone, but his office is merely that of a Prophet and Preacher of Righteousness, for God was incarnate in Abel, Noah, Adam, and Abraham, as well as in Jesus, "and the Lord from Heaven" exists potentially in all men; the external Christ, who was born of Mary, is an expressive and visible model of the internal Christ. In a word, he makes Christ the universal divine spirit, shed down into man, though it lies buried and immovable in most men. But whenever it comes to consciousness, and is lived out, there is an incarnation of God.

These views were shared by many teachers, who modify them more or less, of whom we need mention but a few of the more prominent. Poiret, Henry More, Bishops Fowler and Gastrell, Robert Fleming, Hussey, Bennet, and Thomas Burnet, Goodwin, and Isaac Watts.*

This mystical view appears in Jacob Böhme, and through him it passed on to Philosophy, for it is absurd to deny that this surprising man has exerted an influence in science as deep almost as in religion. German Philosophy seems to be the daughter of Mysticism.

But we must make a long leap from Valentine Weigel to Immanuel Kant, who has had an influence on Christology that will never pass away. It came as a thunder-bolt out of the sky, to strike down the phantoms of doubt, and scatter the clouds of skepticism. Kant admits that in practice, and the actual life of man, the moral law is subordinate to sensuality; this subordination he calls *radical evil.* Then to perfect mankind, we need a *radical restoration,* to restore the principles to their true order from which they have been inverted; this restoration is possible on three conditions. 1. By the idea of a race of men that is well pleasing to God, in which each man would feel his natural destination and perfectibility. It is the duty of each to rise to this, believe it attainable, and trust its pow-

* See, who will, his three discourses "on the Glory of Christ as God-man," (Lond. 1746,) and Goodwin's book to which he refers, "Knowledge of God the Father and his Son J. C." See also the writings of Edward Irving, Cudworth's Sermon before the House of Parliament, in the American ed. of his works. Vol. ii. p. 549, seq.

er. This state may not be attained empirically, but by embracing the principle well pleasing to God, and all the faults in manifesting this principle vanish, when the whole course is looked at. We should not be disturbed by fear lest the new moral disposition be transient, for the form of goodness increases with the exercise of it. The past sins are expiated only by suffering, or diminution of well-being in the next stage of progress. 2. The foundation of a *moral commonwealth*,* without this there will be confusion. This is possible only on condition that it is religious also. Thus this commonwealth is, at the same time, a church, though only an ideal one; for it can rest on nothing external, but only on the "unconditional authority of Reason, which contains in itself the moral idea." 3. This ideal Church, to become real, must take a *statutary form*, for it is an universal tendency of man to demand a sensual confirmation of the truth of Reason, and this renders it necessary to take some outward means of introducing the true rational religion, since without the hypothesis of a revelation, man would have no confidence in Reason, though it disclosed the same truths with Revelation, because it is so difficult to convince men that pure morality is the only service of God, while they seek to make it easier by some superstitious service (Afterdienst.)

On these notions the following Christology is naturally constructed. Man needs no outward aid for the purpose of reconciliation, sanctification, or happiness; but the belief in an outward revelation is needed for the basis of the moral commonwealth. Christianity can allow this, as it has a pure moral spirit. Here everything turns on the person of its founder. He demands perfect virtue, and would found a kingdom of God on the earth. It is indifferent to practical religion, whether or not we are certain of his historical existence, for historical existence adds no authority. The historical is necessary only to give us an idea of a man well pleasing to God, which we can only understand by seeing it realized in a man, who preserves his morality under the most difficult circumstances. To get a concrete

* It is a saying of Pagan Plato in the Timæus, "We shall never have perfect men, until we can surround them with perfect circumstances," an idea the English Socialists are attempting to carry out in a very one-sided manner.

knowledge of supersensual qualities, such as the idea of the good, moral actions must be presented to us performed in a human manner. This is only needed to awaken and purify moral emotions that live in us. The historical appearance of a man without sin is possible; but it is not necessary to consider he is born supernaturally, even if the impossibility of the latter is not absolutely demonstrable. But since the archetype of a man well pleasing to God lies in us in an incomprehensible manner, what need have we of farther incomprehensibilities, since the exaltation of such a saint above all the imperfections of human nature would only offer an objection to his being a model for us, — since it gives him not an achieved but an innate virtue, — for it would make the distance between him and us so great, that we should find in him no proof that we could ever attain that ideal. Even if the great teacher does not completely correspond to the idea, he may yet speak of himself, as if the ideal of the good was bodily and truly represented in him, for he could speak of what his maxims would make him. He must derive his whole strength from reason. The value of his revelation consists only in leading to a conscious, voluntary morality, in the way of authority. When this is done the statutary scaffolding may fall. The time must come, when religion shall be freed from all statutes, which rest only on history, and pure Reason at last reign, and God be all in all. Wise men must see that belief in the Son of God is only belief in man himself; that the human race, so far as it is moral, is the well pleasing Son of God. This idea of a perfect man does not proceed from us, but from God, so we say that He has condescended and taken human nature upon himself. The Christ without and the Christ within us are not two principles, but the same. But if we make a belief in the historical manifestation of this idea of humanity in Christ the necessary condition of salvation, then we have two principles, an empiric and a rational one. The true God-man is the archetype that lies in our reason, to which the historical manifestation conforms.

This system has excellences and defects. By exalting the idea of moral goodness, Kant led men to acknowledge an absolute spiritual power, showing that this is the common ground between Philosophy and Christianity, and

with this begins the reconciliation of the two.* He recognised the Divine as something dwelling in man, and therefore filled up the chasm, as it were, between the two natures. Again, he acknowledged no authority, so long as it was merely outward and not legitimated in the soul, for he had felt the slavery incident upon making the historical a dogma. He saw the mind cannot be bound by anything merely external, that has value only so far as it contains the idea and makes it historical. But, on the other hand, he exalts the subjective too high, and does not legitimate the internal moral law, which Dr. Dorner thinks requires legitimating, as much as the historical manifestation. His foundation therefore is unstable until this is done. Besides he is not consistent with himself; for while he ascribes absolute power to this innate ideal of a perfect man, he leaves nothing for the historical appearance of the God-man. He makes his statutary form useless, if not injurious, and makes a dualistic antithesis between Reason and God. Still more is it inconsistent with Christianity, for it makes morality the whole of religion, it cuts off all connexion between the divine and human life, denying that influence comes down from God upon man. He makes each man his own redeemer, and allows no maturity of excellence, but only a growth towards it. In respect to the past, present, and future, it leavs men no comfort in their extremest need.

We pass next to the Christology of Schelling, leaping over such thinkers as Röhr, Wegschieder, De Wette, Hase, Hamann, Oetinger, Franz Baader, Novalis, Jacobi, and Fichte.

The divine unity is always actualizing itself; the One is constantly passing into the many; or in plain English, God is eternally creative. God necessarily reveals himself in the finite; to be comprehensible to us, He must take the limitations of finite existence. But since He cannot be represented in any finite form, the divine life is portrayed in a variety of individuals; in a copious history, each portion whereof is a revelation of a particular side of the divine life. God therefore appears in historical life as the finite, which is the

* Leibnitz made the attempt to effect the same thing, but in a manner more mechanical and unsatisfactory.

necessary form of the revelation of Him. The finite is God in his development, or the Son of God. All history, therefore, has a higher sense. The human does not exclude the divine. Thus the idea of the incarnation of God is a principle of philosophy; and since this is the essence of Christianity, philosophy is reconciled with it. Nature herself points forward to the Son of God, and has in him its final cause. Now the theologians consider Christ as a single person; but, as an eternal idea alone can be made a dogma, so their Christology is untenable as a dogma. Now the incarnation of God is from eternity. Christ is an eternal idea. The divinity of Christianity cannot be proved in an empirical way, but only by contemplating the whole of history as a divine act. The sacred history must be to us only a subjective symbol, not an objective one, as such things were to the Greeks, who thereby became subordinate to the finite, and refused to see the infinite, except in that form. But as Christianity goes immediately to the infinite, so the finite becomes only an allegory of the infinite. The fundamental idea of Christianity is eternal and universal, therefore it cannot be constructed historically without the religious construction of history. This idea existed before Christianity, and is a proof of its necessity. Its existence is a prediction of Christianity in a distant foreign country. The man Christ is the climax of this incarnation, and also the beginning of it; for all his followers are to be incarnations of God, members of the same body to which he is the head. God first becomes truly objective in him, for before him none has revealed the infinite in such a manner. The old world is the *natural* side of history. A new era, in which the infinite world preponderates, could only be brought by the truly infinite coming into the finite, not to deify it, but to sacrifice it to God, and thereby effect a reconciliation; that is, by his death be showed that the Finite is nothing; but the true existence, and life is only in the Infinite. The eternal Son of God is the human race; created out of the substance of the Father of all; appearing as a suffering divinity, exposed to the horrors of time, reaching its highest point in Christ; it closes the world of the finite and discloses that of the infinite, as the sign of the spirit. With this conclusion, the mythological veils in which Christ, as the only God-man, has been arrayed, must fall off. The

ever living spirit will clothe Christianity in new and permanent forms. Speculation, not limited by the past, but comprehending distinction, as it stretches far on into time, has prepared for the regeneration of esoteric Christianity, and the proclamation of the absolute gospel. Viewed in this light, Christianity is not regarded merely as *doctrine* or *history*, but as a *progressive divine act*; the history of Christ is not merely an empirical and single, but an eternal history. At the same time it finds its anti-type in the human race. Christianity, therefore, is not merely one religious constitution among others, but THE RELIGION; the true mode of spiritual existence; the soul of history, which is incorporated in the human race, to organize it into one vast body, whose head is Christ. Thus he would make us all brothers of Christ, and show that the incarnation of God still goes on to infinity, in the birth of the Son of God, until the divine life takes to itself the whole human race; sanctifies and penetrates all through it, and recognises it as his body, of which Christ is the head; as his temple, of which Christ is the corner-stone. We shall not dwell upon the excellence of this view, nor point out its defects. The few, who understand the mystical words of St. John, and the many, who do not understand them, can do this for themselves.

Our remarks are already so far extended, that we must omit the Christology of Hegel, though this, however, we do with the less reluctance, as the last word of that system has but just reached us; it comes with the conclusion of Strauss's work on Dogmatics.* We regret to pass over the views of Schleiermacher, which have had so deep an influence in Germany, and among many of the more studious of our Trinitarian brethren in this country. To most of our own denomination only the Lemnian horrors of its faint echo have come. We give Dr. Dorner's conclusion in his own words. "Christology has now reached a field as full of anticipations, as it is of decisions. But the anxiety, which here takes possession of us, is a joyful one, and bears in itself the tranquil and certain conviction, that, after a long night, a beautiful dawn is nigh. A great course has been run

* Die Christliche Glaubenslehre, &c. Von Dr. D. F. Strauss. 2 vols. 8vo. 1840, 1841.

through, and the deep presentiments of the greatest minds of the primitive times of Christianity begin to find their scientific realization. After long toil of the human mind, the time has at last come, when a rich harvest is to be reaped from this dogma, while the union, already hastening, is effected between the essential elements of Christology, which seem the most hostile to each other. Previous Christologies have chiefly presented these elements in their separation and opposition to one another. Now, while we contemplate them together in their living unity, which verifies their distinction from one another, we see their historical confirmation and necessity, and now, as Æthiopia and Arabia, according to the prophet, were to present their homage to the Lord, so must the middle ages, with their scholasticism and modern philosophy, the whole of history, — as well of the antechristian religions, as that of the Christian dogma, — assemble about the One, (the Son of Man,) that they may lay down their best gifts before him, who first enables them to understand themselves; while, on the other hand, he confers on them the dignity of his own glorification, and allows them to contribute to it, so that by their service, likewise, his character shall pass into the consciousness of the human race with an increasing brilliancy."

Now, if we ask what are the merits and defects of the work we have passed over, the answer is easy. It is a valuable history of Christology; as such, it is rich with instruction and suggestion. A special history of this matter was much needed. That this, in all historical respects, answers the demands of the time, we are not competent to decide. However, if it be imperfect as a history, it has yet great historical merits. Its chief defects are of another kind. Its main idea is this, that the *true Christ is perfect God and perfect man*, and that *Jesus of Nazareth is the true Christ.* Now he makes no attempt to prove either point; yet he was bound, in the first instance, as a *philosopher, to prove his proposition;* in the second, as an *historian, to verify his fact.* He attempts neither. He has shown neither the eternal necessity, nor the actual existence of a God-man. Nay, he admits that only two writers in the New Testament ever represent Jesus as the God-man. His admission is fatal to his fact. He gives us the history of a dogma of the church; but does not show it has any foundation to rest on.

We must apply to this book the words of Leibnitz, in his letter to Burnet on the manner of establishing the Christian religion.* "I have often remarked, as well in philosophy as theology, and even in medicine, jurisprudence, and history, that we have many good books and good thoughts scattered about here and there, but that we scarce ever come to *establishments*. I call it an *establishment*, when at least certain points are determined and fixed forever; when certain theses are put beyond dispute, and thus ground is gained where something may be built. It is properly the method of mathematicians, who separate the *certain from the uncertain, the known from the unknown*. In other departments it is rarely followed, because we love to flatter the ears by fine words, which make an agreeable mingling of the certain and the uncertain. But it is a very transient benefit that is thus conferred; like music and the opera, which leave scarce any trace in the mind, and give us nothing to repose on; so we are always turning round and round, treating the same questions, in the same way, which is problematic, and subject to a thousand exceptions. Somebody once led M. Casaubon the elder into a hall of the Sorbonne, and told him, The divines have disputed here for more than three hundred years! He answered, And what have they decided? It is exactly what happens to us in most of our studies." . . . "I am confident that if we will but use the abilities wherewith God and nature have furnished us, we can remove many of the evils which now oppress mankind, can establish the truth of religion, and put an end to many controversies which divide men, and cause so much evil to the human race, if we are willing to think consecutively, and proceed as we ought. . . . I would proceed in this way, and distinguish propositions into two classes: 1. what could be *absolutely demonstrated* by a metaphysical necessity, and in an incontestable way: 2. what could be *demonstrated morally*; that is, in a way which gives what is called moral certainty, as we know there is a China and a Peru, though we have never seen them. . . . Theological truths and deductions therefrom are also of two kinds. The first rest on definitions, axioms, and

* Opp. ed. Dutens., vol. vi., p. 243, sqq.

theorems, derived from true philosophy and natural theology; the second rest in part on history and events, and in part on the interpretation of texts, on the genuineness and divinity of our sacred books, and even on ecclesiastical antiquity; in a word, on the sense of the texts." And again:* "We must demonstrate rigorously the truth of natural religion, that is, the existence of a Being supremely powerful and wise, and the immortality of the soul. These two points solidly fixed, there is but one step more to take, — to show, on the one hand, that God could never have left man without a true religion, and on the other, that no known religion can compare with the Christian. The necessity of embracing it is a consequence of these two plain truths. However, that the victory may be still more complete, and the mouth of impiety be shut forever, I cannot forbear hoping, that some man, skilled in history, the tongues, and philosophy, in a word, filled with all sorts of erudition, will exhibit all the harmony and beauty of the Christian religion, and scatter forever the countless objections which may be brought against its dogmas, its books, and its history."

P.

HERZLIEBSTE.

My love for thee hath grown as grow the flowers,
Earthly at first, fast rooted in the earth,
Yet, with the promise of a better birth,
Putting forth shoots of newly wakened powers,
Tender green hopes, dreams which no God makes ours;
And then the stalk, fitted life's frosts to bear,
To brave the wildest tempest's wildest art,
The immovable resolution of the heart
Ready and armed a world of ills to dare;
And then the flower, fairest of things most fair,
The flower divine of love imperishable,
That seeth in thee the sum of things that are,
That hath no eye for aught mean or unstable,
But ever trustful, ever prayerful, feeleth
The mysteries the Holy Ghost revealeth.

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* Epistola II. ad Spizelium. Opp. v. p. 344.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

NEW WORKS.

I.

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, B. D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, Vice-President of the Geological Society of London. London: 1840. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work contains the *moral of the tale* that was told in the author's history of the inductive sciences. The author's aim is great and noble — to give the philosophy of inductive science; to inquire "what that *organ* or intellectual method is, by which solid truth is to be extracted from the observation of nature." Of course the work must be *critical* in part, and *positive* in part. It contains "A criticism of the fallacies of the ultra-Lockian school." The author does not stop at great names, nor hesitate to dissent from Bacon, Cuvier, and even from Newton himself. He now and then adopts Kant's reasoning, but differs widely from him; and while he acknowledges his great obligations to Schelling, yet ventures to condemn some of his opinions. The book is designed, in some measure, to take the place of Bacon's Novum Organon. It is one of the boldest philosophical attempts of the present century. The author measures himself against the greatest of all the sons of science. Shall he stand or fall?

The work opens with a preface containing one hundred and thirteen aphorisms "respecting ideas," fifty-six "concerning science," and seventeen greater aphorisms, respecting the "language of science." The third aphorism, respecting ideas, will show the school of philosophy to which Professor Whewell belongs.

"The *Alphabet*, by means of which we interpret Phenomena, consists of the *Ideas* existing in our own minds; for these give to the phenomena that coherence and significance which is not an object of sense."

Again, Aphorisms vii. and viii.—"Ideas are not *trans*formed, but *in*formed Sensations, for without ideas sensations have no form."

"The Sensations are the *Objective*, the Ideas the *Subjective* part of every act of perception or knowledge."

And Aphorism iv. concerning science.—"Facts are the materials of Science, but all Facts involve Ideas. Since, in observing Facts, we cannot exclude Ideas, we must, for the purposes

of science, take care that the Ideas are clear, and rigorously applied."

Aphorism xxxiv.—"The process of Induction may be resolved into three steps; the *Selection of the Idea*, the *Construction of the Conception*, and the *Determination of the Magnitudes*."

These aphorisms occupy about a hundred valuable pages. The author then comes to the real work, the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences." This is divided into two parts: I. of IDEAS; II. of KNOWLEDGE.

Part I. is distributed into ten books, treating of ideas in general; the philosophy of the pure sciences; that of the mechanical sciences; that of the secondary mechanical sciences; that of the mechanico-chemical sciences; the philosophy of morphology; that of the classificatory sciences; of biology; and of palaetiology.

Part II. is divided into three books, which treat of the construction of science; of former opinions upon the nature of knowledge, and the means of seeking it; and of methods employed in the formation of science.

The above hasty sketch shows what a wide field the author enters upon and passes over. We hope in a subsequent number of this Journal to follow him into details, and examine his method; and trust soon to see an American reprint of the book, for at present its price confines it to few hands.

II.

On the Foundation of Morals: four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, &c. 2d Edition. Cambridge and London, (no date.) 8vo. pp. xi. and 76.

These four Sermons — which are very respectable discourses, better suited to the pulpit than the press — are designed to recall men to the eternal foundation of our ideas of the good and true, and to the absolute, and therefore immutable Morality, which rests thereon. They are at war, in part, with the system of Paley, of whom he thus speaks in the preface, p. v. "The evils which arise from the countenance thus afforded to the principles of Paley's system, (namely, by making his Moral Philosophy the standard in the University,) are so great, as to make it desirable for us to withdraw our sanction from his doctrines without further delay, although I am not at present aware of any system of ethics constructed on a sounder basis, which I should recommend to the adoption of the University." He refers often to Butler, as the exponent of a system diametrically opposite to that of Paley, and refers chiefly to Butler's first three

Sermons, on Human Nature; the fifth and sixth, on Compassion; the eighth and ninth, on Resentment; the eleventh and twelfth, on the Love of our Neighbor; and the thirteenth and fourteenth, on the Love of God, as expressing the sounder view of man's moral nature, and duties which result therefrom. The substance of the Sermons is this: God has written his law eternally on the constitution of man; conscience is man's power to read that law; duty is obedience to it. Of course it follows from such premises and their implications, that man may obey completely, and in that case, both in this world and the next, obtains the highest possible human welfare. But here the author's theology comes in, and mars the work in some measure, and he concludes as follows: "Conscience is His minister; the law of the heart is his writing; the demand for the obedience of thought and will is his word, and yet how small a part is this of that vast dispensation, by which the sting of death, which is sin, was plucked out, and the strength of sin, which is the law, [the law of *Moses*, however, not the law of *God*,] was tamed, and the victory was won for us; and the conqueror, 'having spoiled principalities and powers, made a show of them, triumphing openly,' and Death and Sin, and the law of Moses, and the law of Nature, [the law of God?] all become only as figures belonging to the triumphal procession." This is eloquent and full of pious feeling, but it is *rhetoric*, not *philosophy*. The book well deserves reprinting with us, and carries the reader back to the times of the "Latitude men about Cambridge," when there were giants in that University, and "immutable morality" was taught by men, wont to

> "out-watch the bear
> With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato;"

men who believed goodness and God were to be loved for their own sake.

III.

Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. By John Laurence von Mosheim, D.D., Chancellor of the University of Göttingen. A new and literal translation from the original Latin, with copious additional notes, original and selected, by James Murdock, D.D; edited, with additions, by Henry Soames, M.A., Rector of Stapleford Tawney, with Thoyden Mount, Essex. London: 1841. 4 vols. 8vo.

Here we have the able translation of Mosheim by our learned and laborious countryman, endorsed by an English scholar, *enriched* with new additions, and printed in the most elegant style of the times. We ought also to add, that Mr. Soames has dedi-

cated his offspring to "Sir Edward Bowyer Smyth, of Hill Hall, Essex, Baronet." Gentle reader, if thou knowest not Sir Edward, we will add for thy edification the remaining dedicatory words;—"Whose religious habits, anxiety for the spiritual welfare of all within his influence, due sense of obligation as an ecclesiastical patron, and patrician liberality, cast a lustre upon an ancient family, and display the value of an hereditary aristocracy, this volume," &c., &c.

After the valuable labors of Dr. Murdock, the reader might ask, What need of a new editor? The answer is plain. In a field so vast as that of ecclesiastical history, so filled with inquiring spirits, some new treasure is yearly brought to light; some old forgotten jewel or medal, rough with inscriptions, is now and then turned up by the trenchant spade of a scholar or antiquary. Accordingly, if a score of Dr. Murdocks had worked a score of years upon the volume, there would still be work for new editors. The history of *local* churches is never complete. Besides, the world daily grows older, and new towers and chapels are added to the church, or some turret topples over with slow decay, and falls to the ground. The separation of what is old, and the silent accretion of the new, always affords work for the historian.

Mr. Soames has aimed not only to supply the *desiderata*, incumbent upon him as editor, but also, as a gratuitous work, to correct the "*defects of orthography or expression*," in Dr. Murdock, and to appear "before the world as a clergyman beneficed in the Church of England, and he would be very sorry to act in any degree as if his convictions did not coincide with his interests." He has also added original matter relating to the history of the English church, "of itself sufficient to form an octavo volume of moderate size." "Thus unquestionably," says he, vol. i. p. xi., "the British Isles have at length, offered to their notice, an ecclesiastical history, comprehensive though not superficial, and arranged with special reference to their own use." Mr. Soames distinguishes his own "original matter" from the notes of his predecessor, by the mark [Ed.]. However, we are left in doubt where he corrected the *orthography or expression* of Dr. Murdock. But we should account him peculiarly well fitted for this task of correction, judging from some remarkable expressions of his own; such as "If men would stop when their leaders *mean them*," p. xx.; "after the Council of Trent *had sitten*," p. xxxii; "episcopalian protestants form *attached citizens* in Ameria," p. xxxiv, &c., &c., &c.

Let us now see what the new editor has added to the labors of Mosheim, McClaine, and Murdock. 1. *A preface to each of the four volumes.* That of the first fills thirty-four pages, and shows

little historical learning or philosophical power on its writer's part. Some of the conclusions he draws from ecclesiastical history are sufficiently striking, however. He says, that "Republican opinions did not originate among protestant bodies, *adhering to the ancient system of ecclesiastical discipline. They arose among such as took divinity from the Calvinistic schools,*" &c. p. xxxiv. Again, "From *modern* ecclesiastical history may be learned the value of liturgies and other well guarded formularies." Ibid. He admits, that among those who eat the bread of the English church, there have always been some "*inclinable to theology of a Socinian cast,*" to use his own felicitous expression; but "the discipline and formularies of the church quickly reduced such innovators to silence."

2. *Notes marked* [Ed.]. Dr. Murdock, with great labor, digested all the most valuable literature of more recent date than Mosheim, and subjoined it in his notes, which represented the state of most questions in ecclesiastical history at the time these notes were published. But since 1832, new works have appeared; various monograms have been written, illustrating particular points of the history of the church or its doctrine, and he would do no small service to the scholar, who should digest all the new contributions and add them to Mosheim's text. But this is what Mr. Soames never dreams of attempting. He is not familiar with the *sources* of ecclesiastical history, nor even with the *recent works* drawn from these sources, or containing them. The works to which he refers are Prideaux's Connexions; Burton's attempt to ascertain the chronology, &c.; Burton's Bampton lectures; his lectures on the ecclesiastical history, &c.; Waterland's works; Bishop Kaye's Tertullian; his Justin Martyr; Potter's discourse of church government, and similar "authorities." He shows no acquaintance with the recent contributions to ecclesiastical history, that have been written in Germany within the last ten years. He only once mentions such a work. Bulla Reformationis Pauli Papæ tertii ad historiam Concil. Trid. Justineus, &c., illust. *H. N. Clausen.* Nauniæ, 1830. However, he now and then mentions the works of Ranke and Hürter, but makes little use of either. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella was in his hands, but Gieseler's works he does not appear to know.

We give the following note, as a fair specimen of the *learning* and *discrimination* of Mr. Soames. "When Dr. Mosheim wrote, the world had not seen those elaborate works on pagan idolatry, which have since been produced by Bryant and Faber. Those scholars have laboriously and ingeniously traced heathen superstition to a common source, making it appear little else than the canonization of those eight ancestors of the modern

world, whom God mercifully saved in the ark. The Hindoo triad may, therefore, be taken as the three sons of Noah, called in the West, Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Friga is evidently the same as Rhea. Let the pagan system, in every age and country, be considered as one, and its prevalence may easily be understood. It will stand forth as a corruption of the patriarchal religion, strictly analogous to the Romish corruption of Christianity." vol. i., pp. 16, 17. But a doctrine very different is taught in a note in the former page, where he follows Cudworth's opinion of the nature of Polytheism. Similar inconsistencies are not rare in his pages.

Some of his notes are childish, designed to guard against mistakes which none but babes could fall into. Thus, vol. ii., p. 160, Mosheim speaks of John of Damascus in the text, and regards him "as the *Thomas* and the *Lombard* of the Greeks," and we find appended thereto the following note: [Thomas Aquinas and Peter Lombard. Ed.] Sometimes, however, his corrections are valuable, though minute. He assures us Dr. Murdock was wrong in calling a certain author a bishop, who in fact was no bishop. Of course he takes his stand in a *partisan* pulpit, and judges all things exclusively from that "bad eminence," as if it were the absolute point of view. However, we have now and then found a valuable hint in his notes, relative to the history of the English church, and especially the biography of English writers. He cautions his readers against the prejudice both of Neal and his opponent, Bishop Madox; yet seems willing to excuse the violence of the latter.

3. *Several original chapters.* In vol. ii., pp. 67 – 72, he adds a brief chapter on the conversion of England: pp. 399 – 415, a longer chapter on the religious condition of the Anglo-Saxons. Neither gives indications of much research, as we should judge. There are many manuscript treasures in England, illustrating ecclesiastical affairs, which we hope some clerical scholar will disclose, ere long, to the public. Mr. Soames never goes beyond what is *printed*, and sees but little which is print.

In vol. iii., pp. 171 – 248, we have three original chapters on the Reformation in England and Scotland; and p. 427 – 549, three more on the church of England, Scotland, and Ireland. These chapters contain some matters of importance, perhaps, not previously known to the general readers of ecclesiastical history. He draws, however, from the most obvious sources.

In vol. iv., p. 277 – 315, is a valuable chapter on the church of England, in the 17th century. A second is added, pp. 402 – 462, a sketch of ecclesiastical affairs during the 18th century, relating chiefly to England; and a third chapter, pp. 463 – 508, on the "ecclesiastical history of the earlier years of the 19th century."

Both are hasty sketches. He has no conception of the theological problem, which the Christian church is busied with in this age.

4. *Several brief chronological tables;* one at the end of each volume, accompanied with notes; *Vater's tables of Ecclesiastical History, &c.*, translated by Francis Cunningham; and *an alphabetical index* at the end of the work. The latter is not so full as Dr. Maclaine's, nor so complete as could be wished.

To sum up the merits and defects of Mr. Soames's edition, it must be said, that he seems to have made no thorough and scientific study of ecclesiastical history; that his notes are in general trifling and of no value, except, for the most part, to refer to the recent and meagre literature of the English church. We would, however, make a single exception. The history of transubstantiation he seems to have studied more thoroughly than any other department of his subject. In respect to the history of the church in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he has collected into a few pages of easy access, what we must otherwise seek for in several volumes. If he has not done all the duty of an editor, we will take thankfully what he gives. His sketch of the ecclesiastical history of the present century, though superficial, and in some respects scarcely accurate, is yet a convenient statement of some of the outward facts. We will only add, that Mr. Soames is likewise the author of "The Anglo-Saxon Church, its History, Revenues, and General Character;" of the Elizabethan religious History; and of a "Bampton Lecture," which we have never seen nor heard of, except through his own references, and the advertisements of booksellers.

IV.

German Anti-Supernaturalism. Six Lectures, on Strauss's "Life of Jesus," delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury. By Philip Harwood, &c. London. 1841. pp. viii. and 107.

Mr. Harwood's design, as he tells us in the preface, "is to stimulate inquiry into a subject, which he regards as of first-rate importance on historical and moral speculation. Here, then, we have a clergyman, yes, a Unitarian clergyman, favorably known by a few stirring and pious sermons, setting forth, and in great measure accepting, the results of Mr. Strauss! He gives a brief, but fair and able synopsis of the celebrated "Life of Jesus," and adds a few observations of his own. For our own part, we think Mr. Strauss is often mistaken; that he underrates the historical element, and sometimes comes hastily to his conclusions, which, therefore, cannot be all maintained, though

long ago we believed he was doing a signal service to Christianity itself. Mr. Harwood, we think, accepts the conclusions of his author more entirely than reasonably, and like him is blinded by the myths, so that he does not always see the fact they cover and conceal.

The book may be regarded as the forerunner of a theological controversy, which, if once begun, will not be soon ended. It requires no divination to forsee the final result. It will lead thinking men to ask for the *facts* of the case, before they reason about the facts. But is it well judged to give the results of a book like Strauss's, without the process by which the results were reached? Some will reply, yes; others, no. But the same thing is done in science and history; why not in historical theology? Again, it will be asked, is it wise to bring the case at once before the people? Some men love an historical answer, and here it is. Greater questions have been brought quite as directly before the people. In the day of Moses, the theological problem was to separate religion and morality from the Fetichism and Polytheism of Canaanites and Egyptians. What was his method? He said unto the *people*, Hear, oh Israel, *the Lord your God is* ONE LORD. He left the bull, Apis, and the consecrated cats to take care of themselves.

In the time of Christ, when the problem was to separate religion and morality from the Mosaic ritual, that world-stirring Nazarene addresses himself to the people. He tells a *woman*, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in *this mountain*, nor yet at *Jerusalem*, worship the Father; but the true worshippers shall worship him in spirit and in truth." Is not salvation for the sick? This question has long enough been known to scholars, perhaps *decided* by scholars. It is the *popular* theology that requires reformation; and how shall this be effected, but by appeal to the people? We apprehend no danger is to be feared, at least no danger to religion and morality, nor to Christianity. When the work is tried by fire, why should not the "wood, hay, and stubble" be burned up, that the precious stones may appear, and the *foundation that is laid* be discerned, that men may build thereon the temple that abideth ever? The old never passes away, till all the good of the thing gets transferred to the new.

We give Mr. Harwood's conclusion in his own words.

"What are we to do with Christianity?—that wonderful faith, which has come so mysteriously into our world, and lived in it eighteen hundred years already, with such a wealth and fulness of life and living power; doing so much, and undoing so much; uprooting an old civilization, and planting a new one upon its ruins; doing so much, and in so many ways, both of good and evil; Christianity, the inspiration of the philanthropist, and the stalking-horse of the tyrant; the word of God in

the heart of the reformer-prophet, and the lie on the lips of the bigot-priest; the endurer and the inflicter of martyrdom for conscience-sake; Christianity, with all its ideas, moralities, and spiritual forces, working in countless ways, and through countless channels, upon literature, art, philosophy, legislation, and all the other interests of our social and moral being:—what are we to do with this great enduring, all-pervading spirit or power of Christianity,— those of us who believe it to be simply a growth of nature and the human heart, with no other divinity, or divine authority, than its own truth, recognised by our own minds, and no other divine right or sanction, than what we infer from what we see of its nature and its history? What are we to do with Christianity?

"Perhaps some will say, 'We have nothing to do with it, we have already done away with it, by discarding its evidences in miracle: the miracles being false, it is without evidence, it is a false thing altogether, a dead thing, and we have nothing to do but bury it out of our sight, without more words.' Hardly so, I think. Miracles do not make a religion, nor does the withdrawal of miracles unmake a religion. Miracles are not religion, but only a particular sort of machinery, by which a particular form of religion may or may not, at a given time and place, get room for itself in the world. The essence of a religion is never in its miracles, true or false; but in its ideas, its moralities, the phases of character, the modes of intellectual and moral being, which it calls into existence. The Jewish religion is not in the plagues of Egypt and the thunders of Sinai, but in the legislation, the ritual, and the morality of the Pentateuch. The Christian religion is not in the changing of water into wine, and feeding five thousand men at a cheap rate; not in violations of the law of gravitation, or of any other law; but in the ideas that were the spirit and power of Christ's mind; in the spiritual impulses and influences that come from Christ's mind to our minds; in the moral inspiration that breathes out from Christ's heart into our hearts. The essence of a religion is in its ideas. Where else should it be? A religion is true or false, according as these are true or false, in accordance or in discordance with the ideal of human truth and good. It is not a question of miracles one way or the other. The presence of miracle could never make a false religion true, nor can the absence of miracle ever make a true religion false. The Christian religion may be a quite true religion,— the religion of brotherhood and immortality, the religion of the sermon on the mount, the religion of the good Samaritan, the religion of the well of Jacob and the lake of Galilee, the religion of the workshop of Nazareth,— may be a true religion, the truest of religions, though the whole of the miracles together come from the limbo of the vanities. The question still remains, then,— miracles or no miracles. What are we to do with Christianity?

"What are we to do with Christianity? What do we do with other religions, other doctrines and moralities, other philosophies of life, man and God? We simply accept them for what they are worth, as expositions, more or less authentic and complete, as a portion of spiritual reality; as parts, sustaining more or less important relations to the whole of humanity's realized and garnered mental wealth; as indicating, by the very fact that here they are, something in human capability, tendency, and destination; as chapters in the volume of God's book; as expressions of moral ideas, utterances of moral wants. We thus accept them all, and we test the worth and amount of the truth that is in

each, by the joint standard of individual feeling, and of the world's general experience; valuing each by the kind and degree of its influences, by its proved capability or incapability of enduring, by the forms of moral life which it expresses or creates. We accept each as true, according to the extent to which it has proved itself true by its works. We accept each and all for what they are severally worth, as emanations, more or less direct and pure, from that spirit of God in man, which is the great eternal soul of our human world,—the well-spring of all our prophesyings, gospels, moralities, religions. And why not Christianity?—Christianity, the divinest of them all; which has worked longer than most of them, worked the most variously, benignly, and powerfully of them all; which has done the most for human progress of them all, and which, in its connexions with the moral civilization of those nations which stand at the head of the human race, and furnish the best specimens of humanity in its best estate, may be taken as, on the whole, the most significant phenomenon in the history of our world, our trustiest and most intelligible expositor of what God is doing with our world.

"What shall we do, then, with Christianity? Why, accept it as the expression of truths, in human nature and human life, to which many ages and many nations have testified that they are truths: accept it, if not any longer as a creed having dogmatical truth, or as a history having historical truth, yet as a poem fraught with truth of a higher order than the dogmatic or historical—a poem, a divine parable: accept its ideal of human character and capability in that wonderful Man of Nazareth, in whom so glorious a strength blends with so gentle a repose,—Son of God and Son of Man, majestic as a prophet and meek as a little child: accept its ideal of human destiny, in the history of that Man of Nazareth, born of God (as we are all born of God, with two natures in us—children we are, like him, of an invisible Father and a visible Mother, God and Nature,) tempted in a wilderness, as we all are tempted, and of the very same devil or devils, struggling, suffering, triumphing, conquered by death, yet conquering over death:—accept this Christianity; accept its cross, the symbol of trial; its resurrection, the symbol of history; its millennium, or reign of saints, the symbol of our new moral world, with right and love for its only law; its heaven, the symbol of the blessedness which itself creates; its Father-God, the symbol of the great, mysterious, all-upholding, all-inspiring power, in which, and by which we live, move, and have our being. Accept Christianity, and these things in Christianity; that is, if we see them there. If not, so be it; perhaps we may see them more clearly somewhere else. There is no compulsion in the matter; no believing under penalties; no hell-fire.

"What shall we do with Christianity? Nothing artificial, nothing forced, nothing false; nothing that shall hinder the full, free development of mental and moral individuality. Not make a yoke of bondage of it: not make a labor-saving machine of it: not make a preceptive morality of it, to supersede the morality of principle and spirit: not make a creed-theology of it, to supersede thought and philosophy: not make a hierarchical church of it, to supersede God's order of prophets and seers: not make a poor, formal, lip-worship of it, to trammel the freedom of the worship, which is in truth only when it is in spirit: do nothing with it that shall narrow the sympathies, enslave the will, enfeeble and sectarianize the intellect, impoverish the humanities, pervert or

hinder our growth up to the fulness of the measure of the stature of perfect men.

"What shall we do with Christianity? Why, take its best principles, and do battle, in the strength of them, against its worst perversions. Take its law of love, its revelation of brotherhood and brotherly equality, its ideal of divine purpose and human destiny, its spirituality, its simplicity; and combat, strong in these, with all the frauds, falsehoods, conventionalisms, mummeries, quackeries, monopolies, tyrannies, sectarianisms, pharisaisms, that are practised in its name, and sanctified with its sanctions, — the disgrace of churches, and the bane of states, — that even make it a question, with not unthinking men, whether on the whole Christianity has done more of good or of mischief in the world, — that make it no question at all, but that if Christ were to come again, he would be crucified again by the Chief Priests.

"What shall we do with Christianity? Why, if we can, improve upon it; improve upon Paul's Christianity, as Paul improved upon Peter's Christianity; develop it further, more widely, and variously, than it has ever been developed yet. Work out its great enduring principles the full length to which they will go as principles, in their varied applications to every department of human thought and life: enshrine its eternal spirit in new forms of beneficence and beauty, as the spirit of humanity itself rises to new heights, and tries its strength in new modes of being and action: work out by the light, and with the resources of our own day and generation, its grand idea of a kingdom of heaven and of God: carry its justice, its freedom, and its faith into our literature, our trade, our politics, and wherever else justice, freedom, and faith can find, or make a place for themselves: do all we can with this, and with every other genuine utterance of the spirit of humanity, that shall make us wiser, stronger, truer men, — bring us into nearer intelligence of the laws, and profounder sympathy with the spirit of the great world of God."— pp. 105 – 107.

REPUBLICATIONS.

The year 1841 has been distinguished, with us, above any of its predecessors, by the republication of valuable works, both ancient and modern. Not only are the latest and poorest bubbles blown in the old world re-blown in the new, but the heavy tomes, over which Wisdom has grown pale, and the iron hand of Diligence become weary in the composition, are also presented to us. Not many years ago, if we remember rightly, a bookseller asked the aid of the legislature of his State to enable him to issue Mather's Magnalia, not daring to trust two octavos alone.

Among the valuable works, we would name The Works of Lord Bolingbroke, 4 vols. 8vo., The Letters of Horace Walpole,

4 vols. 8vo., Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, 2 vols. 8vo., Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church, 1 vol. 8vo., The Speeches of Lord Brougham, 2 vols. 8vo., and the complete Works of Lord Bacon, in 3 vols. royal 8vo. In these volumes, we have all the works of Lord Bacon, arranged after the manner of Basil Montague's edition, accompanied with his life of that philosopher, and furnished with an index more convenient than that in the English edition. Here we have the substance of seventeen English octavo volumes, for about a fifth part of the cost of the original edition, and in a very readable form. We love to see elegant books, but not the less those of a plainer sort, which can find their way to a farmer's fireside. We learn that another edition of Bacon is in course of publication amongst us in numbers, designed for still wider circulation. At some future period, we hope to return to Mr. Montague's edition of Bacon, and consider the merit and influence of the Baconian method in philosophy.

Some other books we would notice more particularly.

I.

The History of Christianity, from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, &c., with an introduction by James Murdock, D.D. New York: 1841. 1 vol. 8vo.

Here, the three elegant volumes of the original are compressed into one, in the American reprint. The paper and type are such as we usually receive from the press of the Messrs. Harper. The work is written with a good deal of fairness, but bears few marks of that erudition, at once various, exact, and profound, which we expect from an historian of the church, and fewer still, it may be, of that grasp of mind, that philosophic power, which comprehends and delineates the course and spirit of an age; a grasp and a power which we may require of a writer, who measures himself against the greatest historical and philosophical problem of the world, — the rise, extension, development, and destination of Christianity. Whoso attempts a history of Christianity, enters upon a vast field, where the ground is uncertain, and its limits not defined, perhaps scarce definable. He must tell us, 1. what Christianity is in itself, and what is its foundation; 2. when it was first made manifest in the world, under what circumstances, and with what limitations; 3. when, and in whom it reached its highest point; and, 4. what has been the course of its development, and what its influence, negative and positive, on the human race, how it has acted on men, and

how their prejudices, sensuality, superstition, and sin have reacted upon their notions of Christianity. These four problems, as we take it, present themselves to the philosophic writer, who aims to delineate the Christian idea and its historical development. He must tell us whether Christianity be the Absolute religion, or not the Absolute religion; if the latter, what are its limitations, considered in itself; if the former, what is the history of its successive unfoldings, and of its application in the concrete. Under what forms has it been contemplated, and what limitations have men set to this perfect religion. If the author takes the view, that Christianity is Absolute religion, then the whole matter resolves itself into this query: What relation did the concrete form of any time and place bear to this Absolute religion? or when the absolute religion was proclaimed, what antagonists did it find, and how were they met?

Various preliminary questions must be answered, no doubt. For example: How do we get at the idea of absolute religion in general; how that of Christianity in particular? To look at the latter question, and see what it involves, Christianity is one historical manifestation of religion amongst many other manifestations, which are more or less imperfect. We become acquainted with it by means of *historical* witnesses, sacred and profane. Then the question comes, are the witnesses *competent to testify* in the premises? Here comes the critical question. If they are, and we find from their testimony that Christianity is absolute religion, then the question comes, What were the forms of religion it invented, how did they act upon one another, and what was the result?

The historian of Christianity must tell us what Christianity is. This is the great point. If he fail here, he does not accomplish his work. He may collect materials, but the history is not written. Now, we think this is what Mr. Milman has not done; of course, then, his work fails of its end. It is *not* a history of Christianity; he has left out that, by an unlucky accident.

Mr. Milman's book is marked by fairness, in general; he writes generally in a pleasant style, though he is sometimes careless; he has a good deal of historical knowledge, though far too little for the undertaking, as we think. But he does not grapple with the subject like a strong man. He talks *about* it, not *of* it. He is wanting in the philosophy of the matter.

When he comes to the details of historical inquiry, he states some facts not previously known to the readers of ordinary ecclesiastical history. If his book be regarded as a whole, it is an interesting work. Beyond this, we can allow it little merit, either as an original performance, or considered as a compilation from ancient or contemporary scholars. His learning is not

wide, nor his philosophy deep. He belongs rather to the class of historical *dilettanti*, — if it be not invidious to say so, — and not in the ranks of genuine historians. The work might be entitled, "Historical Pencilings about Christianity, by an Amateur." However, we welcome the book, and will gratefully accept it for what it *is*, not for what *it is not*. We rejoice in its republication, spite of the shabby appearance the American edition makes; and trust it may recall attention to this too much neglected field of ecclesiastical history.

II.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq., with notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman, &c. New York: 1841. 4 vols. 8vo.

This work is from the same press with the former, and the paper and print are of the same character. This new edition contains, in addition to the original work of Gibbon, 1. A preface by Mr. Milman, which is valuable for its hints and suggestions; 2. Notes from the same hand, with others selected from M. Guizot, and M. Wenck, a German translator of a part of the work. The notes of M. Wenck, which extend over only a very small part of the history, are apparently the work of a scholar, familiar with the sources of ancient story, and also with recent historical essays. The notes of M. Guizot are more numerous, and sometimes important. They are marked in general by a certain scholarly aspect, but are not seldom deficient in liberality of sentiment. We should say Guizot has the better head, and Milman the better heart, for surely he is no bigot. But of Mr. Milman's own contributions we must speak more at length.

He undertook the task of a new edition of Gibbon. This problem, therefore, was before him, to render his original as complete, in relation to all historical literature *now* extant, as it was at Gibbon's time, in relation to the literature written before his day. The editor is to make Gibbon's history a manual as fit for the *present* day, as it was when first published for *that* day. This is a serious work. I. The editor must expose his author's errors, and correct his misstatements. This he has often attempted, but rarely accomplished, and for this plain reason, such a work would require at least the equal of Gibbon, the learning of the scholar, the thought of the philosopher. From Mr. Milman we must expect neither. Still, we are grateful for what he has done. Now and then he corrects an error, or points out an unfair remark, exposes a sarcasm, or *refutes a sneer*. He always does it, if we remember well, in good

temper, and does not think it part of a Christian's duty to get into a passion with an infidel.

II. We should demand of an editor a reference to all the important literature which assails or defends the text, and a digest of it in the proper places; a reference to all the valuable criticisms made in Gibbon's time, or subsequently. Gibbon himself, in a very simple way, refers to all the most valuable literature relating to the vast range of subjects that comes before him. He gives an encyclopedia of critical information respecting Roman affairs. But few works of importance escaped his eye, whether they favored his opinions or opposed them. Now, Mr. Milman rarely refers to any of the numerous works published in opposition to Gibbon. An account of those attacking his celebrated xvth and xvith chapters — so numerous, so respectable are some, and so insolent are others, — would be interesting and instructive in our day, when they are for the most part forgotten with their authors.

III. The editor must connect all discoveries and conclusions of subsequent historians, with the text, or incorporate them with the notes, and thus make the work complete for our times. This M. Guizot attempts, in some points, and not without success. Mr. Milman now and then makes the attempt, but rarely succeeds. His notes in general, when compared with Gibbon's, are weak and frivolous. We have collected some instances to substantiate the assertion, but have not space for them at present. But to recur to the first head, supplying the omissions, and correcting the errors of his author, and cite a case in point, — Gibbon's great sin, it seems to us, in regard to his treatment of Christianity, is this; that while he omits no occasion to sneer at the pretensions of the church, the wickedness, hypocrisy, and superstition of its members, he continues to pass dry-shod over the instances of Pagans becoming Christians, and living a divine life of faith and works. These omissions it was incumbent on the editor to supply, especially when the editor is a Christian, and his author an infidel, and still more especially when the editor is himself the historian of Christianity.

To sum up the matter in a few words between the historian and his editor, Gibbon appears to us as a tall giant, with a deportment haughty and arrogant, a face secular even to profanity, marked with coarse sensuality, but stamped with strong and masculine sense, and lit up with keen and flashing eyes, walking loftily about in the ruins of a temple, with a huge flambeau in his hand, smoking like a light-house. Where he treads, some walls totter, and some columns fall. He applies his torch, now to the face of a marble statue, makes its features appear in his plain light, but leaves a smooch on the face; now he holds his torch

at the entrance of some hidden crypt, supposed to be full of holiest relics, and discloses the apparatus of debauchery and deceit; he throws down venerated images, and treads them to dust; delights to blacken what seems fair to the pious, and bring to light what mortals hide with shame. Though he represent the outline of each object as it is, yet by dexterously shifting his light, he makes their shadows take what forms he will. On the other hand, Mr. Milman is a well-dressed page, who walks gracefully, and at a respectable distance behind the giant; carries in a silver case a little taper of wax; with a delicate *mouchoir*, attempts to remove the smooch, but sometimes makes it worse; picks up the fragments of sacred stone, but cannot make them live again; holds up his tiny light to discover the well wrought finger of Jupiter thundering in the marble, but has not light enough to give the awful *face* of the God, still less to change the shadows of the giant's torch.

We are obliged to postpone notices of several works, that have been sent us by their authors, to the next number of this publication.